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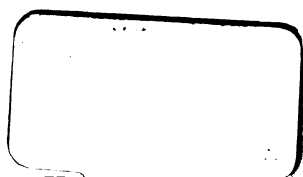


TRAVELS & SKETCHES.





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PIUS IX. AND HIS TIMES:

A SERIES OF SKETCHES

MADE DURING A PROLONGED RESIDENCE IN ROME;

THE SUBJECTS BEING

ANTIQUARIAN, ARTISTIC, SACRED, SOCIAL, AND POLITICAL,

ALL ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE

PRESENT PONTIFICATE,

TO WHICH ARE ADDED

SOUVENIRS OF TRAVEL

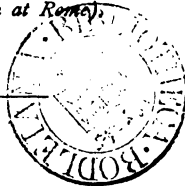
IN OTHER PARTS OF EUROPE,

WITH MISCELLANEOUS JOTTINGS,

BY

THOMAS O'DWYER, M.D., M.R.C.S.,

(Late English Physician at Rome).



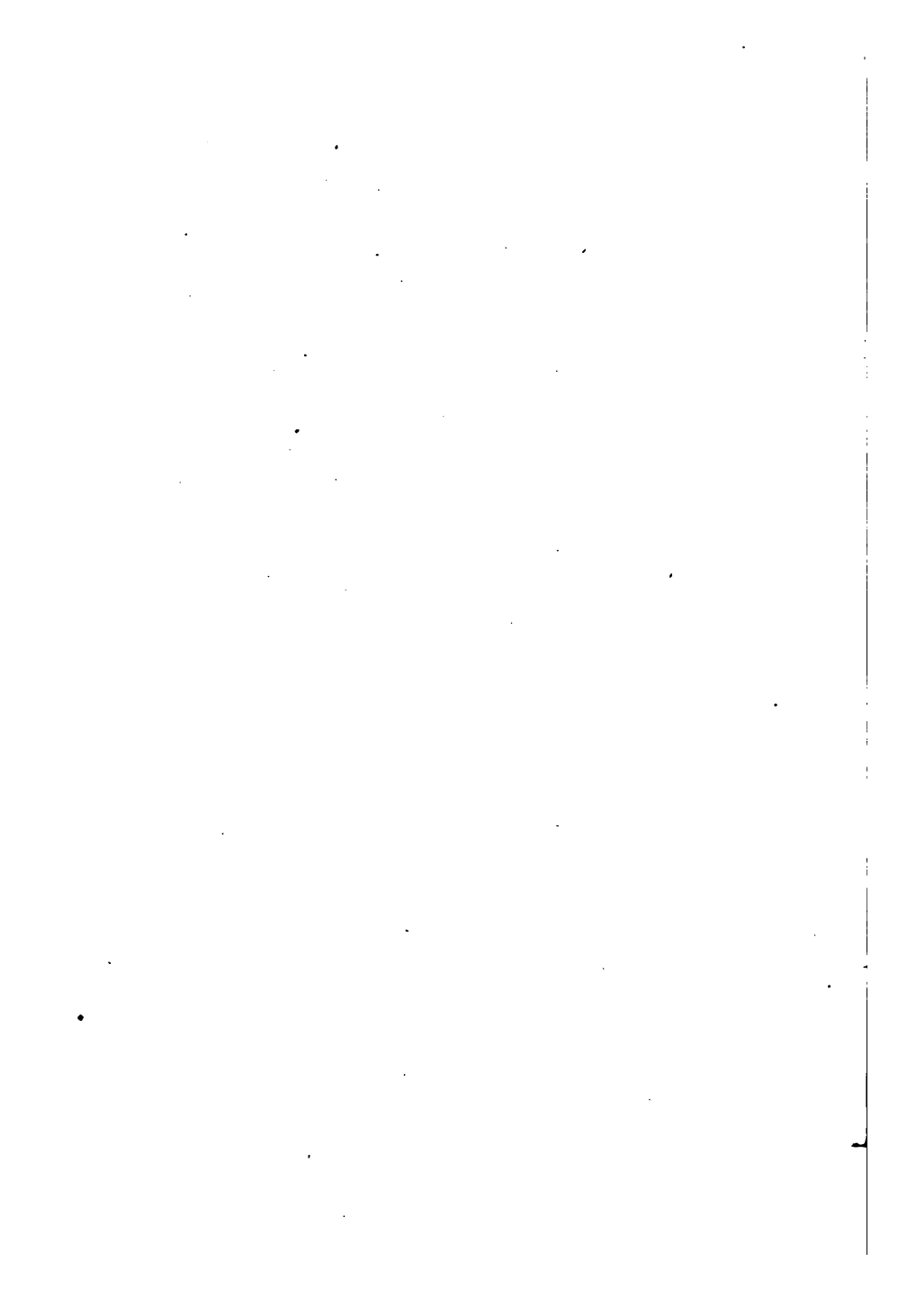
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1876.

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TO THE READER.

THE sketches which form the chief portion of this volume were written between the years 1862 and 1866, as the "Roman Correspondence" of the *London Weekly Register*, then under the editorship as well as proprietorship of the late Mr. H. Wilberforce. Though thrown off *currenti calamo*, they have had need of little revision, and while the records they contain will be found to be accurate, the anticipations they offer as to forthcoming events, in most cases, have accorded with the actual results.

It is no falsification of the predictions made as to the impossibility of reaching Rome by *moral means*, that it should now be the metropolis of the Kingdom of Italy, seeing that that object was accomplished by treachery, deceit, and violence; and by such means, as "brigandism" in its worst form, would have hardly dared to employ. How long that coerced and heterogeneous aggregation of States shall hold together, is among the mysteries which time alone can reveal.

The "diary" of a residence at Munich preceded them by several years, but may prove interesting not only as illustrative of continental travelling in the ante-railway days, but as containing some important details bearing on the state of religion in Bavaria at that period.

The incidents of an autumn in Naples and its vicinity were written in 1853, while the Bourbon dynasty was still on the throne.

PANTASAPH, N. WALES,

November, 1875.

TO HIS EMINENCE
THE CARDINAL-ARCHBISHOP OF WESTMINSTER

It cannot be matter of surprise that a Catholic, and moreover an Irishman, on becoming a literary *debutant*, should wish to secure for his undertaking the paramount advantage of your Eminence's exalted patronage. This remark holds *a fortiori* when the work in question has mainly reference to Rome, where your Eminence has for so many years resided. But while the Author's chief motive in begging your acceptance of the dedication of his unpretending volume is that of paying homage to, and testifying his great respect for, your Eminence, he can hardly disguise from himself that an undercurrent of vanity may prompt him, thereby to put on record the fact of his having for many years enjoyed the privilege of your friendship at the centre of Catholicity. Should his book—embodying as it does a series of events many of them painful, others consolatory to the Catholic mind—have the effect of adding to your Eminence's appreciation of the trials, the patience, and, I may add, the indomitable fortitude of Pius IX., the Author's ambition will be fully satisfied.

ST. CLARE'S COTTAGE, PANTASAPH, NORTH WALES,
July, 1875.

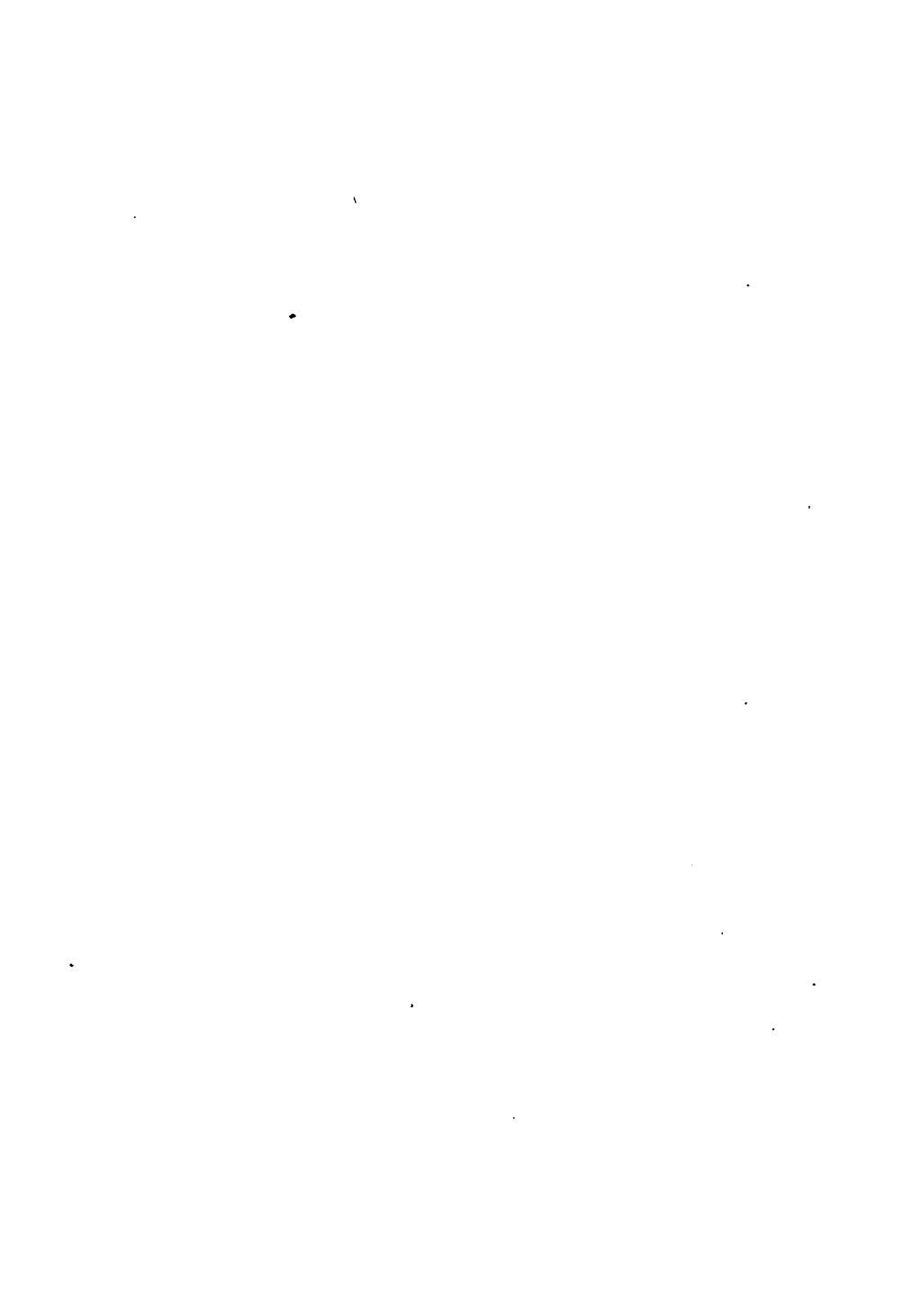
ARCHBISHOP'S HOUSE,
WESTMINSTER,
S.W.

July 30. 1875.

My dear Dr. O'Draper
To receive a letter from
you brought back to me a
whole vision of the time
which is gone at least
for a time. And I thank
you for it: & still more
for your kind words in

the little dedication of
your book. I accept it.
Very gladly in memory of
many pleasant days &
as a proof of your kind
of remembrance.
I hope your health
is much restored by
our climate: & by

your date I believe
you are as near to S. Thomas
as you can
If you can come to London
I hope you will remember
me. Believe me
Always, My dear Dr. O'Draper
Your faithful friend
Hamp. (as) Carpenter



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SOUVENIRS OF TRAVEL.

MY FIRST VISIT TO MUNICH.

[C'est une singulière destinée que celle du voyageur. Il sème partout des affections, des souvenirs, des regrets. Quand il arrive tout lui est indifférent sur la terre où il promène sa vue. Quand il part, il sent que des yeux et des cœurs le suivent de ce rivage qu'il voit s'enfuir derrière lui ; puis le vent l'emporte vers un autre horizon où les mêmes impressions vont se renouveler pour lui. Voyager, c'est multiplier par l'arrivée et le départ, par le plaisir et les adieux, les impressions que les événemens d'une vie sédentaire ne donnent qu'à de rares intervalles. Partir, c'est mourir quand on quitte ces pays lointains où la destinée ne conduit pas deux fois le voyageur. Voyager c'est résumer une longue vie en peu d'années. C'est un des plus forts exercices qu'on peut donner à son cœur comme à sa pensée, changer l'horizon moral, c'est changer de pensée.]—*Voyage en Orient, par Lamartine.*]

Eheu fugaces posthume, posthume labuntur anni!—HORACE.

THE Roman poet's touching allusion to the flight of time, met with a more than ordinary sympathetic response in my breast, when some days ago recalling certain incidents of early travel, I came to realise the fact that more than one-third of a century had passed since my first visit to the charming little capital of Bavaria. If, to the Christian soul, sustained by the bright hopes of a blissful and endless futurity, the rapid lapse of the years of present existence should be a not unfrequent subject of anxious and solemn reflection, can we wonder at the pathetic wailing of the intellectual pagan whose moral perspective was for ever bounded by the dark oblivion of the tomb?

Moore tells us in his "Epicurean,"—"that pleasure became for him (the Epicurean) more precious with the advance of life,

* What a singular destiny is that of a traveller. Everywhere he sows affections, souvenirs, regrets. When he arrives, everything is indifferent to him in the country on which he casts his eye. When he departs, he feels that eyes and hearts follow him from that shore which he sees flying behind him ; then the wind bears him away to another horizon where the same scenes, the same impressions, are about to be renewed for him. To travel is to multiply, by arriving and departing, by pleasure, and farewells, the impressions which the events of a sedentary life give but at rare intervals. To depart is to die, when one quits those distant countries to which destiny does not twice conduct the traveller. To travel is to concentrate a long life in a few years. It is one of the strongest exercises which can be given to one's heart, as well as thoughts. Changing the moral horizon is to change the thoughts.—ALPHONSUS DE LAMARTINE, *Reflections on his departure from the Isle of Cyprus*, September, 1832.

and towards its close, like the flower of the cemetery, grew but more luxuriant from its neighbourhood to death." Prefacing my diary with these reflections, and passing to another subject, I beg to tell my younger readers that the rapidity of modern locomotion must not lead them to suppose that the visit above alluded to was, at the time, one of such easy accomplishment. It is true, that then as now, there was steam communication with the chief seaports of the Continent, but "pyroscaphy" was yet in its infancy, and accordingly the vessels of those days were very different in size, accommodation, and power, from these in which the passage of the Channel is now accomplished. Failing, therefore, the coincidence of fine weather, the voyage was sure to be one of discomfort and suffering. The continental railways were, moreover, incomplete, that from the Belgian Frontier to the Rhine being yet unfinished, so that from Aix-la-Chapelle to Cologne the journey had to be made in a moribund "*diligence*," the performances of which were in singular contrast with its name. Then that stupid remnant of bygone conservatism, the formality of passports, still fettered the movements of the traveller, not unfrequently causing delays at moments the most pressing and important. In my case, however, happily this catalogue of impediments was in some measure a thing of the past, at the period to which I beg to introduce the reader, for I was then several months on the Continent, having passed the spring at Rome, and being now some weeks at Baden-Baden. Notwithstanding the diverting influence of two events of very opposite character which figured in the annals of the year, viz., the famous "Eglington tournament" and the canonization* at Rome, this charming spot—not inaptly called the "Queen of the German Spas"—could boast of a more than ordinary brilliant assemblage of rank and fashion; some having come for pleasure, some as valetudinarians in quest of health, while no inconsiderable number came with the object of courting the favours of the fickle goddess in the gambling rooms. Eschewing, however, the excitement of play and the conventional routine of life at the baths, my days were generally spent in solitary rambles in the surrounding country, especially the "black forest," every picturesque spot of which I explored. The "Mourgtall," "Schloss Eberstein," "Wildbad," and other romantic sites have ever since been stereotyped in memory. It seemed to me that the most

* The canonization of St. Alphonsus Liguori and four others.

rational and certainly the most agreeable phase of society at Baden-Baden was during the evening hours, when all the visitors were out of doors; countless tables overspreading the green lawn in front of the "Conversations hause," each with its inevitable supply of coffee and ices, and its cheerful *entourage* of varying numbers, while in certain exceptional instances some recent votaries of hymen, visiting the baths on their nuptial tour, exhibited themselves apart as an exclusive and self-sufficing duality. As twilight passed into darkness, coloured lamps pendent from surrounding acacias lighted up the living picture, canopied as it was during the summer evenings under a firmament of starry azure; when to this was added the exquisite minstrelsy of a Bohemian or Tyrolese band which played at short intervals, the reader can imagine how little was wanting to give completion to the fairy scene. Society at Baden-Baden in those days, as now, was generally understood to be of that mixed character which the French designate as "*société composé*;" and amongst other strangers pointed out to me was the Countess Guiccioli, who many years previously had acquired an unenviable European notoriety by her association with Lord Byron. She was, however, now in the "sere and yellow" of life, but her common-place features and somewhat coarse expression, joined to extreme obesity, were anything but suggestive of such youthful fascination as could have held captive the *blasé* and volatile author of "Childe Harold." Amongst the invalid strangers was a distinguished fellow-countryman, the late Chief Baron Wolfe, on whom the "wear and tear" of a brilliant forensic career, added to his subsequent judicial labours, had induced premature decrepitude. Before his elevation to the bench, Baron Wolfe often stood shoulder to shoulder with O'Connell in his struggle for Emancipation. His visit to Baden-Baden having failed to accomplish any beneficial result, he died soon after, honoured and regretted by a numerous circle of friends. During my stay at the baths, an incident occurred to which I may advert, as showing the friendly *rapprochement* existing between the Grand Duke and his subjects. Passing one day into the reading-room, the entrance to which was through a large book shop, I perceived an elderly aristocratic-looking gentleman speaking to the daughters of the proprietor, Herr Marks. When leaving, half-an-hour later, I noticed the same gentleman still there, and apparently engaged in some important matter. I subsequently learned from one of the daughters that the stranger was the Grand Duke, who, having come over that morning from

"Carlsruhe," and having heard of their domestic bereavement in the death of their mother, came to express his condolence, and at the same time to speak on the affairs of the family.

The acquaintanceship of a clever young German physician and his accomplished wife, contributed not a little to render my stay at Baden-Baden very agreeable. They had not long returned from Italy, where they had spent the previous winter, the doctor having gone in fulfilment of a professional engagement in the family of a Russian prince. His account of the circumstances under which his medical services were required, was so full of interest, and indeed of painful romance, that I cannot withhold it from the reader, though it interrupts for the moment, the sequel of my travelling diary.

Towards the close of the summer of the previous year, the Prince and Princess S——off, with their family and suite, arrived at Baden-Baden, intending to return to St. Petersburg at the end of the autumn. The visit to the baths had for its object, the improvement in the health of the youngest daughter, which for some months had caused much anxiety to her parents. The leading physicians of Baden-Baden who were called for consultation, though at first somewhat in doubt as to its cause, found no difficulty in tracing her malady to mental sources. Closer investigation each day strengthened this opinion, and it at length transpired, that the first symptoms of her illness appeared on the opposition which her parents offered to a marriage project in which her feelings were deeply engaged. The object of her affections was a young Polish Count who, though unobjectionable on the ground of family—for he was of ancient lineage and high personal merits—was, however, regarded as ineligible on account of disparity of fortune. The chief obstacle, however, to the union, arose from religion, the Count being a Catholic, while the Princess was a member of the Russian schismatical Church. Prince S., the father, who was naturally of a liberal turn of mind, would perhaps in the end have given his consent, but the Princess was inexorable, being determined to make her child the victim of her heartless bigotry. The illness of the young Princess daily increased at Baden-Baden, and towards the close of autumn, having assumed an alarming phase, it was arranged, in accordance with the advice of the physicians, to proceed to a Southern climate for the winter; and as medical aid might be required at any moment, Dr. S., accompanied by his wife, was engaged to accompany them on the occasion. The change of

scene and the distractions of travel, with the reviving influence of a Southern climate, had at first a favourable effect, and both at Florence and Rome, where the journey was interrupted, the poor invalid rallied so far as to inspire hopes of speedy convalescence, but on reaching Naples towards the end of autumn, all the symptoms of her former malady returned, and she became rapidly worse; the hectic roseate flush of the cheek, a wrecking cough, with expectoration, added to extreme prostration, gave rise to the worst apprehensions. The physician, who in the emergency was called in—having been a man of candour and honesty—on learning the history, at once declared with Dr. S., that there was but one course to pursue in order to save the life of the Princess, and that was to offer no further opposition to her wishes. His advice was that, without any delay, the young man, the object of her choice, should be at once sent for. After some opposition on the part of the mother, this step was taken, and this being communicated to the young Princess, had soon a visibly soothing effect. The young Count duly arrived, having instantly obeyed the summons, and under the influence of his society she made rapid progress towards recovery, being soon able to resume her exercise in the open air. With a view to turn the climate to more account, the family engaged a villa at Sorrento, and in that charming place, the supposed Homeric garden of the Hesperides, a portion of each day was usually devoted to short excursions in the society of the intended partner of her future happiness. With the progress and restoration, however, of her daughter's health, the antipathy of the Princess to her intended son-in-law seemed to return, and after having on his first arrival received him with an assumed affability, as the only means by which the life of her child could be saved, when that object seemed to have been attained, she fell back on her old tactics, and after some time resumed her haughty demeanour towards him. The Prince, though he disapproved of the heartless course pursued by his wife, yet lacked the courage to oppose or remonstrate with her. The result was, that after enduring for a time a course of indignities, the young Pole took his departure, cherishing hopes that time would bring about a happier combination of circumstances.

It is hardly needless to add that after this separation of the lovers, the young Princess experienced a relapse, and so rapid was the decline in her health, that even the Princess admitted the great error she had committed in suffering her

hatred of the union to overbalance the consideration of the happiness, and even the life of her daughter. She, therefore, made no opposition, when, in accordance with the urgent advice of the physicians, it was proposed that the Count should be at once recalled. A letter from the Prince, filled with regrets for the past and solemn promises and assurances for the future, was forthwith addressed to the Count, who was, notwithstanding all he had endured, but too ready to obey the summons. Before his arrival, however, her health and appearance had undergone a sad change, so as to engender the worst apprehensions of her family that the measure of final concession to her feelings came too late. Physical as well as moral endurance has its limits, and a moment may come when even a drop may turn the scale; and, as it is not unfrequently said, the pitcher may go once too often to the fountain. On the former occasion, the strain on her mind and constitutional powers had not destroyed their elasticity, and accordingly reaction set in, and she rallied on being restored to the society of him on whom her affections were fixed; but now all her pulmonary symptoms—the deep consumptive flush of her cheek, joined to the great prostration from which she suffered—seemed to increase. For a few days after the arrival of the Count, there were some indications of improvement. She took more nourishment, had longer intervals from coughing, and her cheerfulness at times were remarkable. She was further able to resume her former exercises in the open air, and though so feeble as to be borne to the carriage in the arms of a servant, she yet appeared to enjoy her drive amid the charming scenery and balmy air of Sorento. These indications of reaction however proved but illusory, like the gay and rich tints of autumnal foliage—"a sickly splendour," as Washington Irving so poetically and aptly calls it—"typifying the wild and broken-hearted gaiety that at times precedes dissolution." One day, while returning from a more than usually prolonged drive in the direction of Castelamare, a terrible thunderstorm came on as they were approaching the village of Meta. The party had nearly reached the ravine, over which at the time an ancient and dilapidated bridge enabled the traveller to descend to the plain of Sorento, when a brilliant flash of lightning, instantly followed by a loud peal of thunder, so frightened the horses that they became uncontrollable, and dashed off at full speed. On reaching the ravine, the carriage having come into collision with the battlements of the bridge, the entire party, consisting of

the Count, the young Princess, and her sister, were thrown out. The Count having fallen at the side next the middle of the road, though insensible when taken up, escaped without any serious injury; but the Princess and her sister, having fallen on the low balustrade, were in imminent danger of being precipitated into the chasm underneath.* By a providential coincidence, however, two monks from a neighbouring monastery, who happened to be hastening home, and were just near the spot, rushed to the rescue of the ladies, and thus saved them from a catastrophe. In the case of the invalid—and, I regret to say, the dying sister—the escape was marvellous; for, as the monk seized her, she was falling over the balustrade into the chasm below, her shoulders drooping into the gulf, and he only saved her by catching at her dress. The coachman and his assistant were also thrown out, and though stunned by the fall, escaped with such little injury that they were able to render assistance, and while one of the monks attended to the wounded, the other hurried on to Meta and brought a fresh conveyance, as the carriage was much damaged. The Count having been for more than an hour insensible, on recovering his consciousness, it was found that he had sustained no serious injury. The Princesses were not so fortunate, they both continued insensible till their return home, where it was discovered that the younger lady had sustained a dislocation of the shoulder. Available restoratives were had recourse to, in both cases, with happy results, but though the affianced Princess did regain her consciousness, it was evident that in her feeble state, the accident had given the *coup de grace* to any hopes of her recovery. All her previous symptoms appeared in an aggravated form, and she sank into a state of extreme prostration. Out of gratitude to the monks, through whose providential intervention she was saved, they were invited by the Prince and Princess to renew their visits, and as they belonged to a mendicant Order, a liberal donation was given to their convent. After some days the condition of the poor Princess had become so critical that not only were all hopes of ultimate recovery abandoned, but the termination of her earthly sufferings was looked for from day to day. The young Pole, her *fiancé*, being himself a thorough Catholic, was anxious to

* This ravine or chasm is now spanned by a viaduct raised on a series of arches in three stories, one surmounting the other, a magnificent specimen of Neapolitan engineering.

have her, if possible, received into the true Church. To this, however, the prejudices of her mother seemed an insuperable obstacle. She herself was favourably disposed, partly from the impressions made on her by the Count, but especially by her recent interviews with the kindly monks, from whom, as they were permitted to pay their visits *ad libitum*, she had received altogether new ideas of the Catholic faith. The Count having communicated to the Fathers her wishes as to becoming a Catholic, it was suggested by them that she should ask the Princess, her mother, as a dying favour, her permission to die in the Catholic Faith. The Count, having by a *novena*, in which the Fathers joined, invoked the aid of heaven in accomplishing their desires, and profiting one day when her sufferings were more than ordinarily trying, and the Princess's maternal sympathies more than usually excited, he ventured to disclose to the latter, that her daughter's happiness for the few days of her existence, as well as her hopes of bliss in the world to come, were founded on her becoming a Catholic. This disclosure of her wishes took place at her bedside, and though at the time almost unable to articulate, she confirmed both by signs and gestures her earnest approval and sanction of the Count's statements regarding her feelings and wishes. The appeal made under such solemn circumstances was too powerful to resist. The Princess, whose sensibility seldom manifested itself on former occasions, no matter how trying, here burst into a flood of tears, but soon recovering herself, and taking her dying daughter by the hand, assured her that, as she herself felt conscious of having done her an injustice in so long opposing her wishes with regard to choosing a partner for life, she would now be only too happy to make an *amende* by agreeing to, and doing anything to carry out her desire to die in communion with the Church of Rome. The Princess's consent having thus been formally given, no time was lost in sending for the Capuchin Fathers, one of whom having gone through the form of receiving a schismatic, and having heard her confession and administered the other sacraments, which she received with all the faith of a believer, the sweet and happy expression of her countenance made a profound impression on all present. Sustained, it would seem, during all this time by a supernatural energy, her strength appeared suddenly to fail, and having fallen into a swoon, she remained insensible till the following morning, when partially recovering her senses, and exhibiting a few convulsive movements she breathed her

last. Here ended Dr. S.'s account of this remarkable history. The Doctor further added, that the circumstances of her exemplary death had made such an impression on the other members of her family, even on the Princess's mother, that their conversion seemed not unlikely to follow. Of the result, however, he was not in a position to form an opinion, as immediately after her death they returned to Russia, and he and his wife came back to Baden-Baden.

The shortening days and deepening tints of the forest had begun to mark the advance of autumn, and having been now some weeks at Baden-Baden, which in the programme of my tour was intended to be but a passing stage in my journey to Munich, I resolved to be again *en route*, and accordingly, having made the necessary arrangements, I made my departure on the following morning. A few hours in the "Eilwagen," the German *diligence*, brought me to "Carlsruhe." This city (the residents *stadt*) had been but recently reconstructed. Built in the form of a wheel, the streets radiating from the centre, in which was the Grand Ducal Palace, the circumference was formed by the Boulevards. This kind of architecture, to which the French apply the term *tiré a cordon*, becomes displeasing to the eye from its unrelieved uniformity, contrasting unfavourably with the picturesque irregularity of most continental towns. After three days agreeably spent in journeying over the fertile plains of Wurtemberg, passing through Stuttgart, Ulm, and Ausburg, I entered Munich on the afternoon of the fourth day. The October Feast, a sort of Bavarian carnival, and like it, lasting for a week, was still going on. This annual celebration, which in some respects resembles Donnybrook Fair in olden times, without its intemperance and the display of the "shillelagh," is held in the fields about a mile outside the city, and as it offers every attraction in the shape of athletic sports, balloon ascents, dancing and comic spectacular entertainments, the weather moreover being fine, thousands of the inhabitants of all classes crowded to the spot, and everyone seemed happy and joyous. The city itself was full of life and gaiety. Madame Schröder (the Siddons of Germany) was just then interpreting Schiller, to overflowing houses, in his famous tragedies of "William Tell" and the "Bride of Messina." The National Theatre where she performed was only just completed, being unsurpassed in Europe for its accommodation and the splendour of its decorations. In its physical aspect the city was nearly as at present.

Those magnificent repositories of sculpture and painting, the

"Glyptothek" and "Pinacothek," had been some time completed. Old King Louis, still in the height of his "hellenomania," was devoting a large portion of the revenues of his kingdom to the decoration of the metropolis, his great ambition being to render it as far as possible a modern Athens. His Majesty might be daily seen on foot in the principal thoroughfares, but most frequently under the arcades of the *residentz* garden, the walls of which he had ornamented with *frescos*, illustrative of the most remarkable classic sites of Greece. The beautiful Gothic Church of the Madonna Maria Hilfs Kirche, with its richly-painted windows, already raised its imposing form and lofty graceful spire in the Faubourg of the Au. The new National Library in the Ludwigstrasse, a model of architectural taste and skill, was just completed, and was already receiving its priceless printed and manuscript treasures from the old building at the University. Cornelius, the famous painter, was still engaged in completing the decorations of the splendid Church of St. Louis, and was a daily object of interest to the visitors as he stood on the platform over the great altar, with brush in hand, giving the final touches to his great *fresco* of the Last Judgment. Caulbach had already made a name in the world of art, and his studio was one of the great attractions of the city. The great hospital, the Allgemeine Krankenhaus, into which Professor Ringseis had just introduced the useful sisterhood of the "Sœurs Grises," arrested the attention by its vast and symmetrical proportions outside the Sendlinger Gate, while at the Carls gate the Lutheran Church (the only one in Munich at the time, and which owed its erection to the late Protestant Queen) excited the derision of the Bavarians by its ludicrously suggestive figure. Octangular in shape, and surmounted by a lofty square tower, it was known by the name of "Spuchnaph," (or spittoon), from its fancied resemblance to that appendage of the smoking room. Cardinal Reisach was then Archbishop, and with his learned and pious secretary, Monsignore Windishman, was labouring to rehabilitate the Bavarian Church, and restore to it its former relations with Rome, of which it had been deprived in the previous reign. Munich could then boast of several erudite and exemplary ecclesiastics; amongst them I may mention the names of Möhler, Phillips, and Ghörres, the latter had then just published his work on Mysticism. There were several English in Munich at this period. Lord C——d, with his eldest son, had been already some weeks here, having withdrawn himself for a time from the attractions of Rome, of which

city he had been for years a perennial resident, to pursue the same ascetic habits in the Bavarian capital. As at Rome he was early at church, and whoever attended the first Masses in the Church of the Theatines, in the Wiener Strasse, would be sure to see his lordship, a model of recollection, unostentatiously engaged at his devotions in some remote corner. Sir Thomas Wyse, then a member of the Melbourne ministry, was also at Munich, having availed himself of the parliamentary recess to pay a visit to the Continent. Though already aware of his reputation as a refined scholar, I was hardly prepared for the extent and variety of his attainments, more especially as an accomplished Hellenist; and Munich, like most other German university cities, in which Greek was much cultivated, was pre-eminently the spot where such erudition was least likely to pass unappreciated. To meet Sir Thomas on some of those occasions when the society numbered amongst its members a few minds kindred to his own, was indeed an intellectual treat, as he ranged discursively over the wide field of Grecian literature, pausing at times to unfold some more recondite beauty, and showing his familiarity with the polity and customs of that classic land; it seemed to his admiring auditory as if they were listening to a modern Anacharsis. His subsequent appointment to the post of envoy at Athens, for which, besides his classical accomplishments, his diplomatic tact and ability as a statesman so well fitted him, was a graceful and becoming act of the Palmerstonian administration.

Amongst others who imparted interest to society in Munich at this period, was the Count Ernest Bonner, a Scotchman, an attaché of the English Embassy—our ambassador at the time being Lord Erskine. Of ancient Scottish lineage, the Count was in his childhood estranged from home by the murder of both his parents at a London hotel, in the early part of this century,—a mystery which defied all investigation surrounded the cruel tragedy. The Count soon after left England, which he never revisited. Having subsequently entered the Austrian service, and pursued for some years an honourable military career, he returned to civil life at Munich, where he was much esteemed in society, being known for his accomplishments as a linguist and antiquarian. Heraldry seemed to be his specialty, and his charts of the great houses of Europe, and amongst them those of our Guelphs, were quite a curiosity.

The incidents of this period furnish me with many interesting recollections, but memory reverts with especial pleasure

to some interesting "re-unions," at Lord C.'s, who continued to assemble at his hospitable board, in the Perusa Strasse, several of the *elite* of Bavarian society. On one of these occasions, the Abbé Windishman and Sir Thomas Wyse were guests; the last gentleman arrived after the others, and on being introduced to the Abbé, addressed him in German, on which Lord C——d, with much *naïvete*, suggested to Sir Thomas to use his own vernacular, as the Abbé was perfectly master of it, a character which he fully sustained in the course of the evening, indeed he spoke English with remarkable fluency, and almost without an accent, an advantage derived from early intercourse with English society at Bonn, of which University his father was for some years the distinguished professor of history. His discussions with Sir Thomas Wyse, on questions of general literature and politics impressed all present with the extent and accuracy of his information and his ability as an accomplished dialectician. He gave a lucid sketch of the state of religion in Bavaria, and described the efforts which the Archbishop and the other members of the Hierarchy were making to free it from its secular trammels.

Unhappily, the selfish and uncatholic policy of the future King (Maximillian*) and his ministry, were subsequently opposed to the views of the good Archbishop; and after years of struggle with the secular power, that valiant confessor, and intrepid champion of the rights of the Church, was recalled to Rome, where having been raised to the purple, he for several years held several high posts, being at the same time one of the chief members in the Councils of the Holy Father.

* Of Maximillian, in whose reign the Church had such unceasing struggles against Erastianism, the Bavarians record but one good act, and that was in reference to his father the Ex-King. When Lola Montez, after a series of offensive *escapades*, was driven from Munich, the old King still blinded by passion, was preparing to follow her to Reichenhall, whither she had fled. The King called on him at the palace, and after a lengthened interview, finding that entreaty and remonstrance were useless, suddenly changed his tone, and said—"Hitherto, I have asked you as your son, now I command you as your King to remain in the city, and to compel you, shall have guards placed at all the gates." The threat so opportunely uttered by the young king, had an immediate effect in recalling the foolish old man from the influence of the unhappy delusion under which he had been labouring, and seeing the impossibility of carrying out his iniquitous project, he not only gave it up, but soon after, having had time for reflection, manifested the deepest regret for his previous misconduct. The sincerity of his sorrow evinced itself in many ways, and with a view to make atonement for the scandal he had given, it was his practice during the remaining years of his life, to make an annual pilgrimage to Rome, where, besides renewing his former friendly relations with, and receiving the benediction of the Holy Father, he edified all who were cognisant of his great charities, and of the exemplary character of his life in his retreat at the "Villa Malta."

His death, which occurred a few years ago, was a loss to religion, no less than to Pius IX. His *quondam* pious and learned secretary, Monsignore Windishman, remained after him in Munich, where public opinion universally pointed to him as the future Archbishop. That expectation, however, was not destined to be fulfilled, and in his premature death a few years after, the Church of Bavaria witnessed the extinction of one of her brightest luminaries. Amongst his contemporaries, and for a time his associate, was Dr. Döllinger, and, as in the case of the Abbé Lacordaire and La Mennais, who at one time worked together in the cause of truth and religion, the scandal to christianity, from the lamentable fall of the latter, was in a great measure compensated for by the unswerving orthodoxy and zeal both as a preacher and writer of Lacordaire; so the great services rendered to the Bavarian Church by Monsignore Windishman, may be regarded as an offset by anticipation against the evils caused by the recent miserable apostacy of Döllinger.

A stranger in Munich could not fail to be impressed with the splendour of public worship, with its accompaniments of sacred music and solemn ceremonial. Like the frigid philosophy of the unimpressed visitor to the ancient sanctuary of Ione, so eloquently denounced by "Johnson," the stoicism of the individual should not be envied who could be present at the Grand Mass, in the Cathedral (the Frauen Kirke)—where the music was invariably Gregorian—without experiencing emotions akin to ecstasy, or some anticipation, however faint, of the joys of Paradise. On the first and second of November, the devotion of the Bavarians seemed to be at its height. On the latter festival (that of All Souls), it would seem as if all the inhabitants had flocked to the great cemetery, nearly every one bearing flowers, and other emblems, wherewith to decorate the graves of their friends. In some instances, the graves were covered with a framework of the greenest and most delicate turf, studded with roses and other flowers, with a basin of holy water and an asperges at the foot, with which passing friends paid a tribute to the dead. Of the epitaphs, some were extremely touching and full of faith. That of Frauenhoffer, the great astronomer, struck me as original and appropriate; the monument was a monolith of granite, a truncated pyramid in form, with the simple inscription—"Proximavit ad sidera." Amongst the celebrities pointed out to me, was Shelling, the philosopher, his tall grave figure was

enveloped in a cloak, and as he paced slowly on, his marked features were an expression of thoughtfulness and sorrow. He had just lost a child whose grave he was visiting.

While walking in the outskirts of the Cemetery, I arrived at a two-storied building of considerable length, and on looking through the windows of the ground floor, was startled on beholding several bodies laid out in coffins, the lids having been removed. On enquiry, I learned that here were the mortuary chambers, to which all bodies, irrespective of class, are brought a few hours after death. To the finger of each corpse is attached a bell cord, so as to cause the ringing of the bell on the slightest motion of the body, alarm being thus conveyed to an attendant who is always on the watch. Whether this precaution against the appalling contingency of premature interment led to any case of resuscitation I was unable to learn. The sights which I witnessed on this very interesting day furnished me with many subjects of solemn reflection, and as I returned home later in the afternoon I felt deeply impressed with the great Catholic faith evinced by the Bavarians on this annual commemoration of their departed friends. Just at this period the extraordinary history of the stigmatised virgins of the Tyrol became known in Munich, and it struck me as indicative of the healthy tone of Catholic feeling in that city, that in whatever society the subject was ventilated, including the student circles usually the most sceptical, it was uniformly spoken of in a becoming spirit, being regarded as appertaining to a class of phenomena lifted by their mysterious and inexplicable character out of the category of ordinary physical facts. Independently of the religious interest attaching to the case, as a young physician I wished much to satisfy my professional curiosity by a visit to the respective localities, and had the railway been then open to Innsbruck, I should certainly have gone. Travelling, however, at that period, and especially in winter in Southern Bavaria, was represented to me as slow, and attended with many discomforts, and I accordingly relinquished the project.*

* John, the last but one Catholic Earl of Shrewsbury, a short time after edited his Catholic friends by an interesting account of a visit paid to these singularly favoured virgins. His Lordship verified all the facts predicated of them, and described the profound impression he received on the occasion. Since then, visitors, both Catholic and Protestant, have added their attestations to that of Lord Shrewsbury. Amongst the former, I may mention the present Earl of Gainsborough, who during a tour in the Tyrol in the summer of 1852, accompanied by Father Anderton, paid a visit to the Estatica, having been introduced by her confessor.

The social resources of a Bavarian winter were, at least for our English strangers, considerably added to by the evening receptions at Mrs. G. Wise's, the sister-in-law of the minister, who, with her young family, occupied an elegant apartment in the Ludwig Strasse. Her eldest daughter, whom from her years it would have been premature to call a *debutante*, was nevertheless much admired in Bavarian society, having already given promise of those gifts and accomplishments, which in after life she displayed, when for many years presiding over her uncle's household at the British Embassy at Athens, in arranging and organizing—as Lady Esther Stanhope once did for her uncle, Mr. Pitt, in London—the intellectual *re-unions* which took place at the ministerial residence.

The writer may here add, *en passant*, in reference to those assemblages of which music, literature, and science formed the dominant features, that they formed no small attraction for the late Prime Minister (Mr. Gladstone) during his stay at Athens some years ago, when as Plenipotentiary, he went out to arrange the difficulties in the government of the Ionian Isles.

Early in November a heavy fall of snow, which remained on the ground, joined to a piercing north-east wind, gave me some apprehensions as to the severity of the approaching winter. Nor were my misgivings lessened by seeing, as a protection against the expected cold, additional sashes placed outside the windows. Bavaria, being a table-land sixteen hundred feet above the level of the sea, must necessarily have a rigid and prolonged winter. I therefore began to entertain thoughts of retracing my steps homewards. It having been, moreover, my custom at the time, no matter how extended my travels might have been during the rest of the year, to return to my parental roof at Christmas, considerations of climate were, therefore, backed by a feeling of "heimweh" to cause me to move homeward. The result was that towards the middle of November, having completed all my travelling arrangements, I bade adieu to Munich. Returning partly by the same route, four days of easy travelling brought me to the banks of the Rhine, and at Castel, on the day after my arrival, I took the steamer for Cologne. Notwithstanding the season of the year the number of passengers was considerable, the majority being French and Belgian, who, having

Lord Gainsborough embodied his impressions in a letter to a friend at Rome. The writer of this notice, to whom the communication was submitted for perusal, knew not which to admire most, the vividness of description, or the genuine Catholic spirit which it breathed.

spent the summer in Germany, were returning for the winter. Amongst them was the Countess B——e and her daughter, with whom I accidentally made acquaintance. They were then on their way to Brussels, intending to pass a week there and proceed to Paris for the winter. And here I may observe that, if I should seem unnecessarily minute in adverting to the character and antecedents of these ladies, the reason will be found in the fact that circumstances, which I shall have occasion further on to narrate, imparted to them a deep and melancholy interest. The Countess B——e, though in the decline of life, retained, nevertheless, much freshness and grace of mien, while a classic style of face, joined to much affability and intelligence of expression, suggested that her youth must have been one of no ordinary attraction. Both she and her daughter, a tall and rather prepossessing young lady still in her teens, were excellent linguists the latter speaking English with considerable fluency, an acquisition for which she was indebted to her having been educated at the English convent at Bruges. Happening, by a coincidence, not inopportune, to have had some friends in that community with whom she was acquainted, I was thereby supplied with a kind of "credential," which will explain the otherwise strange absence of reserve which marked our subsequent intercourse. The Countess B——e's knowledge of languages resulted from the diversified character of her life. French by birth, her father, the Marquis du Chastelet, was for several years Governor of Venice, under Napoleon, so that a portion of her youth was spent on the shores of the Adriatic, and she learned Italian in the city of the Doges. Her subsequent marriage with the Count B——e led to her going to the East. Her husband having been appointed governor of the Island of Java, under the Dutch, she accompanied him thither, and having resided in that island for some years, she returned to Europe, on the separation of Belgium from Holland, in 1830. The death of her husband occurring soon after, she applied her latter years in superintending the education of her children. Her eldest son, a youth of seventeen, of whom she gave me a very unfavourable account, having been withdrawn from her care resided with his grandfather at the family chateau near Tournay. She complained of the very injudicious indulgence with which he was treated, and from the untoward dispositions he had manifested, she expressed her apprehensions as to his *avenir*. She further told me, in confidence, that amongst other unpleasant duties she had to perform, was that of spend-

ing a few days at the chateau, on her way to Paris, and thus being a reluctant spectator of the unchecked *méchanceté* of her son.

After a charming day on the Rhine, we reached Cologne late in the afternoon. Madame B——e decided to stop at the Kaiserliche Hof, the then principal hotel, and I accompanied her thither. Having a daughter at the Ursuline Convent in the city, Madame B——e employed the following morning in visiting her, while I devoted it to lionising, and at three, p.m., according to previous arrangement, started, by post, with the countess, her daughter, and suite, for Aix-la-Chapelle; whence, on the following morning, we took the train for Brussels, arriving there in the evening. After a week agreeably spent in the capital of Belgium, I started for Ostend, *en route* for England, accompanying my new friends as far as Malines, whence the railway diverging to Tournay, I bade them adieu. Having passed a few days in London, I proceeded to my home in the south of Ireland, arriving on Christmas Eve, when a welcome, such as can be only had under a parental roof, awaited me.

Years had passed, and the incidents just recorded, having been for some time objects of occasional retrospect, had gradually yielded their place in memory to other events in the course of a chequered existence, becoming like the legendary towers of Lough Neagh, to the fisherman on its banks, "dimly visible through the waves of time," when they were abruptly recalled to memory by a fearful drama which took place in Belgium a few years after. Looking over the columns of a French paper one day, my attention was drawn to the narrative of a murder committed under circumstances of premeditation and cruelty, and when I saw the name of the Count B——e mentioned as the author, and the chateau near Tournay as the theatre of the crime, I could no longer entertain a doubt as to the identity of the party accused. To give an idea of the circumstances of the tragedy, I may mention that the count, on coming of age, married the daughter of a wealthy Brussels merchant. Pursuing the career of a *roué*, however, he soon squandered his wife's fortune, involving, at the same time, his patrimonial estate. To retrieve his position, and avert the ruin which impended, he looked forward to the reversion of the property of a brother-in-law, who, being lame and otherwise infirm, it was supposed would never marry. Finding that his calculations as to the celibacy of his relative were likely to be falsified, he resolved to anticipate the event of his rumoured marriage by his murder,

Having secured the co-operation of the countess in this unnatural conspiracy against the life of her own brother, they invited him to spend a few days at the chateau. The young man unsuspectingly accepted the invitation. After dinner on the day of his arrival, his wine having been drugged with some powerful narcotic, he became drowsy, and almost comatose. Having then sent away the servants on various pretexts, and fancying that there was no one within hearing, they seized the young man, while yet at table, and compelled him to swallow a malignant poison which the count had previously prepared. The effect, though rapid, was not instantaneous, and in the struggle with his murderers, he uttered piercing cries, which were heard by the coachman, who, unlike the other inmates, deferred his departure from the chateau. Depositing to that effect at the subsequent trial, his testimony, joined to other evidence, secured the conviction of the count. Owing to some peculiarity in the criminal laws of Belgium, which in some cases ignore intermediate degrees of guilt, the countess having been regarded as a coerced, and, to a certain extent, an involuntary accomplice in the crime, was acquitted; though it came out in evidence that she held the cup containing the poison, while her husband forced open the mouth of his victim. The poison was a vegetable "alcaloid," "nicotine," obtained from tobacco, prepared by the count in his own laboratory; it having been proved that he was in the habit of filling up his leisure hours at the chateau in chemical investigations. The trial, which took place in the "Salle des Pas Perdus," at Mons, lasted several days. Everything that legal acumen and eloquence could do was employed to effect an acquittal, but the evidence was conclusive, and the count having been found guilty, was sentenced to capital punishment. All through the trial he maintained a singular air of indifference, which continued after sentence was passed, and after being informed that the powerful influence of his friends was vainly employed to obtain a reprieve. Several of the leading clergy had interviews with him, endeavouring in vain to persuade him to make his confession, and use his short remainder of life in preparation for eternity. He spurned their counsels, however, and, in some instances, threatened violence to make them quit his cell. The scene between him and his wretched mother (my acquaintance on the Rhine) was described in the papers of the day as something truly heartrending. Her pressing entreaties, seconded, as they were, with bitter tears, he also rejected. Respected as she was through life, her unhappy

position, as the mother of a convicted murderer, made her an object of universal sympathy. In this state of sullen obduracy the wretched criminal continued until the eve of his execution. Mercy was, however, in store for him, though the instrumentality which Providence employed to effect a change of heart was such as could have hardly entered into human calculation. By a coincidence which, under the circumstances, could scarcely be deemed accidental, the Archbishop of Cincinnati, Dr. Purcell, happening to be in Europe, was then travelling in Belgium. Engaged one morning in reading the papers at his hotel, his Grace saw the sad particulars of the trial and conviction of the count, and of his obdurate rejection of all spiritual succour. The thought instantly occurred to the Archbishop that it might be reserved for him to bring the unhappy young man to a sense of the awfulness of his position, and cause him to prepare for eternity. That his great experience, as a practised and veteran missionary, in coming to the aid of fallen humanity in all its phases of degradation, might have suggested to his Grace the probable success of his ministration in this all but hopeless emergency, the reader can readily imagine. The Archbishop had, moreover, the advantage, indispensable on the occasion, of a thorough knowledge of French. Having formed his determination, his Grace altered his travelling arrangements, though at considerable inconvenience, and proceeded forthwith to Mons. Presenting himself at the prison, he was received with a becoming courtesy by the officials, and amongst them the chaplain, to whom he stated the objects of his visit, showing at the same time his credentials as Archbishop. Every facility for the fulfilment of his mission of mercy was instantly afforded him; but while being conducted to the prisoner, the chaplain and other officials who accompanied the Archbishop, expressed themselves in terms of despondency as to the result, alleging that all previous attempts had but served to render him more violent and contumacious. On entering his cell, the Archbishop explained to him in a few words the object of his visit; when the count, seeing the strange ecclesiastic, and supposing that he had come from the Court, advanced with an air of defiance and fury, and demanded, "Qui vous a envoyé, le Roi?" On which the Archbishop calmly replied, "Non, mon pauvre enfant, étranger comme je suis, personne m'a envoyé autre que le bon Dieu, qui veut vous sauver; et dans ce moment solennel vous ne rejeterez pas mes ministrations." The young man seemed for a moment to hesitate, and surveying the Archbishop with a searching look

as if to assure himself that what he heard was true, his countenance suddenly assumed a subdued and sorrowful expression, and prostrating himself at his Grace's feet, he gave vent to his emotion in a flood of tears. From that moment there was a total change of heart in the young man, and he became tractable as a child in the hands of the Archbishop, to whom, with an expression of the deepest compunction, he forthwith made a confession of his whole life. The interval between that and his execution, which took place on the following day, was employed in preparation for the solemn event. The Archbishop, attended him on the scaffold, administering consolation up to the last moment. Such were the extraordinary means employed by Providence to secure a happy end to a career of guilt and crime. The family and friends of the count felt acutely the dishonour which he brought on them. His paternal uncle, a member in the House of Peers, resigned his place in the Chamber; but having been universally respected by his compeers, an unanimous call was made on him to revoke his decision, and resume his position in the House. He was accordingly prevailed on to do so, but only on the condition of being allowed to change his name; so that henceforward the name of B——e became extinct in the peerage of Belgium.

[Having made the Archbishop's acquaintanceship at Rome so far back as 1839, I resolved, should an opportunity present itself, to ascertain all the particulars of this remarkable history from his Grace's own lips. This did not occur till 1854, when Dr. Purcell visited Rome on the occasion of the definition of the "Immaculate Conception." I then received from his Grace the narrative of these facts, as I have now given them.—T. O'D.]

AN AUTUMN IN SOUTHERN ITALY.

DIARY AT NAPLES.

Naples, August 22, 1853.

I WAS already a fortnight at Naples, and had yet accomplished little in the way of sight-seeing. The heat, which was almost tropical, had begun to affect me, having induced a degree of languor incapacitating me for all mental or physical effort. The days were generally spent within doors, in a kind of dreamy

listlessness, not unakin to what Thompson ascribes to the atmosphere of the Castle of Indolence. To relieve the monotony of the day, my evenings were generally spent with my Roman friend H——at some café, where we enjoyed the luxury of an ice, and found agreeable entertainment for an hour or two in the novelty and variety of the scene. Time passing thus unprofitably, and feeling that the object for which I came to Naples was not being realised, I resolved to quit the city forthwith, and repair to some less relaxing locality in its beautiful environs. Where such could be found was, under the circumstances, a problem of no very easy solution. Sorrento, in mid-winter so charming, was just now, from its lens-like form, little better than the focus of a burning glass. Castellamare, while attracting by the agreeable shelter of its chesnut groves, was not to be thought of from the intolerable plague of its mosquitoes. The hills of La Cava seemed, on the whole, least objectionable, and I had all but decided on transferring myself thither, when a friend who had passed several summers at Naples, suggested to me the neighbourhood of Vico, as combining, from its lofty position over the bay, the double advantage of comparative coolness and glorious sea views. To fix my resolution, I further learned that a *ci-devant* convent, not far from the cliffs, had just been opened as an hotel, the massive walls and spacious corridors of which would furnish a cool retreat during the fervid heat of the mid-day hours. Starting by an early train next day for Castellamare, a carretino* soon brought me to Vico, which, I was rejoiced to find, confirmed in every respect the description of my friend. Accordingly, I soon arranged with the landlord, not the worst specimen of a Neapolitan, to enter *en pension* the following day, and returned the same evening to Naples. A *déménagement* has always its unpleasant accompaniments, but who can describe the *désagréments* of a change of domicile at Naples, with the thermometer at 90 degrees? Before retiring to bed, I left orders to have my bill prepared, my luggage arranged, and every preparation completed, so as to leave during the early and cooler hours of the morning. I found, however, that I reckoned without my host, for when I expected to have everything ready for starting, I found that none of my orders had been attended to, and my departure was in consequence an hour later than I had calculated.—“*Dum cæs exigitur, dum mula*

* A kind of gig.

ligatur tota abit hora." In this respect, the habits of the southern Italian have little altered since the days of Horace. The climax of my grievances was, however, capped by an angry altercation with an extortionate landlord, and it was not until I had satisfied his very unreasonable demands, and dispensed sundry gratuities to importunate *facchini* (the porter or Boots of the Italian hotels), that I found myself quietly settled in my cabriolet, and *en route* for Vico. As a compensation for the delay and disappointments of the morning, my *veturino* drove rapidly. The Toledo and Largo di Castello were soon left behind; and as we passed the Mola, what pictures of Neapolitan life presented themselves! Lazaroni, basking, salamander-like, in the sun, or leaning listlessly over the sea wall; others squatting on the flags, engaged in gulping down seemingly interminable strings of macaroni; while, on the steps of a church door, I perceived a group of boys occupied in dissecting the symmetrical proportions of a huge water melon, which at this season commends itself by its refreshing qualities no less than by its cheapness—altogether the lethargic influence of a southern clime seemed everywhere apparent. A twenty minutes' drive brought us to the terminus. The railway to Castellamare runs along the margin of the bay, passing over ground sacred to many a classic memory. Portici, Herculaneum, Torre del Greco, Torre d'Annunciata—stations on the line, and at the base of Vesuvius—exhibit unmistakeable marks of the activity of the mountain, each of these towns having been at various epochs destroyed by lava; and, though from time to time menaced with a recurrence of the same fate, they seem to possess an undiminished and happy population, so powerful is the force of local attachments.* The houses have invariably flat roofs, after the Eastern fashion, and as you look down on them from the railway—which is carried at a considerable elevation on arches—you almost invariably perceive them strewn with wheat or Indian corn, which is thus dried, or rather roasted, by direct exposure to the rays of the sun. Enormous quantities of the former grain, are here consumed in the manufacture of macaroni, of which that of Torre d'Annunciata enjoys the greatest prestige next to that of Amalfi. As we approached

* The first of these terrible events, which occurred in the year 72 of our era, was witnessed by the Plinii, the younger of whom has left a minute and most interesting record of all the phenomena.

Castellamare, the beautiful features of the overhanging hills became more distinct, and innumerable villas, perched at seemingly inaccessible heights, with their orange and chesnut groves, peered down on us as we entered the station. The road from here to Vico runs for half a mile along the shore, then gradually ascends the cliffs lying at the base of Monte St. Angelo, which rises abruptly on the left to a height of 6,000 feet. A drive of four miles along this charming road brought me to the entrance of Sta. Maria del Toro, my future abode, to which a zigzag avenue, of rather steep ascent, conducted. Now that I found myself an inmate here, and could survey everything at leisure, I found my first impressions more than confirmed, and I felt still more disposed to congratulate myself on my change of quarters, when—after a substantial dinner, of which the digestion was assisted by a few glasses of excellent Capri wine—I proceeded to the terrace in front of the hotel to enjoy the evening air and the glorious prospect.

Looking over the blue waters of the bay, the view embraced the entire line of coast from Cape Misene and the Islands of Ischia and Procida on the left, to Vesuvius and Pompeii on the right—the centre of this grand panorama being formed by the city of Naples itself, which, even at this distance (twenty miles) appeared singularly distinct. What a chequered history, thought I, connects itself with the scene which I now contemplate! and as I began to review its more striking outlines, and got deeper and deeper into the solemn retrospect, what opposite pictures presented themselves! On one side, humanity showing itself under the most repulsive aspects, and sunk in the lowest depths of infamy; on the other obeying its divine instincts, and responding to the inspirations of grace, lifted to the highest pinnacles of moral grandeur—mysterious antagonism of good and evil! Thus, Capri, on my left, recalled the cruelties and brutal orgies of Tiberius; while Puteoli, visible on the Bay of Baïæ in front, reminded me of the great apostle of nations, who, after the perils of a long voyage, *multum jactatus terra marique*, disembarked there on his world-saving mission. Then the horrors of Saracenic invasion, which had so often, at subsequent periods, desolated these coasts, rose vividly to my view, redeemed by the sublime and self-denying virtues of mediæval asceticism, which converted men into angels, and made a paradise of these favoured shores. Such was the character of the thoughts which occupied me while admiring the distant prospect on this my first evening at Vico. When the

mind is thus abstracted—its energies concentrated on the distant and the past—time becomes an almost inappreciable element ; and it would be difficult to say to what a length my reflections might not have gone, if my host had not approached and interrupted my rêverie, by calling my attention to the scenery of the immediate neighbourhood.

The pretty town of Vico, with a population of 1,500 souls, lay a few hundred yards below me on the cliffs, which, on this part of the coast, rise abruptly from the shore to a height of 300 feet. The object, however, of most interest in the landscape was the old castle, which, surrounded by a quadrangular enclosure, raised its quaint and massive walls on the outskirts of the town, and on the very verge of the bay. This chateau, the history of which embodies no small amount of romance, blended, unhappily, with some dark details of crime and sorrow, was once the residence of Joanna, "the beautiful and profligate Queen of Naples," and a portion of the building, no longer in existence, is said to have contained an ingenious and cruel contrivance for the summary disposal of her lovers. How true it is, that the worst evils spring from the abuse of those instincts of our being which, under proper discipline, were meant by Providence to be the instruments of mutual happiness. "Alas !" says Byron, "our young affections run to waste, or water but the desert, whence arise but weeds of dark luxuriance, and flowers whose wild odours breathe but agonies." The exquisite passage in "Childe Harold" to which these lines belong is evidently but the transcript of the poet's own sad experience. As to this wretched Queen, however, one is loth to give credence to the tradition, which imputes to her the co-existence of passions repugnant in themselves, and one of which seems more demoniacal than human ; and therefore let us hope that in this instance her memory has been libelled.

The castle, which now belongs to M. Jusso, a Genoese banker, has been modernised, and as it contains some fine and elegantly furnished apartments, is generally let for the season to some families of distinction and opulence. After witnessing a lovely sunset over the opposite coast, I returned to my room, and having had tea, I had just taken up "Murray's Handbook for Southern Italy," in order to see what there was of further interest in the neighbourhood, and to strike out a programme for to-morrow's exploration, when the waiter entered, and handing me a letter, added that a servant from the chateau had brought it, and was below awaiting an answer. The

envelope was addressed, "al Signore Medico Inglese," and on opening it I read as follows, in unmistakably ladylike penmanship:—"Sir—We have just heard of your arrival, and late though it be, would beg, as a favour, that you will come down to see papa, who is alarmingly ill.—S.S." This sudden demand for my professional services was under the circumstances very unexpected. By what means my arrival could have so soon transpired, and who were the parties requiring me, were questions concerning which my curiosity was much roused. I summoned the messenger, an Italian, and learned from him that there were some English families staying at the castle, and having settled with him to accompany me, I proceeded at once to get ready.

On starting, I found it was profoundly dark, there being no moon, and the twilight in this latitude being of almost momentary duration. My escort, however, was provided with a lantern, with which he walked some paces in advance of me, to show the way, so that having descended the zigzag avenue, walked some paces on the high road, and proceeded through one of the streets of the town, we at length found ourselves at the castle gate. My guide still proceeding, we entered the quadrangle, which, in the reflection of the light, I could perceive was laid out as a flower garden, a portion being also covered with vines. In another moment we reached the entrance, which was already open, and advancing through a long hall or corridor, my guide stopped at a door, within which I could hear the sound of several voices. The servant having knocked, and having received an intimation to enter, he announced my name. I followed, and to my great surprise found a party of ladies and gentlemen, all English. One of the ladies, a *distinguée* looking matron who seemed to have expected my visit, immediately came forward, accompanied by a younger lady, Miss S.S., and having apologised for the lateness of the summons, put me at once at my ease by begging me to be seated, and then explained to me, in a few words, the cause of the unseasonable disturbance.

The invalid for whom I was required was her brother-in-law, and the father of the younger lady. He had been for some time a sad martyr to gout, for which he had been treated by one of the English physicians of Naples, Dr. R——, who came occasionally to see him at Vico. The disease, however, was obstinate, and this evening he was seized with an extremely acute attack. With this explanation, we proceeded to the sick

chamber, the ladies accompanying me. On entering, I found a gentleman of about sixty years, whose careworn and pale physiognomy marked him as an invalid. At the moment of my visit, he was indeed suffering from a paroxysm of spasmodic gout in the knee, and he appeared to writhe in agony. The ladies having withdrawn, I proceeded to make the necessary examination, and having addressed such questions as I deemed proper to guide me in my diagnosis, I returned to the drawing-room, where, in a few words, I explained to his friends my view of the case, and my impression as to the system of treatment to be adopted; and as it was an object to have relief afforded as soon as possible, I expressed a wish to be allowed to return directly, and see if my medicine-chest would not furnish the means of alleviating his very distressing symptoms. Before leaving, however, I promised to repeat my visit on the following day. The same servant re-conducted me to the hotel, and as I was fortunate to have had with me a sedative suited to the exigencies of the occasion, I was not long in preparing and consigning it to the messenger, with directions as to its mode of administration. It was now near midnight, and as I felt some fatigue, I lost no time in preparing for bed. I could not, however, compose myself to sleep without reflecting on the strangeness of the incident with which the occurrences of the day so unexpectedly concluded. The general impression which I received of my new acquaintances was most favourable. They were evidently of a superior class, but though a tone of familiarity, such as seldom exists out of the domestic circle, marked their conversation, I could still perceive that the party was composed of members of more than one family. And here was a difficulty; yet it seemed to me, on further reflection, not so very irrational, that a number of individuals, not related, should combine to pass the hot season together in the country, and in this charming locality, such arrangements merely requiring, as the condition of their accomplishment, the existence of congenial tastes and habits; neither have they been without precedent since the days of Boccaccio.

On awaking next morning I found that the sun was already high in the horizon, and as there were all the indications of an intensely warm day, I resolved to pay my visit during the cooler temperature of the earlier forenoon, and remain within doors till evening. Accordingly, having had breakfast, I went down to the chateau, and, after a few moments' delay, Madame S. made her appearance, with her niece, from whose cheerful expression

I could infer the gratifying report she had to make. Her papa was better, she said. On proceeding to visit him, he confirmed their account, and assured me that, for weeks, he had not enjoyed such freedom from pain.

He informed me that he had passed thirty years in India, having held a high post in the civil service of the late Company. That, having amassed a fortune, he returned to Europe unable to enjoy it; an enfeebled constitution and organic disease being the almost invariable accompaniments of wealth acquired within the tropics. Mr. S. had a most agreeable address, and a great fund of information, which, under other circumstances, I could have wished to develope, but fearing the effect of excitement, I rather checked this disposition to loquacity; and, after an interesting half-hour at his bedside, I returned to the saloon, where I found all the company of the previous evening already assembled. The improvement in Mr. S.'s symptoms appeared to afford all great pleasure. On this occasion I was introduced to the other members present. Of their individualities, however, I shall make no further mention than to say that, with one exception, they were all sons and daughters of Albion.

Mr. and Mrs. S—— had passed many years in Tuscany, having occupied the Palazzo B——, which, with the adjoining grounds, they purchased from the Grand Duke Ferdinand. This charming residence, situated four miles outside Florence, on the Pistoia-road, has been long known to English visitors for the elegance of its hospitalities. Mrs. S—— told me that, not having seen her brother-in-law since his return from India, and knowing him to be a sufferer, she prevailed on him to visit Italy, in the hope of his benefitting by the change, and, that, having spent some weeks with them in Tuscany, the entire party had come on to Naples, having selected this lovely position on the bay for the remainder of the season. It was in truth a romantic site. The northern *façade* of the castle rose flush with the cliff at a height of 300 feet from the shore, while a series of windows, like the port-holes of a man-of-war, looked over the bay at this dizzy altitude. To sit in one of these during the hours of meridian heat, feast the eyes on the glorious scenery which formed the opposite horizon, to quaff the refreshing breeze which played over the blue expanse, and hear the murmur of the waves as they broke on the shore below, seemed to me the *beau idéal* of passive enjoyment. Nor were the resources and beauties of the place unappreciated by its occupants. They took me to the various points from which fine views could be

obtained, and seemed gratified when I expressed my admiration. But though they seemed so pleased with their enchanting abode, I could perceive, from certain incidental allusions to pic-nic parties and excursions already past, and others in perspective, that all their time was not passed within its precincts. In fact before leaving, I was informed that, in the course of the ensuing week, they proposed to make the ascent of Monte St. Angelo, and dine on the summit. I was at the same time invited to join the party, a proposal to which, it may be supposed, I readily consented.

My morning visit was so prolonged, and time passed so agreeably, that I found it was near mid-day when I returned to the hotel. The heat was now at its *maximum*, and short as was my exposure to the rays of the sun, I felt a degree of languor, accompanied with headache, which determined me to remain within doors for the entire afternoon. Feeling no disposition to read, I lay down on an ottoman, and had lapsed into the *dolce far niente* mood, when I was roused by a gentle knocking at the door. On giving intimation to enter, I perceived the landlord, accompanied by a venerable-looking ecclesiastic whom he introduced as Signor Curato.* He was a man of small stature, lively and intelligent in expression, with Italian features, and apparently about seventy years of age. He said that, having heard of my arrival, he thought it his duty to call on me, the more so as he heard that I was a Catholic—a fact which must have transpired in my conversations with the landlord. I told him his impression was correct without asking him where he obtained it. He was very communicative, and seemed anxious in turn to acquire information, especially regarding the state of politics and religion in England. He had been officiating for nearly thirty years at this church (St. Maria del Toro)† which he assured me was very ancient, and as the name struck me as somewhat singular, I took occasion to ask him as to its origin, when he related to me the following anecdote, which, he assured me, was perfectly authentic:—

In the fifteenth century, according to his account, there was an extensive pasturage at the foot of Monte St. Angelo, in

* The Curate or Parish Priest.

† The churches dedicated to the Blessed Virgin are so numerous in Italy that it is not unusual to designate them by some title bearing allusion to their origin, or to some local peculiarity. Thus, there are at Rome the churches of St. Marie sopra la Minerva, built on the site of an ancient temple of Minerva; that of St. Maria della Vittoria, erected to commemorate the famous battle of Lepanto; and on Monte Cavi, outside Rome, there is the Oratory of St. Maria del Tufo, so called from the tufo formation in which it is built.

this neighbourhood, on which were a large number of cattle. The king of the herd, an enormous bull, happening suddenly to disappear, search was made for him in all directions, and continued for several days ineffectually. No traces whatever could be found. At length, when all hopes of recovering him had been abandoned, the bellowing of the animal was heard indistinctly, proceeding, as it were, from a subterranean position. Following the direction of the sound, the proprietor and his men found themselves unexpectedly at the entrance of a cave or grotto, the existence of which was previously unknown, and pursuing their way inwards, they there found the missing and half-famished animal. Besides recovering him, they found in the interior of the cave a valuable and very ancient mosaic, the subject of which was the Assumption of Our Lady. How it came to be there could only be explained by the supposition of the cave having been once the crypt of some ancient church. The fresco having been recognised by competent judges as a gem of mediæval art of the age of Giotto or Cimabue, the great revivers of fresco painting, was subsequently transferred to the church of the neighbouring monastery, which ever after bore the name of St. Maria del Toro,* from having been the instrument of its discovery. On my expressing a wish to see this interesting *morceaux* of ancient art, the worthy curé accompanied me to the church close by. Nor was I disappointed. It was unquestionably old, and though it had evidently suffered from damp and other causes, it must have originally possessed much merit. I was not, however, sufficiently a *connoisseur* to be able to determine whether it was a genuine production of the era of Giotto or Cimabue.

Having satisfied my curiosity, and thanked the good priest, I returned to the hotel, where I found dinner awaiting me. The heat had not hitherto impaired my appetite, and I was generally prepared to do justice to whatever came before me, a fact which may be interpreted favourably for the climate. It has often struck me that the Neapolitans evince much judgment in the matter of diet. The dinner consists generally of a couple of dishes of animal food, one of them being poultry, but the chief items of the bill of fare are composed of vegetables and well-prepared farinaceous substances, those latter being often combined with fruit. It is customary to use a small quantity of some light wine, often diluted with water, and there is the never-

* St. Mary of the Bull.

failing dessert of figs, oranges, or whatever fruit happens to be in season. After dinner it is the universal practice to retire and devote two or three hours to sleep. At first I had the usual English prejudice against this habit of post-prandial repose—the *siesta*, as it is called. After a time, however, I found I could not resist it, and I generally withdrew with the rest of the household.

About two miles from Vico, and occupying a commanding position on the left of the road to Sorrento, lies the Camaldolese Monastery of Monte Pezzano, founded by Gonsalvo de Cordova, in the 15th century. The founders of monastic institutions, as Digby remarks in his "*Mores Catholicæ*," appear to have had a keen appreciation of the charms of scenery; and, in selecting the sites of their houses, to have been influenced in no small degree by the character of the surrounding landscape. They felt, it may be, that these enchanting combinations of the handiworks of God tended to raise the mind to Him, in whom the germs and types of all beauty exist. It resulted, however, from the position of the monasteries amongst the rocks and forests, that the brotherhood must have been familiar with the wild harmonies of nature, as they varied with the seasons; and that in chanting their *Matin* hymn, their voices often mingled, in winter with the roaring of the cataract, or the howling of the storm, (the "*spiritus procellarum*" of the Psalmist); and, in summer, with the joyful concerts of the feathered tribe, (the "*volucres pennatæ*"), as they too carolled forth their notes of praise. With the Benedictines, some sweet secluded glen, or, it may be, some deep and richly-wooded mountain gorge, as a *Trinità di Cava*, a few miles from here, seems to have been generally preferred; while the Capuchin Orders, as every one who has travelled in Italy must have observed, almost invariably chose some lofty position in the outskirts of the city or towns.

The situation of Monte Pezzano, as the name implies, is elevated, and commands an extensive prospect seaward, over the plain of Sorrento. The eremitical element enters largely into the constitution of this Order, each member having a separate abode, with a small garden, which he cultivates with his own hand, and on the fruits of which he nearly altogether subsists, the dietary being strictly vegetarian. All intercourse with the outer world is cut off, and the silence which reigns within the cloister is only interrupted when the community meet to recite the divine office.

Rose early, and going down to the town, attended Mass at the principal church, which was once a cathedral. Its architecture is of the usual Italian style, and presents no feature of especial interest. In the interior, however, there are a few objects to attract the notice of a stranger, and amongst others the monument of Filangiere, the illustrious author of "*Scienza della Legialazione*," a work in which he proved himself in advance of his age, by the liberal and enlightened views he advocates on the subject of government. Its publication, however, deprived him of the favour of the Court, and eventually led to his exile. A posthumous *amende* was made to his memory by the late King Ferdinand, who restored his son, the present Prince Satriano, to his title and possessions, and afterwards made him Governor of Sicily; but whether these advantages and honours were not purchased by such a compromise of principle, and such a sacrifice of independence, as his father would have disdained to make, may well be questioned. On the entablature surmounting the arches of the nave in this very ancient church, are placed the portraits of all the Bishops who successfully ruled the See, from the earliest period. These portraits are in fresco, and are arranged in chronological order, similar to the mosaics of the Popes, in the interior of the Basilica of St. Paul's outside Rome. Perceiving that the last picture in the series was different from all the rest, being that of an angel in the attitude of reticence, (the index finger significantly applied to the lips), I addressed myself for the explanation to the intelligent guide who accompanied me, when suddenly his expression altered, and with downcast eye and subdued tone, he thus replied: Signore, from the beginning, the diocese of Vico could boast of an uninterrupted succession of good and saintly Bishops; unfortunately, there was one exception, and that was the last. This unhappy man acted the hypocrite in the early part of his ecclesiastical career, and managed, by intrigue, to secure his election; but he soon proved himself unworthy of his sacred calling. His irregularities were for a time concealed, but at the period of the French occupation, when everything was in confusion at Naples, he became the open advocate of the rationalistic views of the day, and, finally, became an apostate to his faith. He was in consequence deposed, and the diocese of Vico ever since deprived of its episcopal dignity. Hence the substitution of the picture of the angel in an attitude indicative of silence, as if there was a secret which it would be a scandal to divulge.

Up to this time I was the only stranger at the hotel, and though "solitude is not always without its charms," nor myself without ambition, yet I could not agree to be "monarch of all I surveyed," on the condition of being in the isolation of Alexander Selkirk, or the hero of Defoe's famous romance. It was, therefore, not without some feelings of pleasure I learned from the landlord that two gentlemen (English, according to his account,) who arrived in the forenoon, from Naples, were so pleased with Vico, and its neighbourhood, that they decided to remain for a week, and when, moreover, he added that if I had no objection, he would arrange that we should form a "table d'hôte," and dine together, I saw no reason for not assenting. Were such a proposal made to me at Boulogne, at Dieppe, or at any of the other noted haunts of Cockneyism, I should certainly have paused before accepting it, the possibility being that the so-called gentlemen might prove to be persons of undesirable acquaintanceship, if not perhaps, members of the "corps of chevaliers d'industrie." At the period, however, to which my diary refers, that redoubtable body seldom exercised its calling beyond the frontier towns of the continent, occasionally displaying the traces of its ceaseless activity in the shape of a victim or two in the French metropolis; but Naples was comparatively free from the pestilence, and society there had not lost its prestige. I therefore had no difficulty in according my assent to the landlord's arrangement. When dinner-hour arrived, I went down to the "salle à manger," and found the strangers already seated at table. After a courteous salutation, which, on their part was returned with much urbanity, I took my seat. Dinner had not proceeded far, when, after an interchange of observations on the ordinary topics, with which conversation, on such occasions, is usually inaugurated, I soon perceived that, in my new acquaintances, I had to do with persons of education and refinement. There was considerable disparity in their ages, the elder being over forty, the younger, in whose countenance much ingenuousness was expressed, appeared about three-and-twenty. The features of the elder were handsome and intellectual, but in their deeply-marked lines gave evidence of thought and anxiety, and in the intervals of conversation, when they lapsed into their ordinary expression of repose, produced an undefinably painful impression. They were both Americans, not English, as the landlord represented, and were now on their return from a lengthened tour in the East. They had been to Egypt, had visited its principal monuments, and ascended the Nile to the

third cataract, then having crossed the desert of Suez, they travelled through Arabia Petrea, and entered Palestine by the route of the Israelites. Having spent some days at Jerusalem, they went northwards by the valley of the Jordan, visited Damascus, and the district of Mount Lebanon, and made their exit from the Holy Land by Bayreuth. With a view to turn their tour to more profit, they were provided with all the apparatus for photography, and made sketches of the more remarkable monuments and scenery which came in their route. These interesting memorials of their travel they brought with them to Vico, and as they offered to unpack their portfolios, a portion of the evening was most agreeably spent in inspecting these wonderful productions of Nature's own faithful limning. The examination of these works of art was rendered still more interesting by the intelligent remarks and explanations of the original localities given by both gentlemen, especially the elder; and when the hour for retiring arrived, I could not withdraw without expressing my thanks for the agreeable entertainment afforded me, and my hopes as to frequent renewal of our intercourse during the period of their stay.

SEPT. 2.—In the morning, as usual, visited Mr. S—— and found him making progress. The Americans in defiance of the heat proposed to go to Pompeii, and pass a day there, ascend Vesuvius, pass the night on the mountain and watch the sunrise from its summit, returning to Vico in the cooler hours of the morning. To accomplish all this, no inconsiderable amount of physical energy, joined with enthusiasm, is requisite. None but the robust should attempt it, and the achievement is but too often to be remembered by the unpleasant consequences it leaves behind. I occupied myself within doors till five, when, not having yet seen the so-called plain of Sorrento, and having an artist friend there, whose stay was uncertain, I set off for that charming spot, which according to some writers, may be regarded as the ancient Garden of Hesperides. The road, on leaving Vico, continues along the cliffs, and about half a mile from the town passes a deep ravine on a bridge composed of three tiers of arches, a very creditable specimen of Neapolitan engineering. It then ascends to the table-land of Monte Chiare, from which a commanding view of Sorrento is obtained. The most brilliant pen would vainly essay the task of describing the impressions which the first view of Sorrento is calculated to produce. Presenting a succession of orange and lemon groves, alternating with olive plantations, dotted over with lovely

villas, and protected on three sides by lofty and verdant hills, the whole canopied by a firmament of the purest azure, a traveller from the north cannot but feel for a moment that the Eden of his youthful dreams, has found its reality in the scene before him. Deep and wide ravines, of volcanic origin, traverse the plain in all directions. In these sheltered positions the vegetation is singularly luxuriant, and fruits of all kinds grow with a perfection only known in the tropics. Its winter climate must necessarily be mild, and we know that in the days of Augustus, Sorrento enjoyed a high character for the salubrity of its atmosphere. Its frequent sirrocco, however, joined to the high temperature caused by the concave or basin-like figure of its surface, renders it ineligible as a summer residence. A short descent brought me to Meta, a town which is said, I know not with what truth, to have the privilege (in Italy a peculiar one) of exemption from beggars. It is a place of great antiquity. Its principal church is built on the site of an ancient temple of Minerva, and two olive-trees growing in the neighbourhood are affirmed, by a local tradition, to be coeval, if not identical, with those alluded to in the Odyssey. Passing, on a lofty causeway, over the great ravine which separates Meta from the plain, a quarter of an hour's drive brought me to the hotel of Torquato Tasso, where my friend, whom I was fortunate enough to find at home, was staying. This hotel, situated on the cliff, and outside the city gates, was once the residence of the Tasso family, and the immortal poet of the Crusaders once found a refuge here, when, after a cruel imprisonment, occasioned by his attachment to the Princess Eleonora d'Este, he fled from the cruelties and persecution of her brother, the heartless Duke of Ferrara. A portion only of the original house now remains, in consequence of a fragment of the cliff on which it was built having fallen. My friend being an artist, and having already passed several months here, had already sketched nearly all the favourite views on the plain and on the hills. He was consequently familiar with all the attractions of Sorrento, and I could not possibly have had a better guide. We had been sitting some time in his studio, the windows of which looked down on the sea, when he proposed, as the most agreeable mode of passing the evening, a visit to the shore. From the grounds of the hotel we descended by a staircase cut in the cliff, which here, as at Vico, rises abruptly to a height of several hundred feet. On reaching the Marinella, or strand, I could not but admire the transparency and singular bluish tints of the waves. Owing

to the first quality, the eye can penetrate to profound depths, and as volcanic agency has been seldom absent here during the lapse of ages, changes have been caused and substructions of various kinds are visible beneath the surface, and extending for miles along the coast. My friend called my attention to the numerous apertures which appeared in the lower part of the cliff, and which give it a honeycomb sort of aspect. These openings, in some cases communicate with interal galleries or corridors, which are called the caves of Ulysses, for the crafty wanderer, when on his voyage to Circe, is supposed to have tarried on these shores. On what data the Homeric mythology has become so associated with so many localities on this coast, I am not prepared to say. Nor is it to be wondered at if, in reference to such picturesque scenery, the traditions of a highly imaginative people should outstep the more prosaic limits of historical record. Owing to the great height of the cliffs, the Marinella, or strand, is accessible only by artificial approaches such as that by which we descended, and as this is one of the great charms of Sorrento, nearly all the villas on the cliffs are provided with their private stairs leading to the shore.

Moored in one of the miniature bays which indent the coast in the direction of the Island of Capri, I perceived a very pretty yacht, which my friend told me belonged to Lady E——r B——r. Unfortunate circumstances—connected with an event on which so much of the happiness or misery of life depends—had the effect of estranging this lady from her home and country, and causing her to make Naples and Sorrento her residence for many years. Gifted with rank, beauty, and accomplishments, her position and prospects in early life were such as might well be envied. A union, however, originating in mere motives of worldly interest, and in which aptitude and congeniality of character were altogether overlooked, compromised her future and led to the wreck of her hopes. Lady B——r's was pre-eminently a case in which error and imprudence, if they existed, should have been regarded with some sympathy, from the sad consequences to which they gave occasion, and yet few have suffered more from the unsparing censoriousness and malignant gossiping of her own country people. By her benevolence and amiability she endeared herself to the people of Sorrento; and my friend, who knew her well, recounted more than one instance of her goodness and disinterested generosity. Amongst the promenaders on the strand, a variety of costumes was perceptible. Amongst others with whom my friend

exchanged a nod of recognition, was one whose foreign aspect and gentlemanly bearing but ill accorded with his dress, which seemed to be of the coarsest material,—such, indeed, as is usually worn here by persons in the lowest rank. On my adverting to the contrast, the artist replied that the eccentricity of this person's habits had, for some time after his arrival, excited much curiosity ; and, though some of the mystery in which he was at first shrouded had been removed, yet there were circumstances connected with him which were still a puzzle to his more inquisitive neighbours. He occupied a small cottage near Meta, with a garden which, Cincinnatus-like, he cultivated himself, and on the produce of which he in a great measure subsisted. He had an excellent library, and as he at first avoided all acquaintance-ship, his books were supposed to be his sole companions. His extreme frugality, joined to the stoical simplicity of his habits, led at first to the impression that this life of retirement and apparent privation was adopted from poverty of resources. This theory, however, was soon abandoned, on the discovery that he was not unknown at the court of Naples ; and that, amongst the few visitors at his cottage, the Prince of Syracuse and other members of the royal family were occasionally to be seen. He was not long resident at Meta when his wife came to visit him. She was a ladylike and accomplished woman, and during the period of her stay appeared to accommodate herself without difficulty to his eccentric mode of life. It was not the least remarkable among his other peculiarities that, whether dining at the royal table, or in his own cottage, he never made use of animal food, but merely partook of a dish of rice prepared after some simple fashion, and which—his habits being so well known to his friends—was always ready for him. With all his eccentricity and disregard of some of the conventionalities of life, was joined a great fund of natural benevolence, and he was idolised by the poor of Sorrento. According to the account of my friend, this individual was a Prussian of high rank, who had got compromised in some political agitation at Berlin, and was obliged to leave the kingdom. By his pencil he contrived to relieve the monotony of his position at Meta, and not unfrequently might be seen in some secluded nook, sitting in artist fashion, under a spacious umbrella, engaged in sketching some charming landscape. It was on one of these occasions that my friend and he made acquaintance. Whether he still lingers at this place I have had latterly no opportunity of knowing. It is to be hoped, however, that the causes which led to his expatriation no longer

exist, and that he is now happy in the midst of his family and friends. But the original of this passing portraiture which I have drawn cannot fail to be recognised by such as lived at Sorrento during the period of his residence in the neighbourhood. Reascending to the grounds of the hotel, we entered the vehicle which drove me from Vico, and drove across the plain in the direction of St. Agatha, but, owing to the height of the walls which bound the road on either side, we could see little of the country until we reached the acclivity, and began to ascend the hill, when the entire surface of the hill again rose to view. In order to enjoy a good horizon at Sorrento, it is necessary to ascend a tower, or mount to the topmost windows of some lofty house. The walls which thus intercept the view are intended as a shelter from the violent winds which occasionally sweep across the plain, and which would otherwise damage the orange groves and vineyards. I returned to Vico about nine o'clock, well pleased with my evening's excursion.

SEPTEMBER 3rd.—The Americans arrived at an early hour, but having felt fatigued retired immediately to enjoy a little repose, and did not show till dinner hour. When we met at table, the conversation naturally turned on the incidents of their visit to Pompeii and Vesuvius, with both of which they expressed themselves in terms of unmeasured satisfaction, and as the same pleasure was still in perspective for myself, I felt much interested in their description of what they saw. By a fortunate coincidence, they happened to come to Pompeii on the day which was arranged for the visit of the Grand Dukes Michael and Constantine of Russia, then staying at Naples, and as it is usual to gratify distinguished strangers by having one of the buried houses expressly uncovered, and the work of excavation performed in their presence, the Americans arrived most opportunely for witnessing the interesting process. The house which was again brought to light after eighteen centuries of interment, was that of a baker. The removal of the Volcanic ashes with which it was filled occupied several hours, though numerous hands were employed. The work of excavation, however, progresses slowly, in consequence of the extreme caution and delicacy to be observed, especially in the neighbourhood of the walls, on which frescoes of extreme beauty are occasionally found. To avoid injuring them, trowels are used. Generally speaking, nothing of importance turns up till within a few feet of the floor. So it was on this occasion, when the different articles of furniture were successfully disclosed in marvellous

preservation, and in the positions which they occupied at the moment of the catastrophe. In the oven some half a dozen loaves were found charred and black, it is true, but still not to be mistaken as bread. On the Grand Duke Michael having expressed a wish to possess one of them for his private museum, it was immediately consigned to one of his attendants. The younger American told me that on intimating his wish to be allowed to use the trowel, and seconding his request with a silver coin, the instrument was immediately handed to him, and in a very short time, when manipulating in the vicinity of the wall of the apartment, he brought to light a fresco, the subject of which was Meleager hunting the wild boar, a not unfrequent theme of Pompeian ornamentation. So many hours were spent in witnessing the excavation, that they had only time to walk hurriedly over the streets of the buried city, and take a hasty glance at its more remarkable monuments, before starting for the ascents of Vesuvius. This they accomplished without any remarkable incident. They started from Portici, and spent the night at the hermitage. The elder gentleman, who professed to be a "savant," said he profited of the occasion to examine some of the geological features of the mountain; and, in speaking of the antiquity of the fossils found on Vesuvius, I perceived, with regret and disappointment, that his views regarding the progressive development of organic life on the globe were similar to those of the infidel author of "*Vestiges of Creation*;" and, in fact, before the discussion, which became rather warm, ended, I elicited from him the expression of opinions regarding creation at once anti-Scriptural and pantheistic.* During an extended intercourse with the world, my experience, unfortunately, enables me to record but too many instances of laxity of religious principle; and those which he avowed were by no means new to me. Yet, never did scepticism and infidelity produce so disheartening an impression. Perhaps it was that I

*The apparent conflict between the Scriptural narrative of the work of creation, and the results of modern Geological research, has been satisfactorily explained by the late Dr. Buckland, D.D., in his "*Bridgewater Treatise*;" and, also, by Cardinal Wiseman, in his "*Connexion between Science and Revealed Religion*." In the "*Essays and Reviews*," however, which are just now attracting some share of public attention, the difficulties of the subject are again brought forward in an article on the "*Mosaic Cosmogony*," from the pen of a Protestant divine, and the question treated with a pedantic sophistry, and an ill-concealed contempt for the science of the "inspired writer," which, it is to be hoped, will not remain unrefuted and unmasked. That the author, the Rev. J. Goodwin, should still hold his connexion with the Church, and enjoy a benefice, is one of the absurd anomalies of Protestantism in its present waning phase.

never encountered them under such unexpected and unaccountable an aspect. That one who had just returned from the hallowed land which had witnessed the drama of the world's redemption, and who had so recently trodden, as it were, in the footprints of the Redeemer, should impugn Revelation, and profess himself a Materialist, seemed to me a psychological enigma, unsusceptible of explanation on ordinary principles. The seeming anomaly can, however, be accounted for by an expression in Catholic theology, simple, but of fearful import—"abuse of grace." A consolatory feature of this unpleasant *dénouement* was, that the younger gentleman evinced his disapproval of the views of his friend, adding that the condition of humanity without the prospect of immortality, would be sad indeed, leaving man, with his endowments of intellect and reason, and his uncontrollable aspirations after a higher and happier existence, in a worse position than the inferior animals, whose happiness is complete in mere material and present enjoyment. Reasoning on such occasions, I have never found conducive to any satisfactory result, pride and pertinacity of opinion going together, and bidding defiance to the most cogent remonstrances. I therefore managed to change the conversation to other subjects, and soon after withdrew for the evening. The discussion, and the mutual discoveries to which it led, had a sensible effect on our subsequent intercourse. When we met at table, the elder stranger was reserved and uncommunicative. At the end of the week he and his friend returned to Naples, and I never saw him after. The younger remained for some years in Europe, and spent the following winter in Rome, where he became a Catholic. A sad fate awaited his companion, who, returning to America some time after, embarked in the Arctic on her last voyage, and, with so many others, perished in the terrible catastrophe.

Monte St. Angelo, as I have mentioned, rising to a height of 5,000 feet, separates the Gulf of Naples from that of Salerno. The view from its summit is said to be one of the grandest in Europe, extending over the Abruzzi, and a considerable part of Central Italy on the North-East, while in the South-West it extends into Campania and Sicily.

The English party at the castle having more than once expressed a desire to make the ascent, a day was at length appointed, when the entire party, numbering over thirty, including some Italian friends, assembled at an early hour in the quadrangle of the chateau, each mounted in such a style as

would have hardly accorded with the conventionalities of English suburban equestrianism: some on steeds, some on mules, others on donkeys, each provided with a guide, while, as it was proposed to pass the entire day on the top of the mountain, the materials for our creature comforts were packed on the backs of a pair of mules chartered for the occasion.

Starting "helter-skelter," and with such impetuosity as if each had for the moment assumed as his motto *Scabies occupet extremum*—in other words, that discredit attached to the hindmost—we were soon on the outskirts of the town, when pursuing our way through by-lanes, we reached the fields along which we scampered, till arriving at the beginning of the ascent we were compelled to slacken our pace. For myself, I soon surrendered the reins to my guide, with whom I held parley as we moved along, and as he, like all his class in Italy, seemed rather given to loquacity, our conversation, which had reference to the mountain, experienced hardly any intermission. The dialogue, however, had not proceeded far, when abruptly altering his tone, and assuming an air of importance—which should have been seen to have been appreciated—he asks me if I had not heard of the miracle, the "*miracolo*," as he called it. On my replying in the negative, he testified great surprise, and in his countenance was legible an unmistakable expression of pitiful sympathy for my strange and unaccountable ignorance of a fact so generally known, and of which he said, with much emphasis, "*Ognuno lo sa, se ne parla dappertutto*." ("The whole country knows it. It is in every one's mouth.")

That the reader may understand the matter, my ignorance of which had caused my guide such surprise, I may mention that on the summit of Monte St. Angelo, rises a knoll, on which has for centuries existed an oratory or small chapel dedicated to St. Michael. Surmounting the altar is a statue of the Archangel, which, though devoid of any artistic merit, has been for time immemorial, an object of veneration. On the recurrence of the Saint's Festival each year, the Bishop of Castellamare, with his Chapter, and a large number of the clergy, ascend Monte St. Angelo, and encamp under canvass, spending three days on the mountain engaged in devotions to the Saint. On these occasions the laity of all classes also attend, bringing with them all the requisites for an encampment so that for this short period Monte St. Angelo, such a solitude during the rest of the year, presents the spectacle of a numerous and varied population. Each morning several masses

are said in the oratory, during each of which it is crowded. At the high mass, however, which is at a later hour, the numbers who continue to enter is unusually great, being literally packed together. It is not to be wondered at therefore, that, on such occasions, the little Church should become excessively warm, and the confined air charged with vapour. (Owing then to the great altitude of the Oratory, on which a cold current is constantly playing, the interior of the roof and walls undergoing a considerable reduction in temperature, acquire under the circumstances, all the conditions of the globe of a hygrometer. Accordingly, after a time, the loaded atmosphere within the little Church precipitates its vapour on their sides, on which not only moisture, but streams of water appear. Being at a considerable height over the altar, and almost in contact with the roof, the first object to exhibit this appearance is the statue. The copiousness of the moisture is interpreted as a favourable omen, and on the other hand, when it is small in quantity and slow in appearing, it is regarded as a sinister augury of the forthcoming vintage. With this explanation, the reader will understand the reason of my guide's expression of surprise at my ignorance of the phenomena of the "*miracolo*," or, as he termed it, "*La statua che suda*." Evincing some displeasure at certain symptoms of scepticism on my part, and wishing to deprive me at once of all pretexts for cavilling at his story of the "*miracolo*," he assured me with much emphasis, that, "*Non solamente la statua suda, ma anche le mura*," ("Not only the statue sweats, but also the walls,") his fallacious mode of reasoning, at the moment, having suggested to my mind the logical maxim "*Quod nimis probat nihil probat*."

After three quarters of an hour's ascent, we reached the zone or belt of beech wood which encompasses the mountain, a quarter of a mile in width, on emerging from which, we came on a gentle incline, covered with furze and the hardier shrubs which vegetate on mountain altitudes, and here was the region in which the snow, used for confectionery purposes at Naples, is deposited in pits; and, as our appetites were already sharpened by the mountain air, we decided on selecting it as the most convenient spot for our morning repast. In the meantime, the guides and servants lost no time in digging holes, in which, with broken wood they kindled fires, spreading covers and arranging all the requisites, so that after a short interval we were all, in Turkish fashion, squatting or recumbent on the grass, rendering justice to an excellent *déjeuner à la fourchette*, at

which the wines acquired additional gusto from being cooled with snow from the neighbouring pits. The inevitable items of an English breakfast—tea and coffee—were not forgotten on this occasion, and as chickens, tongues, &c., disappeared with marvellous rapidity, it was evident that the morning's excursion had produced its proper effect. The *sans ceremonie*, which usually marks such occasions, is the great charm, and the sterner requirements of *etiquette* having been for the moment discarded, jests and every kind of improvised fun contributed to the general enjoyment. Mutual felicitations were, moreover, interchanged on the delightful coolness of the temperature, while at Vico, notwithstanding its lofty position over the bay, the thermometer at this hour (10 A.M.) was usually at 87 in the shade.

After an hour devoted to repose, the younger and more vigorous members, the majority of the party, leaving their elder friends to ramble in the beech wood, and in other ways beguile the mid-day hours, started again for the summit of the mountain, in anticipation of the magnificent prospect for which it was celebrated, and of this party the writer was one. Owing to the increasing acclivity and ruggedness of the mountain, the ascent was slow, but after an hour's ride we reached the pinnacle in which Monte St. Angelo seems to culminate. The knoll which forms the apex, is of a treemated form, affording a tableland a few perches in extent, on which the little oratory is built. Looking down from this spot, you have directly below you, on one side, to the East, the Gulf of Salerno, and on the West, is the Bay of Naples, while on the South, in an apparently perpendicular position, the famous Maritime Republics of Amalfi and Positano appear nestling at the base of the mountain. These towns which have played so remarkable a part in mediæval history, were, until lately, accessible on the land side only by a bridle road over Monte St. Angelo. A fine road, however, has been lately made from Salerno to Amalfi. Excavated from the cliffs, this fine specimen of modern engineering runs at an average height of 300 feet over the sea.

The Oratory is a small stone oblong building, about 50 feet in length, with a recess in the eastern end, in which is also the altar and statue. The edifice when filled to its utmost capacity, could not contain more than 150 at a time, so that during the annual celebrations, when thousands are on the spot, the devotions of the worshippers can only be satisfied by emptying the little Church at short intervals, and then giving admission to new people.

The magnificence of the prospect from the summit having been duly enjoyed, we proceeded to descend, and in less than an hour we rejoined our companions, most of whom had only just returned from desultory exploring excursions on the breast or lower region of the mountain. Some having had the provision to bring books, others their albums, reading and sketching occupied the midday hours; while the majority of the party sat in groups luxuriating in the delicious coolness of the atmosphere, some with glasses enjoying the grandeur of the prospect over sea and land. Thus passed the intervening hours preceding our afternoon repast, which, thanks to the punctuality of our caterers, was forthcoming at the appointed hour (5 P.M.). Having been discussed with the same good appetite and general hilarity which marked our morning *déjeuner*, and having devoted an hour to post-prandial enjoyment and repose, as the shadows were already beginning to lengthen, we proceeded to make our arrangements for the descent, and here I may add that, by an arrangement made previous to our starting, it was fixed that instead of returning by the same route, we should go round on the north side of the mountain to Piedmont, where carriages were ordered to meet us on our arrival, and bring us back to Vico, by Castellamare. This final part of the programme of our day's excursion having been duly attended to, we found the carriages awaiting us, of which, after the fatigue of a rapid descent, we gladly availed ourselves, and driving round by Gragnano, and Castellamare, we reached Vico, at the close of a day of more than ordinary enjoyment.

The temperature at Naples having reached its *maximum*, and having exceeded my friend H——'s powers of endurance, he decided to give up for a while his archæological researches in the *Studii* (the great Neapolitan museum), and return for a few days to Vico, with which my accounts had impressed him so favourably as a delightfully cool summer retreat. Profiting of his intelligent and very agreeable companionship, on the day after his arrival I proposed to make some excursions in the neighbourhood, and, amongst other places, to visit the celebrated Benedictine abbey of "Trinita di Cava," the most ancient foundation of that Order, after Monte Casino, and that of St. Benedettó at Subiaco, in the mountains near Rome. On the following morning accordingly we started for Castellamare, and taking the train thence, in less than an hour we reached "La Cava," a town beautifully situated amidst hills of the same name, and within a couple of miles of the monastery. With

a couple of donkeys, and accompanied by a guide, we proceeded to the abbey by a narrow and unfrequented road leading up a mountain, the sides of which were covered with orange and lemon groves and vineyards, in which at this season groups of the peasantry were just beginning the joyous labours of the vintage. A singular feature in the charming landscape was the existence, at short intervals, of lofty towers. The object of these erections, we were informed, was the capture or destruction of the wild pigeons in their periodical flights, of which immense numbers sweep over the valley and sides of the mountain during the autumnal months. The sportsman, if such he can be called, being posted on the summit of the tower with gun in hand, as the birds, unconscious of danger, come in large flocks into his vicinity, let fly into their midst, thus bringing down in many instances more than twenty in a single discharge. The position of the monastery is imposing and picturesque, situated as it is in a deep mountain gorge. This famous foundation, which dates from the seventh century, bears in its venerable and massive *façade* unmistakable traces of the lapse of time. It was celebrated, even at the time of our visit, for its organ, once said to have been the finest in Italy; but its greatest treasures consisted of its magnificent library, and its valuable collection of ancient manuscripts, many of them consisting of the capitularies, the grants, the decretals, and charters or diplomas of Charlemagne. The site of the church, which lies in the rear of the abbey, was excavated from the mountain, and of this evidence is afforded in the projection of a rock from the ceiling of the chancel. The community at the time of our visit consisted of about thirty, all of whom, as happens in some houses of the Order, were of noble lineage. Amongst the Fathers, we were informed, was a Polish Count, whose novitiate commenced soon after the fatal accident which happened near Sorrento to the young Russian Princess, the singular particulars of which were described in the preceding diary of my visit to Munich. The coincidence of the two events having struck me as somewhat singular, I was led to make enquiries on the spot, the result being such as to satisfy me of the identity of the parties, so that the romantic career of the young Pole culminated, it would seem, in his entering upon religious life as a follower of St. Benedict. I was further informed that, like other members of the community, he was remarkable for his piety and learning.

A few hundred yards from the monastery is the little town of Corpo di Cava, consisting of about 800 inhabitants.

The imposing but dilapidated old towers which flank its entrance bear testimony to its great antiquity: the narrowness of the streets and the neglected condition of the small two-storied houses which composed them gave promise of poor accommodation, and created some misgivings as to the reception that awaited us at the hotel; nor were they removed, when a few minutes brought us in sight of the exterior of the hotel, or "*albergo*," a small and dark looking two-storied building, near the ramparts of the little town. On entering, however, and ascending a narrow staircase, we were agreeably surprised to find a carpeted reception room, which though in its furniture it was devoid of anything approaching to style or fashion, nevertheless contained every requisite for comfort; moreover every thing both in the sitting and bedrooms bore the appearance of neatness and cleanliness. We were especially pleased, when, on entering the balcony outside the large window of the former room, we saw the splendid prospect it commanded over the valley, extending to Salerno, which was partially visible in the distance. The good family of the household consisted of father and mother, both advanced in years, and three daughters, one of whom acted as waitress. Our dinner, under the circumstances an improvised one, consisted of fowls, and what is always forthcoming in an Italian *ménage*, "*presciuto*" or uncooked ham, which every Englishman, however he may at first dislike it, after a time consumes with no ordinary relish. On asking for tea in the course of the evening, we were hardly prepared to find in this remote spot in Southern Italy all the requisites (*the tout ce qu'il faut*, as the French call them) for this almost exclusively English beverage. A handsome Britannia metal tea-pot, blue porcelain tea-cups and saucers, with cream jug and slop basin of the same material, a cut glass sugar bowl, and a handsomely veneered rosewood tea-caddie, with other *et ceteras*, soon figured on the table. The problem as to the *ratio propter quam*, of finding all these appendages of an English *ménage* in this unpretending mountain inn, soon became known: for before retiring for the night, having taken up the book in which strangers record their names, appending at the same time their impressions of the treatment received, I found a few paragraphs (the manuscript being an unmistakable specimen of educated penmanship) recording the experiences of an English family who had a short time previously been staying in the house, attesting their perfect satisfaction, and paying a tribute of their gratitude and respect to their kind and attentive hosts. The paragraph,

evidently traced by a man of heart as well as education, was as well as the writer can remember, after so many years, pretty much to the following effect :—"Mr. and Mrs. N. and family having spent the last six months in this little mountain inn, and being now on the point of leaving, feel that they cannot do so without recording their sense of the uniform attention and kindness received from the proprietor, and every member of his family, during all the time, but especially during a period of sorrow and distressing bereavement, in which the sympathy shown them can never be forgotten." The writer who thus attests the civility and goodness of this Neapolitan family, was at the time a recent distinguished Oxford convert, who, with his family, had been passing some months in Southern Italy on account of the health of an only daughter, whose death, which occurred during their sojourn at the "*albergo*," at Corpo di Cava, is the painful bereavement so touchingly alluded to by the writer of this paragraph. I may add, before passing to another subject, that the tea service which contributed so much to our comfort during the stay was subsequently presented to the good family by this worthy man and his lady. I may further state that the death of the latter having occurred soon after, Mr. N. decided to become an ecclesiastic, thereby placing his eminent abilities at the service of the Church, of which (since he became a priest, now some years ago) he is a brilliant ornament, well known for his clever contributions to the literature of the day, both sacred and profane, and now filling an important office, in which his eminent accomplishments are suitably utilised. Should this transient allusion to an event, now so long passed, ever meet his eye, it may serve to recall an interesting reminiscence.

Having stayed for a week at the inn, during which the days were agreeably spent in visiting all the interesting spots in the neighbourhood, and occasional calls at the Monastery, where in the intervals of our excursions we never failed to find a profitable resource in the intelligent society of some members of the community, we resolved to carry out a previously conceived plan of visiting the ruins of the ancient city of Pæstum, which lies on a deserted part of the coast, some 40 miles to the South. Having taken leave of our worthy hosts, we started early in the afternoon for Salerno. This old city which, in its flat roofs, cupolas, and other forms of Oriental architecture, attests a long period of Saracen occupation, contains in its fine old cathedral the relics of St. Matthew. It is, moreover,

not the least amongst the interesting historical associations of Salerno, that it was there the illustrious champion of the rights of the Church, Pope Gregory VII. spent the last years of his eventful life, uttering on his death-bed, the memorable words—*"dilexi justitiam, et odi iniquitatem, ideo morior in exilio."*

Next morning, we started at a very early hour for Pæstum, our vehicle being a *caretino*, a kind of Neapolitan gig, and as the journey, 25 miles, is through an uninhabited tract of country, teeming with malaria and devoid of water, like all other travellers we had to carry with us the requisites for food. The route lay along the shore, an arid and bleak district, over which roamed herds of wild cattle, buffaloes, &c. Shepherds' huts, the only visible habitations, occurred at long intervals, and wherever we encountered any of the occupants of these dismal abodes, his wasted form, and the yellow tint of his visage at once disclosed the pestilential character of the atmosphere in which he lived. A few miles from the temples, occur a deep river, which is passed on a raft. The waters of this river have been known for ages for their petrifying effect; and the brown or dark yellow honey-combed tufa, of which the temples are built, is said to have been the production of this river.

Of the ancient city, the sole monuments remaining are three magnificent temples, those of Neptune, Juno, and Ceres, the first called after the sea god being the largest, and like the other two of the Doric order—being the most majestic and ancient here, or indeed, in many other parts of Europe—is composed of stone, evidently produced by the torpedo touch of the Silarus. The length and breadth are respectively, 190 and 78 feet. The exterior columns, 36 in number, being like the other of the Doric—and generally composed of six blocks of stone—are 27 feet in height, the diameter at the bottom being about 7 feet. The position of the high altar on which victims were sacrificed and offerings made, is discoverable, and appears to have fronted the East. The Basilica, so called from the absence of altars or cells, contiguous to the Temple of Neptune, is in length 170 feet, and breadth 80 feet. For further details, however, of the architecture and history of these wonderful temples, the writer of these hurried notes of travel, must refer the reader to "*Murray's Handbook for Southern Italy*;" and, suffice it to say, that these ancient temples in such marvellous preservation, the sole surviving monuments of a once populous city, visited, moreover, as ruins in the days of Augustus, and now raising

their imposing outlines in a wild and uninhabited part of the coast, cannot fail to produce on a thinking mind, a deep and memorable impression.

The walls of Pæstum, composed of large and oblong stones closely compacted together, and 50 feet high, were $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles long, but are now with difficulty traceable. There were four gates, that alone facing the East being perfect; it consists of an arch 50 feet high, and built of stones of enormous magnitude. On the key-stone of this arch it was once easy to discern two *bassi relievi*, the one, the "*Sirena Pestana*," holding a rose, the other representing a dolphin, both emblems of a maritime people.

Pæstum, in ancient times, was famous for its roses, and even after the re-discovery of the site of this old Grecian city, in the middle of the last century, the tourists who flocked thither from all parts of Europe, seldom failed to bring back with them specimens of this charming memorial of this spot; they were said to have bloomed twice a year, in the spring and autumn, the autumnal flowers, however, being preferred. During the French occupation of Italy, however, in the beginning of the century, it is supposed that they were all carried away, as in latter years it has been difficult, if not impossible, to find any, and though my visit was made in the end of August, I tried in vain to find them.

The great antiquity of Pæstum and the uncertainty as to whom its remaining edifices belonged, and what they originally were, brings to mind a well-known Italian sonnet, which may be thus rendered:—

Say *time*, "whose once, you stately piles" I cried,
"Which now thou crumblest with the soil?"
He answered not, but with pinions far and wide,
He flew, with eager haste to ampler spoil.

Say then prolific fame, whose breath supplies
Life to each work of wonder, what were those?
Abashed, with blushes, only she replies
Like one whose bosom heaves with secret sighs.

Lost in amaze, I turned my steps aside,
When round the pile I saw "oblivion" glide,
And scatter poppies on each vacant shrine,
"Speak," I exclaimed, for once mute nymph reveal,
Yet, wherefore from thy lips remove the seal,
Whose once it was avails not, now 'tis *thine*.

Having dined in the Basilica, and my friend having taken a sketch of the Temple of Neptune, we started on our return journey, reaching Salerno late in the afternoon.

VISIT TO AMALFI.

THE mediæval republican city of Amalfi, which on the land side was, hitherto, only to be reached by a bridle road over Monte St. Angelo, had been just made accessible by a magnificent line of road along the cliffs, from which it was excavated at the expense of the government ; commencing near Vietri, it runs at an average height of 200 feet over the Mediterranean, being 12 miles in length. Owing to the hardness of the rocks, which in most cases were porphyritic, the engineering difficulties of the work were very great, and many years and vast sums were expended in its execution. The coincidence of the opening with our visit to the neighbourhood being so opportune, determined us on going to Amalfi, which independently of its interesting mediæval associations, has in the grandeur of its natural scenery nothing to equal it in any other part of Italy. Accordingly, on the day after our return to Salerno, having proceeded to Vietri, and having engaged a couple of donkeys and a guide, we started rather late in the afternoon for Amalfi. Portions of the road being yet unfinished, our progress was in consequence much retarded, and we had hardly accomplished half-way, when night having come on, the increasing darkness joined to the roughness and inequalities of the road, rendered our advance more difficult. Embarrassing positions and trials in life are not, however, always without their compensations, and so it happened on this occasion, for though the moon was absent, and the darkness accordingly more intense, yet the weather being fine, and it being, moreover, one of those glorious nights in the end of August when the atmosphere in Italy is peculiarly balmy and cool, we were in some measure consoled for the unexpected retardation of our progress. On our left lay the Mediterranean, the booming of which against the base of the cliff underneath, though at a depth of 200 feet, broke at intervals upon the ear with a loud and solemn resonance, while on our right rose a wall of rocky mountains thousands of feet in height, the gloom and monotony of which was occasionally relieved by glimpses into deep gorges and ravines in some cases near a mile in length, with their shadowy outlines brought into view by the brilliant illumination of the villages situated in

their midst; and I may mention that in Southern Italy the month of August is in a special manner a *mois de Marie*, and every night the towns and villages are invariably lighted up, the good Neapolitan country folk thereby marking their devotion to the Mother of God.

The towns of Majore and Minore, a few miles from Amalfi, both situated in deep mountain recesses, were especially remarkable for the brilliancy of their illumination. Shortly after passing the former town, and when about a mile from Amalfi, the animal on which my friend rode suddenly stepped into a rut or excavation containing mortar or lime, and which, though in the centre of the road, the workmen had neglected to fill up with solid material. The donkey having sunk nearly to his neck, all our efforts to disengage him proved fruitless. We therefore, after a time, consigned him to the care of his owner, the guide, who went back to Majore for ropes and assistance, and resuming our journey, the writer and his friend alternately using the remaining donkey, we at length reached Amalfi at the advanced hour of one in the morning. Fatigued and exhausted as we felt after the very tedious journey, we were truly glad to find that the first house on entering Amalfi was the very hotel to which a few days before some German artists, who had been staying at Vico, particularly recommended us. This hotel, the "Luna," a *ci-devant* Capuchin monastery, immediately fronting the sea, is approached by a flight of steps forty at least in number. On ascending and knocking at the door, we were after a short interval admitted, and having been conducted through a long hall which once formed part of the cloister, we were immediately shown into a sitting-room, the comfortable aspect of which inspired us with hopes of being at length in good quarters. The waiter, for such our conductor proved to be, though at that late and unreasonable hour, replied promptly and satisfactorily as to what he could furnish in the way of refreshment, and our requirements having been limited to a little brandy and water with a couple of sandwiches, these were soon forthcoming, when it is needless to add that, having been after a short interval conducted to our bedrooms, we were soon in the arms of Morpheus. Wishing to make the most of our time in this interesting locality, which, notwithstanding the great attractions of the spot, owing to its out-of-the-way position, is seldom revisited, we were a-stirring at an early hour, even after the fatigues of the previous day. Our morning's exploration soon satisfied us that the situation of Amalfi is picturesque

beyond the powers of description. Built in the form of an amphitheatre, the upper part of the town commands magnificent views; but to see them with most advantage one should ascend the ravine which contains the paper mills. This grand and very imposing fissure, which evidently owes its formation to some more than ordinary volcanic convulsion, is shut in by lofty mountains, and contains two noble cascades. On the rocks which form its base, and which are constantly dripping with water, the "maidens" hair fern grows with exceptional luxuriance. The Cathedral, which is built on the site of an ancient temple, is dedicated to St. Andrew the Apostle, whose relics it contains. An ancient base of porphyry forms the baptismal font. The columns which ornament the altar are antique, and in an obscure part of the building is a *basso relievo*, 6 feet long by 3 inches wide. The sculpture, evidently Grecian, is a gem of ancient art,—and the subject, "Discord," represented by a female in a car drawn by serpents, and chasing a group of figures, among whom is Ceres. Amalfi is justly proud of its great antiquity, the "Pandects" of the Emperor Justinian, which have since been incorporated in the judicial codes of many European States, were found there, and the improvement almost amounting to a discovery of the mariner's compass, is attributed to an Amalfian Flavio Gisla. Amalfi in the Middle Ages, was a very powerful republic, and about the ninth century monopolised nearly all the trade of the East. Their galleys fitted alike for war or commerce, covered the Gulf of Salerno, and the maritime code of Amalfi served as a commentary on the commercial rights of nations, and the basis of subsequent jurisprudence of commerce by sea.

We had been only a couple of days at the "Luna," when an incident occurred which will amusingly illustrate the Neapolitan estimate of the respective social *status* of an artist, and a *signore*, or gentleman. Before our visit to Amalfi, we had heard from the German artists at Vico, that the terms of the "Luna," where we were staying, were most reasonable, being only six carlini a day, about 3s. 8d. in English money, a sum which they assured us, not only secured excellent living, but covered all extra expenses. So wishing to test the accuracy of the information, we after a couple of days in the hotel, called for our bill. On its having been furnished, we found that it exceeded by three or four carlini a day the tariff as reported by the artists. We accordingly expressed surprise, at the same time telling the waiter, how the German artists who

had been staying there so recently, had assured us that they paid only eight carlini a day. On which he at once replied that their statement was perfectly true, as the treatment they experienced was such as artists usually receive, but, that we having been treated as *signori*, had accordingly been billed at a higher rate, adding, however, that if we were contented with the same treatment, our bill should be the same as that of our artist friends, an alteration which we found not only not involving any diminution of, but in some respects adding to our comforts, at least it was so in my case, for instead of a very large and gloomy bedroom in the rear of the establishment, I was shifted to a smaller, but more comfortable room, with a splendid look out over the bay, while in the matter of diet the sole difference we could observe, was that at breakfast the sugar supplied for our coffee was in powder instead of lumps, though its sweetening properties were not thereby impaired. So that the compromise, if it can be so termed of our rank as *signori*, while it gained us advantages in the way of expenditure, was far from entailing any sacrifice of our creature comforts.

The village of Atrani, which adjoins Amalfi, being separated only by a bridge, is nevertheless invisible from the latter, owing to a curve or angle in the shore. Under the arches of the bridge the sea has free ingress, washing up to the very doors of the houses which run along the shore. During the hot days of our sojourn at Amalfi, it would seem as if the children of this village had an amphibious existence, as at all hours they were to be seen partially immersed in the water, or playing on the Strand, all being in the garb which Adam wore in Paradise.

Having spent nearly a week at Amalfi, and satisfied our curiosity by visiting all the remarkable features of that interesting spot, we decided to return to Vico. For this purpose, there were three routes from which to choose, the first of which was that by which we came, namely :—by Vietri, La Cava, and Castellamare ; another by water along the coast to the "Scaricatoio" (three hours by boat), thence ascending the mountain on mules to Sorrento ; the third by passing over Monte St. Angelo, and descending on Piedemonte and Gragnano. Having chosen the latter, we started on donkeys, and accompanied by a guide, at five o'clock on the morning of a glorious day. The first hour was spent in mounting the abrupt ascent from Amalfi, the greater part of which consists of successive series of stone stairs, or steps, excavated from the mountain.

Habituated to this task, the Amalfian donkey advanced upwards with astonishing rapidity and without a single slip, and, moreover, with a will, which needed no stimulation either by whip or spur. The number of steps must have been something approaching a thousand. Having reached the last portion of this lofty staircase, we continued the ascent along the rather sharp acclivity, which at times must have formed an angle of 45 degrees. Venturing occasionally to look backward, the view which presented itself was grand beyond the power of description, including the Bay of Salerno, with the entire line of coast on which the temples of Pæstum lay, and extending as far as the Gulf of Policastro. The prospect, moreover, extended over a vast tract of the Mediterranean, reflecting in its blue expanse the glistening rays of the morning sun. The grand panorama on which our eyes feasted, as it were, on that morning, still lingers in memory with exceptional distinctness. An hour's further ride brought us to the top, or rather to the shoulder of the mountain, over which we pursued our way through glens and defiles covered with a rich vegetation, and containing such shrubs and trees as are usually found in such altitudes, amongst them the mountain ash, seen for the first time in Italy, with its berries already beginning to assume their crimson autumnal tint. After half-an-hour devoted to rest and refreshment, we continued our way to the commencement of the descent, which having occupied a couple of hours, we reached Gragnano about twelve o'clock, much fatigued, and here having dismissed our guide and taken a conveyance, we drove round by Castellamare to Vico, which we reached early in the afternoon, with mutual felicitations on the success and rare enjoyment attending our mountain excursion. It was now the middle of September, and after a couple of weeks further agreeable intercourse with the families at the Castle—that party having returned to Florence—at the end of the month the writer also left Vico for Rome.

CONVERSION OF THE LATE LORD DUNSANY.

WHILE it is chief among the traditional glories of Ireland that, as a nation, she never lost her faith—it is nevertheless true, nor can it be wondered at, that the penal laws operating as they did with painful severity on all classes should, in some instances, have led to cases of individual apostacy. To the aristocracy especially, the disabilities under which they laboured must have been peculiarly galling. While themselves excluded, they every day saw men their inferiors in ability and social position advanced to the highest offices of the State. It cannot, therefore, excite surprise if, in some (but happily very exceptional) cases, fidelity to their ancestral faith should have yielded to the promptings of wounded pride and disappointed ambition. Of this, few examples were more remarkable than that of the late Lord Dunsany, the grandfather of the present nobleman bearing that title. Owing to a partial relaxation of the penal code in the early part of the century, his Lordship, then known as the Hon. Randal Plunkett, his father being still alive, acted as foreman of the grand jury of Meath, but to represent the County in Parliament as a Catholic he was ineligible, and to qualify himself he, in a weak moment, read his recantation of Catholicism professing himself a member of the Church of England. The event at the time produced a sensation, having been triumphantly commented on in the leading articles of the Orange papers of the day, while to his immediate Catholic friends and relatives, and to the Catholic public, it was a subject of deep but unavailing regret; and having been for the time a nine days' wonder, the particulars of this sad secession from the ancient faith having been again and again ventilated in the journals, it at length ceased to occupy public attention, and was after a time forgotten. To Lord Dunsany's Catholic friends, however, his apostacy never ceased to be a subject of profound sorrow. They felt, at the same time, that on such occasions the best thing to do was to pray, and they consoled themselves with the hope that their urgent supplications on his behalf, joined to his own goodness of heart (for he was a man of most benevolent dispositions), would in the end procure him grace to return to the true Church. Nor were those hopes disappointed. But before detailing the singular

circumstances of his reconversion, the reader will pardon a momentary digression, which, while enabling the writer to advert to the occasion on which the remarkable history first reached him, will at the same time render the narrative more interesting and appreciable.

During the summer of 1833, the then Archbishop of Cashel, the late Dr. Slattery, held a retreat for his clergy, which was conducted by the saintly and accomplished Jesuit Father the late Rev. Bartholomew Esmond, then Rector of Clongow's Wood College. On the Sunday following, the conclusion of the spiritual exercises, Father Esmond preached in the Cathedral, and the Archbishop wishing to pay a tribute of respect to the learned Jesuit Father, invited a large dinner party to meet him on the same day at the archi-episcopal house. The company, though mainly composed of the clergy, included also a few of the laity, of whom the writer, then quite a youth, was one. It is needless to add that on that occasion the chief object of interest at table was the Jesuit Father, of whom, though at the time recognised in conjunction with the illustrious Father Kenny of the same Order, as the two most gifted pulpit orators of the day, it would have nevertheless been difficult to say whether his special talent lay in his eloquence or in his brilliant conversational powers. It therefore happened that, according to the character of the different subjects touched on, whether humorous or grave, he invariably enlisted the sympathies of the company, sometimes acting on their sensibility by some pathetic recital, at others causing bursts of convulsive laughter by the genuine humour of his sketches and remarks.

Amongst other subjects adverted to was the recent conversion of Lord Dunsany, with which Father Esmond himself was personally associated. Father Esmond commenced the narrative by mentioning that Lord Dunsany continued to represent his native county in Parliament for many years, even after the Emancipation Act was passed, remaining a staunch Protestant, and at no time evinced, by word or demeanour, any symptom which could have been interpreted as indicative of regret for the step he had taken. Having a daughter, Mrs. R——e, an excellent Catholic lady, to whom it was his custom to pay an annual visit, and her residence being only a few miles distant from Clongow's Wood, where she had a son at the College School; Father Esmond on one occasion received a note from her inviting him to dinner, and expressing at the same time her hope that, when she informed him of her father

being one of the guests, it would be no obstacle to his coming. Father Esmond having devoted a few moments to consideration on the subject, decided to send an apology, but Mrs. R——e was not to be put off, and on the following day having driven over to the College, again preferred her request, alleging that the meeting might be productive of a good result. Influenced so far by her representations, Father Esmond consented to form one of the guests. He accordingly presented himself on the day of the party, which having been given in compliment to Lord Dunsany, included a numerous company. As usually happens on similar occasions, with the progress of dinner, the conversation waxed more vivacious, and in the general hilarity no one seemed to join more cordially than the old gentleman.

Father Esmond said that having had himself a fair share in the various topics discussed, towards the end of the dinner he adverted to an event then recent, and which was not without interest to English Catholics, namely, the death of old Mr. Weld, of Lulworth Castle, the father of the late Cardinal, which occurred unexpectedly some days before, while on a visit at Stonyhurst College. The circumstances of his death in themselves remarkable and impressive, acquired no doubt additional interest from Father Esmond's manner of recital. Mr. Weld had arrived at the college on the eve of the Festival of St. Ignatius, which, besides the more than ordinary grand and imposing religious functions by which it is celebrated, is made by the Fathers an occasion of extra hospitality and rejoicing. In the afternoon of the festival, a grand banquet was given in the spacious refectory, at the conclusion of which, besides the usual accompaniment of toast and speeches of the guests, several contributed by their vocal powers to the general entertainment. Amongst the singers was Mr. Weld, who with all the members of his family, was remarkable even at his advanced age for his fine voice. Seated between two of his sons, one of them being the late Father John Weld, of the Society, the old gentleman had just begun a song, when his voice suddenly failing, he at the same time exhibited symptoms of paralytic seizure, and in a few moments became insensible. Before his death, however, which occurred on the following day, he partially revived so as to have been able to receive all the rights of the Church, his end being thus in harmony with his exemplary life. It is hardly necessary to add that Father Esmond's recital of the circumstances of this happy death must have been listened to with interest by all the company,

but on Lord Dunsany it appeared to have produced a profound impression, and from being one of the most cheerful and communicative, he suddenly lapsed into silence and reserve. It was evident that Father Esmond's narrative had set a-going some train of serious reflection in the old man's mind. The better to conceive that such was the fact, Father Esmond mentioned that in early life Lord Dunsany and Mr. Weld had been companions, having both been educated at the same foreign college.

Having continued in the same taciturn mood until the ladies retired, he soon after stood up, and intimating to Father Esmond to follow him, immediately left the room. Having crossed the entrance hall, they passed into a parlour on the opposite side. Lord Dunsany, having entered, seized the handle of the door and fastened it, and proceeding to another door at the other end of the room, bolted that also. In the meantime, added Father Esmond, while this was going on, I proceeded to the hearth or grate, in which (it being late in the autumn) was a cheerful fire, and, resting my elbow on the chimney piece, awaited the *dénouement*. Having paced up and down the room in an excited manner several times, Lord Dunsany threw himself on a sofa, when after a moment he started up, and falling abruptly on his knees he addressed me in a voice replete with emotion, and in a supplicatory attitude demanded—"Oh! Father Esmond, is there any hope?" Father Esmond (the writer well remembers) here remarked that a finer subject for a painter could hardly have been conceived than the reality which presented itself at the moment. The imposing figure of the fine old man, in a genuflecting attitude (Lord D—— was over 6 ft. in height), his hands joined before his breast, his eyes upturned and copious tears coursing down his cheeks, and his features wearing an expression of agony, I instantly felt (added Father Esmond) that the moment had come for my interference, and accordingly approaching, and taking him by the hand, conducted him to the sofa, comforting him with the assurance that with the evidence he then afforded, of the sincerity and earnestness of his disposition, there was every ground for hope. After a short interval of painful excitement, during which bitter tears coursed each other in uninterrupted succession down his furrowed cheeks, the consolatory assurances which I addressed to him seemed gradually to produce their effect, and his countenance after a time assumed a calm and even a happy expression. After the lapse of an hour, spent in administering advice and instruction, and in satisfying his enquiries as to various subjects connected with his meditated change of life,

I left him, but not without the understanding that he was to remain for a week at his daughter's, and that I was to visit him every day and prepare him for being again received into the Catholic Church. Such was the sincerity of his conversion that he wished to make every possible atonement for the great scandal he had formerly given, and as his public declaration of his Protestantism at the county election; so he wished for the purpose of reparation to convene a public meeting in the same locality, viz., at the Courthouse at Trim, and formally announce his return to the Catholic faith. A friend of his, however, the late counsellor Bellew, an eminent lawyer, and an exemplary and uncompromising Catholic, having been consulted on the subject by Father Esmond, was of opinion that every purpose would be answered by reserving the declaration until the next county assizes, and when as foreman of the grand jury on that occasion, the Protestant form of oath was as formerly tendered to him, Lord Dunsany should at once demur to taking it, announcing himself at the same time a Catholic. Counsellor Bellew's suggestion having been acted on, the fact of his conversion remained only known to Lord D.'s family and immediate friends until the recurrence of the assizes. On that occasion, there **having been as usual a large assemblage of the Protestant aristocracy of the county**, great indeed was their dismay and consternation when the Protestant form of oath having been, as was customary, tendered by the Clerk of the Crown, Lord Dunsany, with much dignity and decision of manner, declined taking it, stating at the same time that being now, as he once was, a member of the Church of Rome, he could only take the oath according to the Catholic form. The latter having been rarely required was not immediately forthcoming, but Counsellor Bellew in anticipation of the delay in its production, came provided with a copy of the Catholic form, which having been immediately handed to the Clerk of the Peace, the future Lord Dunsany, then Randal Plunkett, was accordingly sworn. Owing to the length of time Lord Dunsany remained out of the Church, the evils resulting from his apostacy were in some measure permanent and irremediable. His heir and successor, long known as the Honourable Randal Plunkett, having been brought up at Eton, associated himself in after life with the Orange Party in the county, signalizing himself for many years by his bigotry, and Anti-Catholic *animus*. Thus the reader will see that though Providence vouchsafed to Lord Dunsany the grace of returning to the Faith, yet as the consequence of his long apostacy the peerage became lost to the Catholics of Ireland.

GREGORY XVI. AND O'CONNELL.

AMONG other personally interesting events which have rendered the year 1839 memorable to me, is that of having first broken ground in my profession, in which, though more than two years qualified, I had done nothing beyond adding to my medical experience by attending the foreign hospitals. In the early part of that year, however, having been asked by Mr. O'Connell, the *Liberator* (as he was then called), to accompany as physician on a continental tour his youngest brother, the late Sir James, who was then suffering from a painful nervous malady, I started from Dublin, on the 1st of January, to join my patient in the French capital, where he was then staying. Owing to the incomplete condition of the railways, I did not reach Paris till the evening of the 6th. The land and sea travelling of which my journey was composed was favoured with calm and otherwise agreeable weather. Great was therefore our surprise to learn from *Galignani's Journal*, on the second morning after my arrival, that a disastrous storm, nothing parallel to which had been remembered within the present generation, had on the 6th, swept over the British Islands, occasioning an enormous destruction of property—especially in Dublin, where, amongst other losses, a large sectarian edifice, the Bethesda, fell a prey to the united powers of wind and fire. In some localities, moreover, the hurricane, for it was such, was followed by results fatal to life. That my journey should have preceded by so short an interval, without having been coincident with the fearful atmospherical visitation, seemed to me most providential, having moreover been interpreted by both myself and my patient as a favourable augury for our forthcoming tour. Starting in the following week for the South of France, *en route* for Italy, where we purposed passing the spring, three days posting brought us to Lyons, whence availing ourselves of the steamer on the Rhone (a most agreeable mode of travelling) we proceeded to Avignon, at which interesting old city the first indications of a southern latitude first appeared in the deep and unspotted azure of the firmament, the increasing warmth of the atmosphere, and especially in the character of the vegetation, in which for the first time

olive and palm trees met the eye. Resuming our journey after a couple of days, a few hours brought us to Marseilles, whence without delay we set out for Genoa by that charming route, the *riviera*, as it is called, passing by Toulon, Cannes (then little better than a village), Nice, and Mentone. We reached Genoa on the tenth day, having had a very enjoyable time on the road. Leaving Genoa after a week, four days' easy travelling by the picturesque route of *La Spezia* and *Carrara* brought us to Florence. After a couple of weeks very agreeably spent in the capital of Tuscany, we set out for Rome, where we at length arrived in the last week of Lent. The city was then very full, the forthcoming canonization of St. Alphonsus Liguori and other saints having attracted great numbers. For fresh arrivals it was therefore difficult to obtain either lodgings or hotel accommodation, some having been obliged to pass the night in their carriages. Thanks, however, to the intervention of some friends by whom we were expected, we were able to find a comfortable apartment in a good quarter of the city. On the day after our arrival, Cardinal Wiseman (then Rector of the English College) called on us, and as our stay in Rome was limited to a couple of weeks, his Eminence very considerably undertook to arrange for our presentation at the Vatican during Easter week.

On the morning of the audience, the Cardinal having called us, we drove without delay to the Vatican. Having ascended by the "*Scala regia*;" we soon arrived at the Pope's ante-chamber, in which were already assembled half-a-dozen parties who had come for a similar object. We had not long taken our seats, when, amongst others who entered, was a general officer—a fine, and rather youthful looking man, wearing a brilliant foreign uniform, and accompanied by an *aide-de-camp*. Having taken a seat not far from us, I perceived that he and Mr. O'Connell having interchanged looks, immediately manifested signs of mutual recognition. They both instantly arose, and addressing each other by name, warmly shook hands. On being introduced to the stranger I found that he was a fellow-countryman of ours, General O'Leary, a general officer in the army of Bolivar, under whom he had distinguished himself by his bravery and important military services, and to whose niece he was married. Having been for some time residing at Madrid, he had just come to Rome on a diplomatic mission.

The windows of the ante-chamber overlooking the Vatican gardens, the interval preceding our audience was spent in enjoying the look-out, and in general conversation, in the course

of which General O'Leary remarked in reference to the size of the Vatican, that he had previously to his visit to Rome, always regarded the Escureal near Madrid as the largest palace in the world, but that he was now convinced that the Vatican exceeded it in magnitude.

When our turn came we were summoned into the presence chamber, and on entering, having made the usual genuflections, we approached the Holy Father who was in a standing posture. Having made the paid homage of the *baccio dei piedi*, we rose, and standing in front of the Pope, were in turn presented to His Holiness by Cardinal Wiseman. On Mr. O'Connell's name being announced, the Pope with much animation turned to the Cardinal, and pronouncing the name O'Connell two or three times, demanded if he were any relative of the great Irishman of that name, and on being informed that he was his brother, His Holiness with an expression of agreeable surprise, having looked at Mr. O'Connell for a few moments, turned abruptly to Cardinal Wiseman, saying at the same time, "From all I have heard of his illustrious brother, I have always pictured him to my mind as a man of very imposing statue," and extending his arms as if to convey the idea of magnitude, said in Italian, "*Grande Così*." On which the Cardinal replied, assuring the Pope that his impressions regarding the "Liberator," were perfectly correct, but that his brother having been for some time an invalid, had lost flesh and was then much reduced in appearance. His Holiness turned himself forthwith to Sir James, said, "You see I was aware that your illustrious brother was a big man, *Grande di corpo, come nel anima*, (big not only in mind but in body). He has already accomplished great things for his country as well as for religion, and may Heaven long preserve him in his useful and wonderful career. I cherish a hope that he will some day make a pilgrimage to the Shrine of the Apostles, how it would rejoice my heart to see him, and to impart to him personally the Apostolic Benediction."

The consummation so ardently wished for by His Holiness was not destined to be realized, but this transient sketch will show that while O'Connell has no greater admirer than his present Holiness, the great qualities and eminent services of our immortal countryman to religion and Ireland, were equally appreciated by the late Pope.

In the countenance of Gregory XVI. there was a marked expression of firmness and decision, and one who had ever had the privilege of being in his dignified presence, could readily

imagine how the Autocrat of all the Russias, the late Emperor Nicholas quailed beneath the stern rebuke once administered to his Majesty by that intrepid champion of the rights of the Church.

Having addressed a few courteous enquiries to each of the three parties presented on the occasion, and having spoken with Cardinal Wiseman on some matter of business, our audience ended by receiving the Apostolic Benediction, and we came away profoundly impressed, and much consoled, by our interview with the saintly old Pope.

A REMINISCENCE OF ST. PATRICK'S DAY IN ROME.

AMONG other interesting celebrations by which the festival of Ireland's Patron Saint is solemnized at Rome is the grand function, consisting of High Mass and sermon at the Irish Franciscan Convent of St. Isidores. That community like all others of the mendicant order, subsisting as it does on eleemosynary aid, looks forward to the 17th of March, St. Patrick's Day, as the chief, indeed the only means of replenishing their limited finances, a handsome sum usually resulting from the collection made on the occasion. The good fathers accordingly look out beforehand for some ecclesiastic, generally a bishop, who having a *prestige* as a preacher may be likely to attract a large attendance. With a view to give more notoriety to the forthcoming celebration, a printed programme of the ceremonies, and containing the name of the preacher is circulated among the English *visitants*, Protestant as well as Catholic.

His Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop, never chary of his services, when good can be done, has more than once come to the aid of the community of St. Francis, acting as their advocate and preacher. On the particular occasion to which I here refer, he filled that office, and though at the time not long ordained priest, he had already an extensive reputation as a brilliant pulpit orator. The attendance was accordingly numerous, including not only Irish, English, and American Catholics, but, several Protestants, and with them two or three members of the English nobility. In pronouncing the panegyric of St.

Patrick, it is customary with most preachers after sketching the outlines of his early life and the marvels of his missionary career, as far as history reveals them, to refer to the persecutions of the Irish Church, and the cruel means which the English Government employed in the reigns of Elizabeth and her successors, including even the first members of the Hanoverian dynasty, to exterminate the faith in Ireland.

Departing in some measure from this course, the gifted speaker having described in eloquent and impressive language the leading events in the life of the Saint, the marvellous inspiration in virtue of which, while still a youth, he resolved to devote himself to the evangelization of Ireland, the hardships and sufferings he endured in the accomplishment of the great project, and having deduced much practical instruction from the virtues of resignation, self-denial, and perseverance under every phase of difficulty displayed by the Saint, he then adverted to the singular docility with which the nation received, and the wonderful fidelity with which it adhered to, the teachings of St. Patrick. Having advanced thus far, the preacher had just reached the point at which it is usual to allude to the persecutions of the Irish Church, but here he stopped short, and in a brilliant passage in which the figure "*aposiopesis*," so well known to rhetoricians, was never more effectively employed, said—"Far be it from me to introduce topics calculated to exasperate, and to set man against man, but if I were asked what means I should employ to degrade and ruin a nation, I should suggest something like the following: desecrate the sanctuaries of religion, set a price on the heads of her pastors, proscribe education, and dry up all the sources of moral and intellectual improvement, and when you have carried out those and other similar measures of demoralization, you will have left little undone to accomplish the ruin of a nation." Thus the accomplished orator while professing to ignore, or introduce any direct and formal mention of the persecutions of the Irish Church, nevertheless, by an oratorical *ruse*—if the writer may be allowed to use the expression—contrived to produce a far more vivid conception on the subject in the minds of his audience. This, and other similar passages, though uttered in a quiet and unimpassioned but earnest manner, produced a profound impression, especially on the Irish portion of his hearers, some of whom evinced their emotion by tears. The sentiments so admirably expressed, had they proceeded from the mouth of an Irish priest, might

possibly have given umbrage to some of his English hearers, but coming from the lips of the distinguished Oxford divine their truth and justice could not be questioned. The writer need hardly add that on the conclusion of this beautiful discourse it was uppermost in everyone's mind, especially the passages in it allusive to the persecution of the Irish Church, and as proof of the effect it produced, I may be permitted to mention an amusing incident which occurred as the congregation were leaving the Church.

Amongst others present was the late Mr. L——e, a then recent Oxford convert, a gentleman well known and much respected in Roman society, where with his family he passed several years. Mr. L., while a man of considerable intellectual ability, was also known for his social qualities and genial humour. When passing out of the Church on the occasion alluded to, Lord D., who was one of the collectors, presented his plate to receive his contribution, Mr. L., however, assuming an expression of horror, abruptly drew back, uttering at the same time with emphasis the monosyllable "No! certainly not," adding, "after what I have just heard I am quite ashamed of my countrymen, I must give my donation to the Irishman here," at the same time putting a napoleon on the writer's plate, for he too was a collector.

SINGULAR HISTORY OF THE VOCATION AND HAPPY DEATH OF A YOUNG RELIGIEUSE.

AMONGST the regular visitants of Rome for several successive winters, was Mr. and Mrs. R., and their family. Mr. R., at the time of his first visit in 1852, had only recently entered the Church, and, like the majority of converts, was an exemplary and fervent Catholic. While his stay in Rome was uniformly marked by frequent and liberal donations to the charities of the city, the costly apartments which he occupied, added to his style of living, implied that he must have been a gentleman of independent fortune, an impression still further confirmed by the character of his hospitality, his guests being usually ecclesiastics, or such laity whose deep religious sympathies accorded with his own. Soon after his first arrival in 1852, the

writer happened to make his acquaintance by having been called in to attend him on the occasion of a transient illness, and as not unfrequently happens to medical men, the professional *rapport* then established, soon after developed into a friendly intimacy, and some agreeable hours were occasionally spent at his evening receptions, to which the musical accomplishments of his amiable partner in life, lent no small attraction. Late in the autumn of 1854, her junior sister arrived in Rome, having been *chaperoned* on the journey from London by two ecclesiastics, one of them being the venerable and much respected Incumbent of St. George's-in-the-fields, whose first visit to the Shrine of the Apostles was made on this occasion. Miss K., like most Catholic daughters of Albion, wishing to turn to good account the opportunity afforded by her sojourn in the 'centre of Catholicity, was indefatigable in her devotional practices, and in her visits to all the sacred monuments of the city. Soon after her arrival she accompanied her sister and brother-in-law to an audience at the Vatican. On Miss K. having been presented to the Pope, His Holiness on seeing the sweet, placid, and I may say, intelligent expression of the countenance of the young lady, attired as she was in black, and wearing a veil, turned towards her, addressing her at the same time with the words "*ecco una monaca*," on which her brother-in-law replied, "No, Holy Father, she is not a nun," "Oh!" replied the Pope, "I know, she is not now a nun, but *chi lo sa?* *può essere*, (who knows? she may yet be).

On the evening of the same day, the writer having called at Mr. M.'s apartments, this incident of the audience was told to him with other particulars, but no especial comment was made on it, nor does the writer remember that it was ever afterwards adverted to; but within a couple of months after the occurrence, having received a note from Mr. R., requesting him to call, he was hardly prepared to find that the object in requesting his professional service on the occasion, was to determine whether Miss K., who had decided to enter the Order of the Sacred Heart, could make her noviciate at Rome, consistently with the requirements of her constitution. My decision on the question, so unexpectedly submitted to my judgment, was promptly given, for having during a previously short attendance on the young lady, formed the opinion that she had a predisposition to pulmonary disease, which, though the winter climate of Rome may not be unsuited to it, yet the summer temperature in that city, added to Conventual discipline,

would be very apt to develop, I at once expressed an opinion adverse to the proposal. On hearing how my view was so opposed to her wishes, it having been her great desire to make her "noviciate" in Rome, she availed herself of the first opportunity of speaking with me, begging of me in most moving terms to reconsider my decision, assuring me that while her heartfelt desire was to make her noviciate in Rome, she had a profound conviction that such was the will of God. The appeal was made in such terms, that I had not heart or firmness to resist it, and I agreed to give my sanction to her entering the noviciate at the "Villa Lanti," on the condition that on the first manifestation of any morbid symptoms, she should at once leave Rome, and finish her noviciate in some more eligible locality. Some few days after she accordingly entered the "Villa Lanti," as a *postulant*, and as her sister and family had arranged to leave Rome early in May, two months after, the ceremony of the clothing was in consequence expedited, and took place before their departure. Up to that time there was no change in her health, and she discharged all the duties, and complied with all the rules with a happy cheerfulness, evincing, moreover, no symptoms of debility or fatigue. Her sister therefore left Rome, not only without any misgivings, but with confident hopes in the future.

The writer also, as was his custom at the time, left Rome in June, and spent the summer in England, having come back to Rome in the middle of October. In the evening after my arrival, I was walking in the Piazza de Spagna, when a messenger from the English pharmacy accosting me, put into my hands a letter, which he said had been addressed to me to his master's care. On reading it, I found it was from Mrs. R., then at Florence, and to the following effect:—"If this letter should find you in Rome, pray call instantly at the "Villa Lanti," and see F., who is, I fear, beyond all earthly aid." Looking at my watch, I found it was close on the "*Ave Maria*," an hour at which all the convents are closed. To call a cab, and find myself on the way to the Noviciate, was only the work of a few moments. Before arriving, the "*Ave Maria*" bell had sounded, and I had to ring the convent bell several times before an answer came. The usual challenge "*chi e'?*" ("who is there"), was uttered in a foreign accent, and after a parley of a few moments, in which the motive of the unseasonable call was explained, the door was opened, and I found myself *vis-à-vis* with a fellow-countrywoman, a member of a well-known Irish

family, and whose sister, the Princess S., had been then for many years resident in Rome. The good nun, who happened at the time, to be discharging the duty of portress, on reading Mrs. R.'s letter, which I handed to her as my credential, proceeded to call the Mother Superior, but before doing so assured me that the poor novice was in a dying state, and to all appearance human aid was unavailing. The Reverend Mother, a French lady of *distingué* address, having come in a few moments, conducted me to the Infirmary, which was a large room on the fourth floor, and having entered, she led me to a small bed on which lay my poor patient. A single glance revealed to me the awful change which, in the interval, had taken place, but though a thrill of horror shot through me, as I viewed the hectic flush of her sunken cheeks, the lack-lustre of the eye once so lively and expressive, and the other indications of her moribund condition, I could not but be struck with her sprightliness of manner which, but for the sad symptoms with which it was accompanied, might have been mistaken for the cheerfulness of health. After a recognition, such as she would have made in former days, she charged me to say in reply to her sister Emily, as she called her, that if she wished to see her in this world to come without delay, for that she did not expect, neither did she wish, to linger many days. As she was under the care of the medical attendant, I made but a momentary examination of the case, and after interchanging a few words, and promising to call again on the following day, I withdrew. While descending with the Reverend Mother, she described to me the history of the malady, which commenced during the hot months with a Roman fever, in the course of which the symptoms of lung disease appeared, and developed themselves with such fearful rapidity, that in a couple of weeks the case became hopeless. It is needless to add, that Mrs. R. on arriving, was deeply grieved and shocked at the state in which she found her sister. For the three subsequent days I continued to call, each time finding her more prostrate, but her cheerfulness and vivacity continued to the close, and in her features there was an expression of happiness which could not be mistaken. On the fourth day I called, and learned from the Sister, the portress, that on the previous night, having burst a blood-vessel, and having thrown up a quantity of blood, she soon after became insensible, and without any appearance of suffering, her pure spirit took its flight.

Before taking my leave, I was asked by the good Sister if I should not wish to see the remains of the "deceased," and on

replying that, by all means, I should desire such a favour, she forthwith conducted me to the little convent chapel (a gem of Gothic architecture, the only specimen of that Order in Rome,) in which, reposing in an open coffin, the body was laid out. After a momentary glance I was at once struck with the expression of the countenance, in which it seemed to me that a supernatural beauty appeared to be reflected. Indeed, from the calm and placid features of the corpse, a kind of fascination seemed, as it were, to radiate, which, acting like a spell on the beholder, rendered it difficult to withdraw the gaze.

Unable to conceal my feelings, I expressed them to the Sister, when she told me I was not singular in the impression I received. And here I may remark, that, though the presumable sanctity of the deceased young Sister, and the singular history of the concluding events of her earthly career, in which the finger of Providence was so strikingly recognisable, would lead one to regard the appearances just alluded to in a supernatural light, the extraordinary expression presented in some remarkable cases by the human countenance after death has been more than once adverted to even by unbelievers, and on this occasion I could not avoid recalling the beautiful lines in "The Giaour :"—

"He that bends him o'er the dead,
Ere the first day of death is fled ;
Before decay's effacing fingers
Have swept the lines where beauty lingers,
And mark'd the mild angelic air—
The sweetness of repose that's there :
Expression's last receding ray,
A gilded halo hovering round decay ;
The farewell beam of feeling passed away."

With such thoughts uppermost in my mind, I bade adieu to the Sister and took my departure from the "Villa Lanti."

INCIDENTS OF MY FIRST VISIT TO THE CONTINENT.

In the lives of most people particular years acquire an increased importance from the events by which they have been signalized, becoming like so many landmarks in the field of memory, and forming more especial objects of retrospect. Such has been for me the year 1836; for among other personally interesting occurrences by which it was marked was that of having obtained the first of my professional qualifications—that of surgeon—having at the same time paid my first visit to the continent. Having come up to London in the middle of October for the purpose of undergoing my examinations at the College, on the evening after my arrival I started for Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, not without some nervous disquietude; for though I felt conscious of being well up in the subjects on which I was to be tested, yet as certain issues, and among them a tour on the continent, depended on my success, I could not but feel somewhat anxious as to the result. Like the parliamentary sessions, the sittings of the court of examiners take place in the afternoon, and, like the former, usually extending to the smaller hours of the morning. On reaching the College, I found a dozen young men—one or two, however, rather advanced in life—already assembled in a room adjoining the examination hall. As a preliminary to the business of the evening, tea and coffee were introduced, after which, the first on the list having been summoned, we waited in suspense for his return, for re-appearance in the waiting room is an indication of success “the rejected individual not showing again,” and at the expiration of half an hour we were pleased to see him re-enter, when, having received our felicitations, he soon after made his departure. Then followed the next in order, and so on till after midnight, when my turn came. By that time all but two and myself had been examined, and of the entire number three who had failed to return—had evidently come to grief. On entering the examination room I perceived a dozen elderly gentlemen, two or three of more than ordinary stature, and peculiarly dignified aspect, seated on chairs in front of me, the central seat being occupied by a fine old man of singularly handsome features, whom I afterwards learned was the late Sir Astley Cooper. At each side were ranged other members of the profession who at

the time had acquired a name and eminence as metropolitan practitioners. Among them I may mention Sir Antony Carlisle, Bransby Cooper, Honoratus Thomas, Sir Benjamin Brodie, &c., all of whom, after honourable and distinguished careers, have long since made their exit from the stage of life, but whose name will live for ever in the annals of their profession. My first examiner in physiology was the chairman, whose individuality had I known at the moment, would unquestionably have made me somewhat nervous, but "ignorance is sometimes bliss" and so it proved on this occasion, Sir Astley dealt with me very gently, and I then passed into the hands of Bransby Cooper in Surgery and Anatomy, in both which departments I happily succeeded, so that after an interval of half-an-hour I returned to the waiting-room, where only one of the party was now remaining. Having looked at my watch, I found it was half-past one in the morning, and remembering that I had fixed to leave for France on the same morning, I addressed myself forthwith to the Secretary, Mr. Balfour, who sat at a table in the same room, informing him that I had arranged to leave for France at an early hour in the morning, asking as a favour to fill up my diploma at the moment, so as to be able to take it with me. This worthy North Britain, with much courtesy said he would be happy under the circumstances to grant my request, provided that I waited till the business of the night was concluded and all the others had gone away. An hour later I accordingly found myself wending my way to my hotel with my diploma in my possession. Some twenty minutes quick walking brought me to Leicester-square in which my hotel was situated, when it is needless to add I lost no time in seeking repose.

Having had a few hours of disturbed and unrefreshing sleep, I rose at seven, and having made all the preparations for departure, despatched a couple of letters, &c., I found myself seated in a cab, and *en route* for London Bridge, at 9, a.m. Remembering that the steamer to Boulogne, by which we had to travel, had been advertised to sail at 9.30, a.m., I felt that some extra expedition would be necessary to overtake it, and in order to stimulate the driver to use more speed, I promised him a liberal addition to his fare, on condition of his bringing me in time. He accordingly drove rapidly; and, with a view to gaining time, on reaching the Mansion House, instead of taking the usual route, he took the line by Cannon-street and Thames-street. On reaching this latter street, however, we found to our dismay that it was at the time undergoing repairs,

and the entrance completely blocked. No alternative therefore remained but to fall back on the line we should first have taken. Making therefore a great *détour* or circle, we drove round by Leadenhall-street and King William-street, our progress having been frequently impeded by unexpected obstacles, so that on reaching St. Catherine's Wharf we perceived that the steamer had moved from the pier, and was already in the middle of the river. Remarking, however, that the paddles had not begun to revolve, there was a gleam of hope that with speed there was yet time to board her, and therefore to hail a boat, get our luggage in, and find myself striking out for the steamer, was only the work of a few moments. The steward who perceived my predicament, as I approached the side of the steamer had the accommodation ladder put down, but as I was proceeding to ascend, the boatman seizing my portmanteau refused to part with it until he was paid, demanding at the same time 5s. Such a sum for carrying me a few yards was no doubt exorbitant in the extreme, but under the circumstances there was not a moment to be lost in remonstrance or expostulation, so complying with his demand, I ascended, and having got my ticket, which for the first cabin, was, at the time but ten shillings, only twice the amount which the boatman charged for a few strokes of the oar, I soon found myself comfortably seated, and as the morning afforded promise of a prosperous passage, there being, moreover, many agreeable people on board, I soon forgot the difficulties and annoyances of the morning. After a very agreeable day on board, we reached Boulogne-sur-Mer at eight in the afternoon. As in the case of all strangers arriving in France for the first time, every sense experienced the effects of the change; the sight in the altered appearance of everything that met the eye on first landing; the quaintness and peculiarity in the costumes of the officials of the port; the aspect of the women porters who at the time claimed it as their privilege to carry on their backs the luggage of the passengers, and who wending their way under such a weight looked like so many ducks waddling along; the ear in the noisy jabber of the officials of the port, and especially the *commissionaires* or "hotel touters," through a rank and file of whom the stranger has to pass in going to the Custom House, each announcing in deafening tones the name and peculiar advantages of his hotel; nor were the olfactory nerves of the newly-arrived without their novel impressions, having, as I well remember, perceived for the first time that peculiar, but indescribable atmospheric odour which, at all

my subsequent visits, I have never failed to experience, and which I have ever since designated as the continental smell. Having passed the night at Boulogne, the then costly formalities of getting my passport in order having been complied with, I started for Paris on the following morning, having had to occupy the only available place in the "diligence," viz., the "banquette" over the driver. This position, though anything but comfortable, had nevertheless the advantage, from its altitude, of a commanding view over the country. Passing through Abbeville, Amiens, and Beauvais, we reached Paris on the morning of the third day, having been thirty-eight hours on the road. [Hear this, you modern tourists, by whom the same journey can now be made, with every accompaniment of comfort and luxury, in one-sixth of the time, but whose fastidiousness will grumble at a couple of hours of accidental retardation on the way.] By a strange coincidence, the day of my arrival in the French capital happened to be that on which the elevation of the Egyptian obelisk (that of Luxor), in the "Place de la Concorde," was completed. The transportation of this colossal monolith of Oriental granite, from the site which it originally occupied in the Desert for more than 3,000 years, must have been attended with vast difficulty as well as expense. Having been conveyed down the Nile on rafts from Alexandria, it was towed by steam across the Mediterranean to Gibraltar; it was thence brought by the Straits and over the Bay of Biscay to the mouth of the Seine, and finally up the river to Paris. The great engineering problem solved by the transport, and more especially by its having been raised to a perpendicular and placed in "situ," without the slightest damage to its appearance, was not the least amongst the triumphs of modern science, while it proves the comparative facility with which the transfer of Cleopatra's needle (another Egyptian monolith) to London, of which just now there is question, can be accomplished. The wooden lattice work in which the obelisk was encased, as a protection to the hieroglyphical characters traced on its surface, was still unremoved, and remained so for weeks after its erection.

The chief motive of my visit to Paris having been to attend the clinical lectures at the hospitals, on the morning after my arrival I drove over to the students' quarters—the *Quartier Latin*, as it is called. Having had at the time some young friends staying at a large Students' *Pension*, within a few yards of the entrance to the Jardin des Plantes, I called on them

and was so pleased with their representations, that before coming away, I made arrangements to become at once an inmate of the establishment. The "pension" in which were at least one hundred students from all parts of Europe, consisted of a quadrangular building enclosing an area. The boarding-house belonged to a Parisian, Batz by name, who with his daughters superintended all its arrangements, and amongst other stories current, regarding the proprietor, was a report that the money by which he was enabled to open this large pension, was the result of an accidental discovery, a *trouvaille* as the French call it. An upholsterer by trade, he on one occasion, soon after the great revolution, having attended a furniture sale, bought a number of old chairs which it was supposed had once been the property of a member of the "Ancienne Noblesse," and in the fury of the revolution had been plundered, passing in after years through a variety of hands. Soon after they became his property, and while engaged in repairing them, he found hidden underneath the faded morocco leather covering of one, a quantity of French bank notes of considerable value, and thus by an accident a fortune was in a moment acquired.

Our *table d'hôte*, at which at least eighty assembled, was at 5, p.m., and as the society consisted of English, Spaniards, Swiss, Russians, Austrians, French, and Germans, each anxious to disclose the news he had acquired during the day, a perfect Babel of tongues was heard. Dominant, however, above the loud chatter, was the voice of a huge German, M. Strauss, who was a perfect polyglot in his way; and being rather ostentatious of his linguistic acquirements, in a loud tone carried on conversations, in their own dialect, with the representatives of the various nationalities, expressing himself all the time with all the fluency of a native. M. Strauss was a man of universal information, and profoundly acquainted with some subjects, especially Zoology and Comparative Anatomy, and he might well be called a *savant*. At the time I speak of he was a candidate for a chair in the Jardin des Plantes, of which the then president was the illustrious Cuvier.

Before quitting the subject of the "pension," I may mention that though the *nourriture*, especially the meat, was in quality unexceptionable, in quantity it was scarcely sufficient to satisfy the requirements of an English appetite; and accordingly, after dining five or six days at the *table d'hôte*, it was the writer's practice to repair to one of the restaurants in the Palais Royal, and thus by a substantial meal to supplement the shortcomings

of our "pension," but the terms were so moderate as to be hardly credible to a visitant of Paris at the present day. Having brought with me to Paris a letter of introduction to the late Sir James, then Mr. Tichborne, some days after my arrival I called at his residence, which at the time was in the Rue St. Honore, and as the writer well remembers nearly midway between the Church of St. Roch and the Rue Castiglione. The similarity of the houses, hotels as they were called, each provided with its *porte cochere* entrance, made it difficult to identify one by its external aspect, the number alone furnishing the key to recognition; and as my subsequent visits to Sir James were often repeated during the winter, the number became so permanently fixed on my memory, so as never since to have been forgotten—viz., 364—or as I used to repeat it in French, *trois cent soixante quatre*.* The *concierge* having in reply to my enquiry informed me that "Monsieur" was at home, I ascended to his apartment, which was *au premier*. On presenting my card and letter to the porter I was conducted to an ante-room, where, after a few moments, Sir James made his appearance, offering me his hand in a most cordial manner, and leading me into the reception room. Sir James, who gave me the impression of being about 50 years of age, and nearly six feet in stature, had the unmistakable bearing of a thorough English gentleman; while a well-developed forehead, marked and expressive features, with a rather prominent nasal organ, indicated intelligence and decision of character,—his extreme affability of manner soon putting the stranger at his ease. Having addressed a few enquiries as to my journey from England, and some desultory conversation in which passing allusion was made to the current events of the day, Sir James adverted to the momentary indisposition of Madame Tichborne as a reason for her absence, but adding that if I waited he would communicate with her, and see if she had any objection to receive me in her *boudoir*. A few moments after, receiving intimation of her Ladyship's gracious permission, we proceeded to an inner and smaller room in which she was seated on a *fauteuille* or

* Owing to a bend or curve in the line of houses, by which the view along the street was limited to a couple of hundred yards, had the "Hotel de Louvre" then been in existence, as stated by the "claimant" in the late *cause celebre*, it could not possibly have been visible from Sir James Tichborne's residence. The monster hotel, however, was not erected for many years after; and, moreover, being in the neighbourhood of the "Palais Royal," was quite out of sight. This, however, was only in character with the many other lying statements put forward in support of his pretensions by a vile and audacious impostor.

"lounger" opposite a fire, which, by the way, was most seasonable, it being late in October. On being presented to her, she received me with a courtesy and cordiality not unakin to that of her husband, while her appearance, manner, accent, and I may add, the *foncé* tint of her complexion would have satisfied me, had I not been already aware of the fact, that she was a French lady. Madame was in appearance considerably the junior of her husband, and what with her small but symmetrical figure, dark eyes, and refined features, was by no means devoid of personal attraction. Having mentioned my intention to remain for the winter in Paris, both she and Sir James most kindly offered me some valuable suggestions as to the best mode of utilising my time during my stay, when after half-an-hour very agreeably spent, I took my departure, but not without an invitation to dinner on the following Sunday.

Faithful to my engagement, I failed not to present myself on the day, and at the hour appointed, when in addition to the members of the family, there were two guests besides myself, one being the Abbé Connolly, a clergyman attached to the Church of the Assumption, in the Rue St. Honore, and English Chaplain in Paris, the other an Attaché of the Spanish Embassy, Monsieur Deranza, whose name was at one time familiar to English ears in connection with the late famous trial, in which his evidence proved of importance. When sitting down to table, the then only child, Roger, a thin-faced French-looking youth, with a lively intelligent expression, accompanied by his tutor, M. Chattilon, also took their places. The conversation, which as dinner progressed, became more lively, was conducted in English and French. The tutor and his *protégé*, then apparently in his eighth year, speaking in French, limited their talk to themselves, except when questions were from time to time addressed to them, also in French, by the host or hostess, and I was consequently led to suppose that the boy could only express his ideas at the time in that language, an impression which I afterwards found to be correct, for his English vocabulary was almost monosyllabic, limited nearly to "yes" or "no." During my winter in Paris no more agreeable hours were spent, than when the guest of Mr. Tichborne. Mr. T. having in his youth mixed much in the best society, and having an excellent memory, had an inexhaustible fund of interesting anecdote, which from his long residence abroad, he could relate with equal volubility in French as well as English. To the pleasure derived from his and Madame Tichborne's society, there was but one drawback,

and that arose from the opposition existing between the political leanings of this excellent couple. The most frequent cause of domestic disagreement being the antagonism in their dynastic sympathies, Mr. Tichborne being a decided Orleanist, while Madame was an equally uncompromising supporter of the claims of the elder branch of the Bourbons. One occasion on which this discrepancy in their partialities was productive of unpleasant results was, as the writer well remembers, on Christmas Day, when he with a couple of other friends was their guest. In the course of the evening, allusion having been made to the elder branch of the Bourbons, Louis XVIII. and Charles X., Mr. Tichborne reproached them with having, on their restoration, evinced ingratitude to those who showed them sympathy under adverse fortune, a statement which having evidently discomposed Madame, she forthwith proceeded to refute. Mr. Tichborne, however, without permitting her to conclude her vindication, which by the way, consisted of mere assertions, and unsupported denials, interrupted her by an emphatic repetition of his previous statement, confirming it by reference to facts, which, in order to be appreciated, require a short digression. When Louis XVIII. came to England as an exile, he with the other members of his family were received with much sympathy by all classes, but especially by the aristocracy, who, while showing attention and respect to the fallen dynasty, thus evinced their horror and repudiation of the principles of the French Revolution. Among the members of the nobility who then came to the help of the exiled monarch, was the then Duke of Buckingham, who, vacating for the time his magnificent residence at Stow, offered it as a retreat to the fallen king. This mark of sympathy so opportunely shown by his Grace, was, as the reader can imagine, but too readily accepted by the king, who at once repairing to the "Fair Majestic Paradise of Stow," as it is called by Thompson in his "Seasons," and having the luxurious accommodations of that truly royal mansion under his command, continued to reside there for several years, until the ever shifting scenes of European politics culminated in the abdication of the Emperor at Fontainebleau, when the king returned to Paris. It would be natural to suppose that Louis XVIII. on his restoration would be only too happy to avail himself of any and every opportunity of showing his gratitude to his former benefactor, and that in the event of the Duke of Buckingham or any of his family coming to Paris, the Royal hospitality would be lavishly displayed on the occasion. Such an opportunity was

afforded to both Louis XVIII. and his successor Charles X., more than once during both reigns, and how it was turned to account by the reigning family the reader may judge from the following. The late, or more correctly the last but one, Lord Arundel of Wardour, with his lady, were for many years in the habit of passing their winters in Rome, passing through Paris on their way to Italy.* Lady Arundel, once known as Lady Mary Nugent Grenville, being the accomplished sister of the Duke of Buckingham, it was only natural to suppose that both her Ladyship and her husband would not have been allowed to pass through Paris without receiving some marks of royal attention, the more so as their stay in the French capital usually lasted for a couple of weeks, and could not fail to have been known at the Tuilleries. According to Mr. Tichborne, however, their presence in Paris was on every occasion ignored, and they were allowed to pass through without any notice having been taken of them, a slight, the recital of which, Mr. Tichborne wound up by the remark uttered with some warmth and in an emphatic tone, that if it were a dog belonging to the Duke of Buckingham, and not that man who was such an honour to the British Peerage, as Lord Arundel he should not be allowed to pass through Paris without receiving attention and hospitality from the reigning family.

The unbending pertinacity with which on these occasions she invariably maintained her opinions hardly prepared the writer for the melancholy *rôle* she was afterwards destined to play in an ever memorable "drama" of real life, in which, by the foolish adoption, and still more foolish adhesion, to an erroneous notion, she occasioned a vast amount of anxiety, trouble, and expense to her friends, while entailing a world of unhappiness and misery on herself. Though, after the reported loss of her son, the writer had always heard that she never believed in it, never ceasing to cherish a confident hope that sooner or later he would be sure to turn up, yet he never could have supposed that she would have given so prompt a recognition to, and supported the pretensions of an individual from

* Lady Mary Nugent Grenville, daughter of the last Marquis, and sister of the late Duke of Buckingham, was known in her day for her amiability and accomplishments, especially in music and literature, having been regarded as one of the first pianists of her time. Both her Ladyship and Lord Arundel for many years spent their winters at Rome, where the remembrance of their charities and other good works still survives. During the latter days of her widowhood, and up to the time of her decease, she led a retired life, having occupied apartments in a wing of Prior Park College, near Bath, then under the presidency of the late Bishop Barnes.

whom her son, both physically and morally, so much differed. The instinct of maternal affection, the *storgê*, as naturalists term it, so infallible a test of identity in the lower animals, was in her case mistaken, though there is abundant reason for supposing that she must have been inwardly sensible of the great error of judgment which Her Ladyship committed by the hasty and inconsiderate adoption of an opinion so utterly unsupported by probability, and on which such important issues depended, causing such a vast amount of anxiety and cost to her relatives, entailing a world of unhappiness and sorrow on herself. Unwilling, however, to face the humiliation consequent on the admission of her great mistake, she ultimately fell a victim to disappointment and sorrow. From her sad history may be deduced an instructive "moral" on the want of a proper acquiescence in the painful and mysterious dispensations of Providence.

The almost total absence of any effective provision, both in the hotels and lodging-houses, against the cold of a Parisian winter was at all times much felt, but more especially this season when the temperature was unusually low. In the case of our more opulent country people who had settled down and made a permanent residence in the city it was quite otherwise, as they seldom failed to have their apartments fitted up with every accessory of comfort and convenience, such as hardly could be exceeded in an English household. In this respect, Mr. Tichborne's rooms were a model, being at the same time arranged with a due regard to elegance and fashion, such as could not have been exceeded in the West End residences of the English Metropolis. Enjoying as he did the best society in the city, it was no wonder that a Parisian winter should have for him a certain amount of attraction. A portion of each day was generally spent at the English Club, which with the adjoining Library and Reading-room (Galignani's) was then situated in the Rue Vivienne. Mr. Tichborne had a peculiar dread of the north-east winds, so prevalent in England during the spring months, never coming to England before June, and when reproached by his friends with his long absence, and pressed by them to come and see them, his customary and *naïve* reply, the writer remembers was, "catch me crossing the Channel, until the gooseberries begin to push," "*Jusqu'à ce que les groseilles commencent à pousser.*"

Though in some parts of Paris, at this time, improvements were apparent—especially in the neighbourhood of the Madeleine

and the Place Vendome, with the streets leading therefrom, including the Boulevards and Rue de Rivoli—yet the general aspect of the city remained as it was in the pre-revolutionary days, when the aristocracy being dominant their requirements were solely attended to, while the wants and comforts of the masses were altogether ignored. With the exception, therefore, of the quarters referred to, the streets were utterly devoid of side-ways, or *trottoirs*, and the roofs of the houses having no pipes, or conducts, on wet days the rain poured in a deluge on the head of the pedestrian, for whom it is true the alternative existed of keeping in the middle of the street, but his condition was thereby little improved, as in the centre was a channel which in wet weather, becoming the bed of a torrent, rendered walking there impracticable.

For the *noblesse* and wealthier classes who seldom went abroad except in carriages, the annoyances and discomforts of their humbler fellow-citizens were forgotten or overlooked. It may further be added that the sanitary condition, the *hygiène* was moreover uncared for, and the drainage being superficial, sights and smells the most repulsive were not unfrequently perceptible. In the physical aspect of Paris were thus reflected the moral relations of society in France in the pre-revolutionary days, and especially in the rural districts, in which, if the records of the period are to be credited, the wretched peasantry were used as mere instruments to minister to the luxuries and caprice of the nobles. Thus it is mentioned in authentic annals, that in marshy districts, in various parts of the country, the serfs or dependants of the lords of the soil were employed during the spring and summer nights in beating with poles the lakes or ponds in the neighbourhood of the manorial residence, in order to suppress the croaking of the frogs which disturbed the slumbers of the proprietor. Can it be matter of surprise that reaction at length followed, ending as it did in a tremendous and prolonged moral convulsion, from which it can hardly be said that France has yet recovered.

The great libraries of Paris formed an invaluable resource to the stranger, the more as, out of eight or ten in number, two or more were sure to be open every day, and made accessible at hours the most convenient to the general reader. That of which I most frequently availed myself was the Library of St. Genevieve, near the Pantheon, containing 200,000 volumes. Of French literature it may be said that "memoirs" form one of its most interesting features, and amongst other books from

which I derived many hours of agreeable entertainment were the "Memoirs of the First Race of the Dukes of Burgundy," by the Duke de Barante. The edition which I read was in fourteen volumes, two having been printed in Paris in the beginning of the century. A considerable portion of this interesting book had reference to the city itself, to various parts of which it imparted interest from the curious details and their local associations.

From a number of curious incidents recorded in the book, I beg to select one, which while it throws a light on the lawlessness of Nocturnal Paris during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, will at the same time show the accidental, and singular origin of names. The "Royal Residence" being during the period, *viz.*: the reigns of Charles VII. and Louis XII. at the Hotel St. Paul, in the Faubourg St. Antoine, which then and until recently, consisted of a labyrinth of narrow streets. On the occasion of a grand "*bal masqué*" given by the Court, a party of the company, some five or six in number, were returning after midnight all on horseback, when they were suddenly attacked by brigands. Of the entire number, all were murdered except one, and he owed his escape to having fallen into a shop, the half-door of which happened to be open. The street henceforward acquired the name of the "Rue des Mauvais Garçons," which it still retained at the time of my visit, the oddity of the title having more than once attracted notice. Owing, however, to the prolongation of the Rue de Rivoli, the greater number of the narrow streets of which the Faubourg consisted, have been demolished, and among them most probably has disappeared, that which for so many centuries served to keep alive the memory of a barbarous era. In the writer's recollection of this period, he cannot forget the many hours of pure enjoyment for which he was indebted to the music in the churches, more especially that of St. Eustache. The chanting of the Vespers in this fine old Church, built as it said to have been, on the site of an ancient Pagan temple, that of "Cibele," was surpassing grand. The singing of the Canticles, in which the entire congregation joined, was profoundly soul-stirring. The Lenten discourses in this church for the year 1837, were preached by an eminent provincial Curé, the Abbe Camballot, whose eloquence attracted great numbers. In the demeanour of the congregation, of both sexes, and of all ages, there was much to edify, and compensate for the unmistakable marks of impiety and laxity of morals, which met the eye in other parts of the city.

The extremes of good and evil so often met with in the French capital have given rise to the remark that for the Parisian there is no purgatory, an opinion in the truth of which the writer is strongly disposed to acquiesce, for in Paris the good are truly good, while the extremes of guilt and depravity are but too often exhibited in the lives of the ungodly. If impiety, however, has raised its head in France, the reason is but too obvious. For a century, at least, her literature has been unhappily employed in her demoralization, and while, from the days of Voltaire to those of Lecompte, infidelity has had its advocates, the morals of the country have been corrupted by the degrading productions of such writers as Paul de Koch, Eugene Sue, and a host of others. The hostility, however, which religion has encountered in France is the work of a party, being amply redeemed by the services she has rendered to it in other ways, more especially by the support which, as a nation, she has always afforded to the foreign missions, and when each year we see bands of christian heroes and heroines, abandoning home and country to carry the light of Faith to the remotest and most barbarous countries, whose inhabitants sit in darkness and the shadow of death, France cannot fail to be still regarded as the greatest among Catholic nations. Chastened as she has been by recent disaster and humiliation, a happy reaction in favour of religion has unmistakably set in, and a hope may not unreasonably be cherished, that ere many years go by, faith and piety will acquire the same ascendancy in that country, which they once professed in the days of Peter the Hermit, and Joan of Arc.

THE ITALIAN QUESTION, 1860.

IN placing before the reader the following series of sketches from Rome, it seems to the writer that they may not be inaptly prefaced by the subjoined letter having reference to the condition of Northern Italy, after the then recent invasion and occupation of that country by the Piedmontese under Cialdini. The letter was written during a temporary sojourn in England, in 1860, having appeared in the columns of the *Lancashire Free Press*. Though not claiming the gift of Cassandra, the anticipations therein expressed as to the fate awaiting a personage who then played a leading rôle in the politics of the day, and who then all but held in his hands the destinies of Europe, have been since converted into facts. Whether a similar verification awaits the predictions uttered in the same letter regarding the instability of Piedmontese rule in the Italian peninsula, remains amongst the mysteries which the future can alone reveal.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LANCASHIRE FREE PRESS.

SIR,—Having recently returned from a residence of many years in Italy, I feel a deep interest in all that appertains to that country, under whose bright atmosphere, and elevating social influences, I have had many hours of unmingled enjoyment. My correspondents there, of whom I have several, keep me always *au courant* with passing events, and I regard it as a rather significant fact, that, though differing widely in their political creeds and sympathies, they are, notwithstanding, unanimous in their recognition of the baneful effects of the late changes in Central Italy; and, as such authentic attestations seem singularly opposed to the statements of a large portion of the English press, which ascribes the happiest results to the revolutionary movements, I beg to submit a few extracts to your perusal, and that of your readers.

An English Protestant lady, writing a few days ago from Florence, where she has been many years a resident, says, "The season has been unprecedentedly dull—there are very few visitors; I and my family have ceased going to any of the public balls where butchers, tailors, and other members of the *Mezzo Ceto* class figure as the principal guests. Ricasoli's

and Buoncompagni's receptions are but burlesque imitations of the elegant entertainments which, in the granducal times took place at the 'Palazzo Pitti.' The attempts to get up a "Corso" are miserable failures; there is a general distrust in the present state of things which operates most prejudicially on trade and commerce, and amongst the lower classes there is great wretchedness. Of the English families who have been hitherto in the habit of passing the summer at the baths of Lucca, the greater number have already announced their intention of returning to England, so that the few who remain will be limited to the *tête-montée* class, who, like the petrel, are at home amidst the storm. — Another correspondent adds, that the English Evangelicals, whose attempts to meddle with the religion of the country had been formerly kept in check by the restrictive measures of the late government, have their full swing under the present latitudinarian *régime*; and, taking advantage of the destitution of the lower orders, have established no less than ten proselytising schools, in which money is the chief agent employed to carry out their purposes. For the seeds of Protestantism, however, Italy must be ever an uncongenial soil. It would be difficult to imagine that Luther could ever be an authority in the land which still worships Dante and his immortal poem.

As to the Roman States, none but those who have lived there, and mixed with the people, can estimate the unprincipled statements of the English press, and the amount of misconception which exists in England as to the real sentiments and condition of this much-libelled people.

It is true that there, as in every country, there are restless spirits, dissatisfied with the present state of things, and anxious to inoculate others with their disaffection. In most instances, however, this feeling exists amongst strangers, individuals of disreputable antecedents, who, having been expelled from their own countries, seek to spread their contaminating influence in the neighbouring States, and particularly in those of the Church, ecclesiastical rule being especially antagonistic to their views. As a specimen of this class, I may mention Signor Gallenga, the hero and correspondent of the *Times*, and whose recent expulsion from Rome has excited the ire of the "Thunderer." I remember him first in the winter of '58, when his recent marriage with an Irish Protestant lady procured him an introduction to English society. His wife—who had been several years previously a resident in the Eternal City—was at one period so remarkable

for her High Church principles, as to have led many of her Catholic acquaintances to entertain sanguine hopes of her conversion. Her subsequent marriage, however, with a Sardinian free-thinker, frustrated all their calculations. During the same winter, a commission of lawyers having come to Rome to examine certain evidence bearing on the question of the succession to the Shrewsbury title and estates, and a translator being required for some legal documents, out of several competitors Gallenga was selected for the office. The toleration evinced in his regard, if it did not secure his gratitude, ought at least to have neutralised any positive hostility to the Government, and yet subsequently we find him, as the *Times*' correspondent, sending off his hebdomadal missives, charged with impertinent and calumnious gossip, till the authorities thus libelled withdrew his *carta di soggiorno*, and obliged him to leave Rome. From these facts you and your readers may judge how far Signor Gallenga is entitled to the sympathy which the *Times* and other journals would evoke in his regard. For myself I must say, that during ten years' residence in Rome, I have witnessed no manifestation of discontent amongst the well-conducted class of inhabitants, and few reasonable grounds of complaint, beyond some instances of maladministration, incidental to all human affairs, and I am fully convinced that if the citizens were not tampered with they would be perfectly content under ecclesiastical rule. With the masses in Italy, as in England, there is no more potent logic than the *argumentum ad crumenam*; and both history, as well as recent events, prove that the temporal prosperity of the Eternal City is inseparably connected with the presence of the Papal court. The calamities which the dreams and ambition of Rienzi, and the transfer of the Papal residence to Avignon, entailed on Rome in the 14th century, are not yet forgotten, and the intelligent Roman in reviewing the history of that epoch, in which civil strife desolated the city and reduced its population to one-fourth, cannot but conclude that, if Rome is not now like Nineveh, or the ancient cities of Etruria, it is owing to the restoration of the Papacy. The scenes enacted during the banishment of Pius VII., in the beginning of this century, enforce the same truth, and still later, during the Mazzini occupation, the period which Lord Palmerston in a memorable parliamentary harangue designated as the "*ne plus ultra* of good government."* But, as you have well

*At the period of this famous speech there was a rigid censorship at the Roman post-office, and English papers, containing attacks on the Roman Government, were

observed in your last leader, a crisis is fast approaching in the affairs of Italy. The tyrant of the Tuilleries has been evidently unprepared for the unbending attitude assumed by the Holy Father, and vacillates in his impious designs; symptoms of retrogression manifest themselves in the ranks of the revolutionists, and already there is talk of the abandonment of Romagna, which doubtless will return to its allegiance though it may be at some distant period.

Amidst the emotions which the rapid development of important events just now is calculated to awaken, a sentiment of sorrow cannot fail to be uppermost in every reflecting mind at the hypocritical rôle which Louis Napoleon has latterly chosen to play in the drama of European politics. He has abused the opportunity afforded him of what he himself would call a glorious *avenir*. His career, at one time so full of splendid promises, seems now not unlikely to point a melancholy moral, and to imprint on the future page of history an impressive lesson on human folly and presumption.

T. M. O'DWYER, M.D.

Seaforth Hall, Lancashire, 1860.

invariably detained, much to the annoyance of the English visitors. It was, therefore, with great surprise, we found that the copies of the *Times*, containing Lord Palmerston's speech, were not only allowed to circulate freely, but that on the following morning the speech was reproduced in the *Gironale di Roma*, the particular passage, so absurdly eulogistic, of the "Mazzini" administration, being in "*Italica*." This departure from the usual rigour of the censorship was by the expressed wish of the Pope, who, on hearing of Lord Palmerston's words, said, "By all means publish them, their absurdity is too manifest and the Roman public will thereby see what value is to be attached to the statements of an English fanatical minister."

ROMAN CORRESPONDENCE.

ARRIVALS OF STRANGERS.

ROME, April 4, 1863.—In few places, perhaps, are the effects of increased facilities of locomotion more apparent than at Rome. The number of strangers which during the winter was beyond the average, has for some weeks been augmenting, and during the last fortnight the arrivals have been on such a scale as to render hotel accommodation altogether insufficient, necessitating sundry "makeshifts," and strangely improvised *ménages*, and leading to scenes of embarrassment and confusion which it would require no ordinary descriptive talent adequately to portray. Amongst the more amusing incidents to which this great concourse gives rise, are difficulties of the "unprotected female" who also braves the perils of a voyage, and comes to lionise, and "do Rome" during the Holy Week. The lodging-housekeepers, who are just now driving a lucrative trade, must be very insensible to the logic of facts, if they do not see that their material interests are immediately associated with the presence of the Papal Court, which exercises such an attractive influence over all parts of the civilised world. This enormous influx of strangers, however, is not without its inconveniences, and in no instance are those more felt than during the ceremonies at St. Peter's, where their behaviour not unfrequently shows the unworthy motives by which they are actuated.

The functions of the Holy Week, at all times imposing, have this year been celebrated with more than usual magnificence. The Holy Father performed the ceremony of the blessing of the palms at St. Peter's, and after distributing them to the several dignitaries and distinguished laics, the procession took place, at which His Holiness was carried in the "*Sedia gestatoria*." High Mass was then commenced, at which the Passion was sung in strains such as are only heard in St. Peter's. The Pope remained till the end, but he retired for a short time during the singing of the Passion. On Holy Thursday, the Holy Father assisted at the Pontifical Mass in the Sistine Chapel, after which he carried the Blessed Sacrament in solemn procession to the Pauline Chapel, which was brilliantly illuminated. He then descended to the Basilica of St. Peter, where, contrary to

expectation, he performed the ceremony of the "lavanda," or washing of the feet, when he reascended the grand loggia and gave the solemn benediction to the thousands assembled in the Piazza. The voice of the Holy Father on this occasion was remarkable for its clearness and strength, and was distinctly audible, I have been assured, beyond the precincts of the Piazza. The functions of the morning ended with the "Tavola," or Supper of the Twelve Pilgrims. This ceremony, which took place in the loggia, appeared to possess most attraction, and in order to witness it no small amount of physical energy, joined with patience, was requisite. During the ascent of the "scala," the rush was fearful, and the behaviour of the crowd both before and after admission into the loggia was indecorous in the extreme, not unfrequently occasioning the interference of the *guardia nobile* and *camerieri*. Were we to take our impressions of human nature from what is witnessed on these occasions, I much fear the result would not be very flattering, especially in the case of our own country-people, though the selfish rudeness which seeks to secure an advantage of position at the expense of one's neighbour was by no means confined to them. The pious Roman scarcely ever thinks of going to the functions of St. Peter's during the Holy Week, but generally satisfies his devotion at some of the parochial churches, at the Apolinari, or St. Ignazio for instance, at both of which the ceremonies are most impressive, and the "Lamentations" and "Miserere" well sung. On Good Friday evening I went, in accordance with the suggestion of a Roman friend, to the church of the "Bambino Jesu," belonging to the convent of Benedictine Nuns, in the quarter of the Monte. The office of "Tenebræ" was chanted by the sisterhood, one of whom sang the "Lamentations" and the "Miserere" with thrilling effect. The demeanour of the congregation, which was exclusively Roman, was most edifying. The church is moreover attractive from its early Christian associations, being opposite that of St. Pudentiana, of which Cardinal Wiseman is titular patron.

ROME, Sunday.—The Pope officiated to-day at High Mass, and gave the benediction *urbi et orbi*. The French and Pontifical armies were present on the occasion. The weather was magnificent, and the concourse of people immense, including a large number of foreigners. His Holiness was cheered.

APRIL 11, 1863.—If it be true, as theologians opine, that there is a relation of *kind* as well as of *degree*, between punishment, and the guilt of which it is the consequence, there can be

nothing very improbable in the supposition (though the idea is somewhat of the Dante style) that amidst the inflictions to which retributive justice may subject the imperial monster Nero, may be that of witnessing, on the spot once the theatre of his cruelties, the triumph of Christianity, as symbolised by the illumination of St. Peter's.

This, the most striking of all the Paschal demonstrations, was never more effectively exhibited than on last Sunday. A serene, but partially over-cast atmosphere, joined to the absence of the moon, produced just sufficient gloom to bring the first, and less brilliant illumination into strong relief; but when the change of lights took place, and the details of the colossal architecture of the dome and façade became visible in lines of blazing *flambeaux*, the effect was surpassingly fine, causing many a Catholic heart amongst the thousands of spectators to throb with emotion at this sublime commemoration of the most consoling dogma of our faith.

The morning function in St. Peter's, at which the Holy Father sang the Mass, was as usual imposing, with its accompaniments of fine chanting and impressive ceremonial. At the conclusion the Pope was carried in state to the grand loggia, whence he imparted the solemn benediction, *urbi et orbi*. The Piazza, which fascinates the artistic eye by its picturesque aspect on similar occasions, was filled by an immense assemblage, in which every condition of life and every country of the globe, from Tasmania to Nova Zembla, was represented. The voice of the Holy Father on this occasion, as on Thursday, was remarkable for strength and distinctness. The fireworks on Monday evening were brilliant in the extreme, and more than once elicited bursts of applause from the thousands who witnessed them. The last rocket of the "Girandola," however, had scarcely exploded, when the streets began to echo with the roll of departing equipages, and since then the general "exodus" has been going on, as if the atmosphere of Rome had become suddenly pestilential, as the last of the Paschal celebrations had ended.

Passing to a different topic, it may not be uninteresting to your readers (the more so as the matter has been alluded to in some of the English papers) to refer to the case of the Roman girl who is reported to have been the subject of a miraculous cure wrought by the intercession of the saintly young French Zouave, Guérin, who died of wounds received at the battle of Castelfidardo. The girl, who is the niece of the Curé of the

church of St. Roch here, is about fifteen years of age. She has been for three years a sufferer from a nervous disease, which occasionally assumed the form of convulsive paroxysms. About a year since, she became totally blind ; and this would appear to have been owing to paralysis of the optic nerve, as a French physician, it is stated, having raised her eyelids and exposed the pupil to the direct action of the sun's rays, no contraction took place. About a week before her recovery, she also lost the power of utterance. Finding that her symptoms baffled all medical treatment, she and her family commenced a novena, with the intention of obtaining the intercession of the French soldier, of whom they had previously heard. One morning after the devotion had begun, and while the girl was in a slumber, she says that he appeared to her, and bade her have courage. On awaking soon after, she found her voice and speech restored. A similar apparition occurred a few days after, when she was again asleep, and on then awaking, she found she could see as well as ever. Since then she has not had a relapse, but her state is still represented as one of extreme debility. Her mother and those who have been about her, seem satisfied that the recovery of sight and of speech is unquestionably owing to supernatural agency, and have accordingly made a thanksgiving. Many have been to see her, and possibly owing to the inconvenience of so many visitors, she has removed to a suburban villa, outside the Porta Massore.

ROME, April 18, 1863.—Where prejudice stands in the way, and impedes the correct appreciation of what is passing around us, it would be difficult to determine the amount of evidence necessary to bring conviction to some minds ; but it appears to me, that after the remarkable demonstration of which this city was the scene on Sunday last, to question any longer the popularity of the Holy Father, and the increasing favour which his cause is obtaining with the Roman people, would imply a degree of scepticism not unworthy of Pyrrho himself.

The associations of the day, it is true, imparted to it a two-fold interest, as it was not only the anniversary of the Pope's return from Gaeta, but also of his marvellous escape on the occasion of the accident at St. Agnese, outside Rome. But after a residence here of twelve years, I cannot bring to mind any manifestation approaching that of Sunday in its universality, and I may add, in the fervour of the enthusiasm displayed.

The Holy Father, wishing to divest his visit as much as possible of the character of an ovation, had no arrangements

made, on the previous evening, for proceeding at an early hour to St. Agnese, and accordingly a very general impression existed, even amongst those who were supposed to have been best informed, that His Holiness would not go till the afternoon; yet such was the *empressment* of the Romans to see, and do honour to Pius IX., that numbers, speculating merely on the possibility of his going to the morning function, repaired to the church at an early hour; nor were their calculations incorrect, for about ten o'clock the cheering in the direction of the Porta Pia, and soon after the helmets of the Guardia Nobile, reflecting the rays of a brilliant morning sun, heralded the approach of the Holy Father. The thousands already congregated belonged to all classes of society, and on the Pope's arrival they one and all gave way to the most unrestrained demonstrations. Hats and handkerchiefs were waved, and flowers strewn round the Pontifical carriage, and the welkin rang with vociferous *evivas*, which continued until the Holy Father entered the church. After remaining some time in prayer before the Blessed Sacrament, His Holiness then visited the community attached to the church, admitting them, and some privileged strangers, to do the usual homage of the "*baccio dei piedi*;" after which he returned to town, the same scene being repeated on his departure. In the evening the city was brilliantly illuminated, and to such an extent as I have never seen equalled on any former occasion. The narrowest and most obscure streets, to the inhabitants of which the expenditure of a few *baiocchi* in the purchase of oil would have been a consideration, had their ranges of lamps, the only exception to this general expression of joy having been in the English quarter, some few houses occupied by our country-people in the Piazza di Spagna, and the streets leading thence to the Corso, having exhibited no lights. Happily imagined luminous devices appeared on several palaces and private houses, while the façades of some of the churches, of the "Minerva" and of the "Jesu" for instance, had their pediments, columns, and richly-carved entablatures, traced in lines of brilliant illumination. The fountain in the "Piazza Novona," with its beautifully-sculptured figures, was also lighted up, and is said to have been one of the most attractive sights of the evening. The behaviour of the people is a charming feature in Roman festivities, and though the streets were crowded on Sunday night, I have not heard of a single mishap, or impropriety, or a single case for police interference. What a contrast to nocturnal London.

I may here mention that a gentleman who came from Eng-

land to Rome to be present at the Easter ceremonies, and, who, on the night before he left London saw the illuminations there, assures me that brilliant and imposing as they were, they could bear no comparison with those of which the Holy Father was the honoured object. In London the principal thoroughfares and public places were lighted, whereas here the inhabitants of every quarter, high and low, seemed to vie with each other in endeavouring to contribute to the general effect. The richly-ornamented shrine erected in front of the "Minerva," bearing 3,000 lamps, all arranged with artistic taste, not to mention the other objects of a similar kind in different parts of the city, quite eclipsed any of the spectacles in the London illuminations. Viewed as *criteria* of both nations' loyalty to their respective sovereigns, the remark of my friend was, "If Queen Victoria is loved by her subjects the Pope is more so." The Queen of Naples, the calumniated wife of Francis II., having arrived in Rome a few days ago, went with her husband this morning to the Vatican, to pay their respects to His Holiness. Several English aware of the intended visit of their Majesties, and wishing to show them some testimony of their regard, were already stationed at the grand entrance as they descended from their carriage. The Queen was looking well, and to judge from her cheerful and happy expression, the object of her long sojourn in her native land has been perfectly accomplished. Francis is also improved in look. He is a fine young man, and his countenance which was lighted up with a smile, bore no traces whatever of past trials and misfortunes. His affability and extreme cordiality of manner was perceptible on descending the stairs, after the audience, as he recognised and saluted Mr. Selby, one of the English party, with a "Buon giorno, Signor Commandante Selby."

Cardinal Pentini's letter in the *Roman Journal* of the 13th inst., set at rest the rumours so industriously propagated by the English papers, as to his having demurred to take the usual form of oath on the occasion of his being raised to the Purple. Those who best know him are satisfied that whatever liberality may characterise his political views, his attachment and devotion to the Holy See are beyond question. I have just learned from an authentic source that two volumes containing notes of the trials of Venantio and Fausti, have been stolen from the house of the judge who presides at the trial. The iron safe in which the records of the court were kept was broken open, and the documents thus abstracted. This robbery, to which much importance is attached, occurred two days ago, and is supposed to have been

accomplished through the agency of the Revolutionary Committee, whose gold, unhappily, finds more than one guilty recipient in this city.

ROME, APRIL 19, 1863.—We are now at the end of Lent, and as usual at this season, crowds of visitors are here. The increased facilities of locomotion, while adding to the number, has also imparted greater variety to the classes of strangers; and instead of being the exclusive privilege of the aristocracy and wealthy valetudinarian, as in former days, the tour to Rome with its incidents and episodes, figures now amongst the roadside reminiscences of the well-conditioned shopkeeper and artizan. Nor do the fair daughters of Albion fail to contribute their contingent to the ranks of travellers, as I, in common with other quiet residents here in "pursuit of knowledge under difficulties," have but too much reason to know. It may be an imagination on my part, or vanity may interpret the fact as indicative of improvement in my mental perception, but I have latterly acquired a more defined idea of a solecism in "*local convenance*," from occasionally encountering in my archæological rambles, the conventional adjunct of the modern toilet, in its most *outré* proportions—sometimes brushing along the classic pavement of some ancient temple, or sweeping through the narrow passages of a catacomb. To the physical embarrassment arising from such *rencontres* is not unfrequently superadded a problem in physiognomy, the solution of which would prove a poser to Lavater himself, for a passing glance often reveals to me an Anglo-Saxon face of most unintellectual expression, and I pass on instinctively adopting the interrogatory of Melibæus: *Et quæ tanta fuit tibi causa Romam videndi*, which, for the benefit of your unclassical readers, I would render—What possible motive can you have in visiting Rome? It is however in the churches, and especially during the solemn functions of this season, that the pious Catholic is most incommoded by the obtrusion of our Protestant countrypeople, whose demeanour on these occasions often proves that they have come from other than the proper motives. These annoyances, however, are about to cease for the present, as the fireworks on Monday evening inaugurate the period of general dispersion; and then, as if the atmosphere of the city became suddenly pestilential, the echoes of the "Girandola" scarcely die away ere the streets resound with the noise of departing equipages. What a strange delusion this is, and how truly enjoyable Rome then becomes, amidst the charms of repose and solitude, can only be appreciated by those who

linger on. I myself have done so in former years till the middle of June, and my sojourn during that period has furnished me with many agreeable recollections, especially of my morning walks, for then is the time for exercise. The evenings here have also peculiar charms, and towards the middle of May a new feature is superadded to the attractions of the twilight hour, in the reappearance of the firefly, myriads of which flit about and relieve the gathering gloom by their brilliant coruscations. The enjoyment of these night scenes, however, so congenial to the student of nature, and so suggestive of the beauties and glories of creation, is not unattended with danger, as the atmosphere of the plantations and leafy coverts under which the creatures love to display their phosphorescence, is generally humid, and often charged with miasmatic exhalations.

Passing to the world of politics, I am happy to say things are latterly beginning to wear a more hopeful aspect. Whether the open advocacy of red republicanism in the Genoese assembly and the escapades of Garibaldi, have alarmed the Governments of Europe, and caused them to apprehend danger at their own doors I know not, but the fact is evident, that the pretensions of the Italian revolutionists have latterly met with less favour, even with your own ministry ; though Lord Palmerston (as is shown by his late bigoted and very illogical reply to Sir G. Bowyer) still clings with unprincipled pertinacity to the seizure of Rome and the destruction of the temporal power of the Pope. The check-strings, however, seem to have been drawn at the Tuilleries and it seems generally understood that Louis Napoleon will not countenance any further spoliation, and that at least the patrimony of St. Peter will be guaranteed by France. The feeling here of attachment and loyalty to the Holy Father, even as a temporal Sovereign, can no longer be questioned, and of this we have had lately some remarkable demonstrations. Saturday week having been the anniversary of his return from Gaeta, and also of his marvellous preservation at St. Agnese outside the walls, in '54, he proceeded to that church to commemorate the event by a solemn thanksgiving. His reception (at which I was present) by a vast assemblage of all classes, was the most enthusiastic I have ever witnessed during many years' residence here ; numbers of the Roman nobility were there, and were amongst the most demonstrative. The scene, both on his arrival and departure, was such as I shall not soon forget—many wept, and though my lachrymatory organs do not latterly evince the sensibility of former years, I am not quite sure that my own eyes were not bedewed.

The city was illuminated in the evening on a grand scale. The various beautiful and ingeniously contrived luminous devices were eloquent of reverential and loyal sentiments. To add to the effect, the night was lovely, and many of the population were out of doors. It did not escape observation, however, that a few windows in the Corso and neighbouring streets had no lights, and it is now well known that these correspond with the apartments of some English who availed themselves of this opportunity of testifying their gratitude for the courtesy and paternal protection they experience from the head of the Church during their stay in Rome. The functions of the holy week at St. Peter's and the Sistine, have been celebrated with the usual magnificence and an immense number of distinguished strangers attended. The Holy Father went through the ceremonies with less appearance of fatigue than usual. I saw him last evening (Good Friday) at St. Peter's venerating the relics, and he walked through the church with remarkable vigour. Amongst other notable persons whom a German friend pointed out to me yesterday, at St. Peter's, was Liszt, the famous pianist and composer, and a recent convert. His attention seemed concentrated on the large Roman missal which he held before him. Herman, his quondam friend, has been for some time a Carmelite Friar. As to Naples I have said nothing, but there can no longer be any doubt as to the formidable and utterly irrepressible character of the reactionary movement. The reliable because reluctant testimony of the adverse journals precludes all scepticism on the subject, and even the flowing periods of the Turinese correspondent of the *Times*, Gallenga, attests the fact in terms not to be mistaken. Whether patriotism or attachment to the fallen dynasty forms the ground of hostility to Piedmontese rule, or whether it originated in the exasperating policy of the usurper is immaterial. It is certain that the days of Piedmontese usurpation are numbered. According to the Neapolitan correspondent of the *Augsburg Gazette* there are at present at Naples 80 regiments of the line, 13,000 mobilized national guards, the Hungarian legion; and the local national guards, besides the Garibaldian and Greek rebels, all employed during the past year with no other result than that the bands of the so-called Brigands are stronger than ever, while the lives and property of the nation are at the mercy of licentious soldiery. With the disappearance of chivalry so eloquently deplored by Burke, the spirit of honour and international justice seems to have also departed, else European nations

would not have tolerated the late wanton aggressions of Piedmont ;—but her day of retribution is fast approaching, as is evidenced by the embarrassment of her finances, the discontent of the people and the increasing ascendancy of the Mazzinians, and when the time of her humiliation and punishment arrives, she can have little claim to the sympathy of other nations.

ROME, May 10, 1863.—It is amongst the unhappy characteristic of this so-called age of progress that there is a disposition to ignore the “supernatural,” and in the development of events, whether in public or in private, affecting the interests of families or nations to recognise only the agency of material and secondary causes. With Bishop Colenso impugning the veracity of Genesis and Dr. Stanley’s scoffing critiques on the topography of the book of “Exodus,” we cannot be surprised at the sceptical and pantheistic tendencies of the day ; nor are the darker shades of the picture at all relieved by the appearance on the social horizon of a class of individuals who, under the name of Spiritualists or “Media” profess to hold communication with the invisible world and whose pretended revelations, so utterly unworthy of the Supreme Being, and so offensive to common sense, not unfrequently form a feature in our modern evening entertainments. Surrounded by such materialising influences, or rather immersed in such an atmosphere of unbelief, how consoling for the Christian (though his faith should be independent of such extrinsic support), when Divine Power vouchsafes to reveal itself more immediately, and grants as a concession to prayer, a result which, according to the ordinary course of things (“*servatis naturæ legibus*”), could not have happened. These general observations have been suggested by the case of Mademoiselle Pomponi, the Roman girl, whose wonderful recovery I alluded to in a former communication. I was then only able to report to you the general impression of the facts prevalent in Rome, I am now in a position to speak from personal cognisance. Visiting some days ago, Father Cardella, of the Roman College, our conversation happening to touch on this extraordinary case, the Rev. Father told me he had seen the girl, and gave me the circumstances as related to him by herself. Finding that they accorded with all I had previously heard, I felt increased interest in the matter, and on my expressing a wish to see her and judge for myself, Father C. gave me a few lines of introduction. On the following day I called accompanied by two English Catholic gentlemen. At first we were informed that we could not then see her, as her uncle, the Curé, who generally introduced

strangers, had just gone out ; however, on presenting Father C.'s note, we were shown upstairs. After a short delay, in a respectably-furnished reception room, an interesting, modest-looking girl, attired in black, entered, accompanied by an old lady. After an interchange of salutations, and having apologised for the intrusion, I informed the old lady that we were Catholics and, having heard of the miraculous recovery, came for the purpose of obtaining authentic details, as we felt deeply interested in the subject. The grandmother (for such she was) then told us that the girl had been for years a victim to epileptic convulsions, which recurred at short intervals, and so reduced her strength that she became altogether bed-ridden. Various remedies were tried under the best medical advice, but without any apparent benefit, and about a year ago her sufferings underwent a painful augmentation in the loss of her sight. After one of her usual convulsive paroxysms, she became totally blind, so as to have lost all perception of light. In this state she continued until last January, when another distressing symptom was added to those already existing in her suddenly losing her voice and speech. Her teeth, moreover, became permanently closed, so that food had to be administered to her in a liquid form. On one occasion, while in this seemingly hopeless state, a friend of the family called to see her, and for the first time mentioned the extraordinary recoveries said to have been wrought by the intercession of the French Zouave, suggesting to her to pray to him, and giving her at the same time his photograph. From that time, she says, she never allowed a day to pass without invoking his intercession, and though there was no intermission in her symptoms, she speaks of having felt a secret assurance of her ultimate recovery. One morning in the beginning of March, while yet asleep, she imagined she saw a person distinctly before her who asked her what she wanted. She replied the restoration of her sight. On which she instantly awoke, and found her voice and power of utterance had come back, but she still remained blind. Finding, however that her strength had perfectly returned, she got up and dressed herself, to the surprise and joy of her family, and was conducted to the church to make a thanksgiving. Two days after which, at the same hour in the morning, and while yet in a state of slumber, she had the same apparition, On this occasion she asked the person what he wanted, and he said he came to restore her to health, and on awakening at the moment she found she could see as well as ever. On the portrait of the Zouave being presented to her soon

after, she instantly recognised the countenance as that of the apparition. Since then she has continued in health without the slightest recurrence of her former symptoms, though she looks pale and her face has an expression of delicacy. Such are the main facts of this extraordinary case, which continues to be much spoken of, though I have not heard that it has undergone any official investigation. I have been informed that the Holy Father, on hearing of the facts, without expressing any opinion, merely observed that still more extraordinary things would be heard of in connection with Guerin.

One of the centres of attraction this week in Rome was the church of St. Chrysogono beyond the Tiber, where a "triduo" was held in honour of St. Michael di Sanctis, one of the lately canonised Saints, and of the Order of Trinitarians. The church which belongs to this Order, was magnificently decorated for the occasion, the expenditure for which purpose having been on an extraordinary scale, and the illumination of the interior is described as not inferior in brilliancy to that of St. Peter's at Rome, on the solemn occasion of the canonisation last year, allowance being made for the proportions of the respective edifices. The functions during each day of the "triduo" were well attended, and by all classes of the people. The music, too, both vocal and instrumental, in which the principal artistic talent of Rome was employed, was beautiful and impressive. On the evening of the third day there was a grand "Te Deum," and the whole ended with a brilliant display of fireworks.

At a re-union of the academy of "Quirites" at the Palazzo Altieri, on Wednesday evening, Dr. Manning read an elaborate and eloquent dissertation on the History and Destinies of Rome. He particularly dwelt on the sublime mission which she is called on to fulfil in virtue of her *moral*, as distinguished from her *political* primacy. To attempt anything approaching to analysis of this admirable composition would be altogether beyond the limits of my letter. It is sufficient to say that it was fully appreciated by a numerous and distinguished audience, and by the Roman public generally; in proof of which I may mention that four columns of the evening paper, *Osservatore di Roma*, of to-day, are devoted to laudatory comments and extracts.

The health of the Holy Father continues unimpaired, notwithstanding his attendance at the Easter functions, his numerous audiences, and other fatiguing duties. It was hoped that he would have consented to pass a couple of weeks at his marine residence at Porta d'Anzio, as the sea air has always been

of benefit to him. His Holiness, however, could not be prevailed on to make the visit, on account of the expense, and after some difficulty has only agreed to make an excursion of a few days to the Southern frontier of the Papal States. He has arranged to leave Rome by special train for Velletri, on the 5th of May, where he sleeps and passes the following day. On the 7th, the Pope resumes his journey on the railway to Frosinone, and remains there the entire of the 8th, His Holiness goes on the 9th to Anagn, and returns the same day to Frosinone. On the 10th he proceeds by railway to Ceprano and on the next day makes a visit to the celebrated Carthusian Monastery at Casa Mare. On the 12th His Holiness returns to Rome. The documents containing reports of the Venantio Fausti trial—stolen a few days since from the Judge's chambers, and carried to Naples, were it appears, but lithographed duplicates, the originals fortunately having escaped. The robbery, however, will have the unpleasant result of disclosing the names of the witnesses, whose lives, if they venture to remain here, will be at the mercy of the secret assassin. The Secretary of the late Bishop of Ariant, Monsignore Caputo, whose sudden and melancholy death occurred some months ago, has lately come to Rome, and thrown himself at the feet of the Holy Father. He has, it is said, expressed the most bitter regret for his connivance at, and participation in, the acts of the late Bishop, of whose last moments he gives, I have been told, a most lamentable account. The Secretary wishes to spend the remainder of his life in seclusion, and only waits in Rome till the Holy Father assigns him some suitable monastery wherein to devote himself to penance and make reparation for the past.

ROME, MAY 14, 1863.—The departure of the Holy Father for the Southern frontier, which was arranged for the 5th did not take place till the 11th instant. The indisposition which occasioned the postponement, though slight in character, was considerably magnified by rumour, and circumstances super-added which had no existence except in the imaginations of the inventors, but which met with ready credence in this region of *gobemouches*, where all kinds of absurdities are swallowed, if they only accord with a favourite theory. Thus it was generally reported that Victor Emmanuel, on hearing of the Pope's intended visit to Ceprano, had ordered La Marmora to repair to the frontier, and with the troops which he had at his disposal, pay such military honours to the Holy Father as it is customary on similar occasions for one neighbouring sovereign to offer

to another ; that on this becoming known at the Vatican, considerable embarrassment was occasioned, and a conference of ministers immediately held, at which the Pope expressed his readiness to receive the proffered tributes of respect, but that Cardinal Antonelli was uncompromising, and was altogether opposed to the acceptance of the olive branch in any form from such sacrilegious hands, unless previously purified by the restoration of the States of the Church, and the restitution of the spoliated monastic property, &c. These and similar *canards*, which were for some days current in this city, are too absurd and contemptible to require a formal contradiction. The progress of the Holy Father on his way to the railway on Monday evening was, as usual, quite an ovation ; but on his arriving at the station, where there was already an immense assemblage of all classes, including some of the leading princely families in their private equipages, the demonstration reached its climax. Having had occasion, however, more than once in my recent communications, to describe similar scenes, it will suffice for the present to say, that all seemed to vie with each other in manifesting their devotion, and doing homage to Pius IX. It was gratifying to observe how well he appeared, while his countenance was lighted up with a benignant smile, as he acknowledged the enthusiastic greetings of the people, and gave his benediction. On taking his seat in the state carriage, he was accompanied by Monsignori Talbot and Merode. The train started at five, p.m. for Velletri, where the Pope remained for the night being about twenty-eight miles from Rome.

The first day's journey of the Holy Father will have, then, considerably exceeded that which a remarkable Pagan made some 2,000 years ago, in the [same direction, who, in his famous poetical itinerary, informs us that he was satisfied with reaching l'Aricia, a town little more than half the way.* The expenditure of time in the two cases may, moreover, be regarded as a significant exponent of the respective eras as to rapidity of locomotion, for while Pius IX. accomplished the distance in little more than an hour, Horace, as we may infer from his diary, consumed an entire day on the journey. The reception of the Pope is described as surpassing anything witnessed there. The quiet little town had quite lost its ordinary dull aspect, and its festive decoration is said to have undergone such a transformation as to be scarcely recognised. The Holy Father remained

* *Egressum magna me excepit Aricia Roma.*

there over Tuesday, and paid a visit to the Abazia, a property in the neighbourhood, which was recently presented to the Pope by the Duke of Sermoneta, and on which he is about establishing a Convent of the Passionist Order, the building for which purpose being at present in course of erection. The church of the pre-existing monastery having fallen into decay, a new and costly structure in the Gothic style has just been raised on the same site by order and at the expense of the Holy Father, and dedicated, as was the ancient one, to Saints Peter and Stephen. The associations of the Abazia (abbey of Valvisciolo), which occupies a romantic and commanding position in the gorge of the mountains, overlooking the ancient Latium and the Pontine Marches, go back to a remote period. It was occupied as early as the seventh century by a congregation of Greek ascetics who continued to reside there for more than a century, when the invasion of the Saracens and the lawlessness and insecurity of the times led to its abandonment. During the twelfth century it was converted into a fortress by the Knights Templar, who held it for a long period, when it ultimately became a monastery of Cistercians (*strictioris observantie*) and remained so till the end of the last century, when the events consequent on the French Revolution occasioned its suppression. Since then, this fine old ruin, so full of historic interest, has been gradually falling into decay, and from the solitude of its position, had been almost forgotten. Being a feudal possession of the noble family of Sermoneta, the present Duke recently made it over to the Pope. On the morning of his visit to the monastery, His Holiness rose early, and having said Mass in the private chapel of the Delegate, Monsignore Vitale, at whose palace, in Velletri, he was staying, and having completed all the other preparations for the journey, was already in his carriage, and *en route* at 8, a.m. The Holy Father, in addition to his Camerieri and personal attendants, was accompanied by a body of the French Lancers stationed at Velletri, and also by two squadrons of the Papal Dragoons. On reaching Cisterna, eight miles distant, on the borders of the Pontine Marches, the entire population of the town and neighbourhood were assembled in the streets, and gave the most unrestrained expression to their joy at the arrival of the Holy Father. Nothing was neglected to render the occasion festive. Triumphant arches spanned the streets, and in the principal square was erected an obelisk in imitation of that which exists in the "Piazza del Popolo" here. The Holy Father remained at Cisterna for a couple of hours, during which he visited the prin-

cipal church, and gave audience to the Clergy and leading families of the town and neighbourhood, permitting them to offer the accustomed homage, and finally imparting Apostolic Benediction. He then resumed his route for the Abazia, the road to which, running inwards to the left, along the border of the Pontine Marches, and soon commencing to ascend towards Sermoneta, crosses on its way some narrow ravines, and further on a formidable chasm, the passage of which, in winter, when it becomes the bed of a mountain torrent, is often fatal to travellers, but over which Pius IX. has lately had erected a stone bridge, said to be a magnificent specimen of Roman engineering. The progress of the Pontifical *cortège* along this romantic and unfrequented route is described as something singularly interesting. The neighbouring peasantry, in their peculiar costumes, appeared in great numbers along the road and on the heights of the rocky precipices under which it passed, thus giving a strikingly picturesque aspect to the scene. The Holy Father reached the Abazia about 1, p.m. The rural population of the neighbouring districts, headed by the Bishop of Terracina, to whose diocese the Abazia belongs, accompanied by the Chapter from Sermoneta, with the clergy and monks from the adjoining monasteries, were already assembled in great numbers, and such a reception was given as must have rejoiced the heart of the Holy Father. After entering the new Church and passing some time in prayer before the Blessed Sacrament, he proceeded to inspect the works in progress of construction, after which His Holiness gave audience to the clergy and several of the laity, and was then conducted to dinner, at which he was joined by his suite and the principal ecclesiastics and laity who attended. Having had a short interval of repose after dinner, His Holiness ascended to the Sacristy, and there deposited the ciboriums, chalices, and vestments, which he brought for the services in the new church. Before leaving, the Holy Father ascended a "loggia" or lofty balcony, specially erected for the occasion, and gave his Benediction to the numerous assemblage. The "green" in front of the monastery presented a picturesque aspect, covered as it was with "marquees" and the various rustic conveyances of the peasantry. The Holy Father took his departure at 6, and reached Velletri, at 8, p.m., not much fatigued by the journey.

The recent debates in the House of Commons on the Italian question have not passed unnoticed here; and though we are already pretty well accustomed to misrepresentation in that

quarter, yet Lord Palmerston's gratuitously false statement as to the encouragement given to reaction here has excited no ordinary feeling of indignation and disgust. The assertion that 200 men have been equipped at Rome and sent to the frontier is a pure invention, and my contradiction is the more unqualified, as I have information on the subject from the best authority. The King of Naples, no less than the Pope, has been for a considerable time a passive spectator of events. *Aspettiano agli avvenimenti* describes his present attitude and sentiments as well as those of the Holy Father. They may well wait on events and trust in the future, seeing the present suicidal policy of the Turinese Government, the exasperating and unprincipled measures of which are the best promoters of reaction. Mr. Gladstone's observations in the same debate were hardly more felicitous, and his allusion to "moral force," as a means of realising the Utopian idea of Metropolitan Rome, was utterly unworthy of the otherwise clear sighted Minister of Finance. He may excite the admiration of his contemporaries by the variety of his accomplishments and the brilliancy of his versatile genius — he may acquire pre-eminence as an able economist and statesman, and even be known to future generations as the Demosthenes of his day, enchaining his auditory by the beauty and fecundity of his periods, and the fascination of his golden-mouthed eloquence; but if he wait for the consummation of which he appears so sanguine, he will be likely to be in the position of the stolid rustic on the river's bank, whom Horace adopts as the apt illustration of endless expectancy.

Fausti's trial which was to have begun on the 14th, has been deferred till the 29th instant, owing to a successful application of his advocate, nor is it quite certain that it will be even then commenced. The investigation, has, it is believed, already led to some extraordinary and scarcely credible disclosures, some of them most compromising to an exalted personage in a neighbouring kingdom. As to Fausti himself though nobody entertains a doubt of his guilt, and of his hypocritical knavery, yet it is much feared that owing to French interference the trial will not be attended with such results as justice may require.

ROME, MAY 16, 1863.—The fatigues of Tuesday do not appear to have made much impression on the Holy Father, as he was able to resume his journey at an early hour on Wednesday. Having gone through the usual spiritual exercises of the morning, and given audience to a few persons, he left Velletri at

10, a.m., and though the train stopped at Valmontane and other towns on the line, in order to afford an opportunity to the Holy Father to receive the addresses of the municipalities, and to give his benediction to the inhabitants assembled at the stations, the train reached Frosinone before 12, where a reception awaited him similar to that of Velletri, but somewhat on what musicians call the "crescendo" scale. The Bishop and Chapter, with a deputation from the Chapter of Veroli, and the leading inhabitants, met the Holy Father as he descended from the train, and conducted him to the splendidly-decorated saloon arranged for the occasion, whence, after a short delay, in receiving the homage of a few privileged ecclesiastics and laics, His Holiness proceeded in his carriage to ascend the steep road leading to the city, accompanied by multitudes, and escorted by the French soldiers doing duty at Frosinone, and also by a squadron of Pontifical cavalry. He took up his abode at the Delegates residence, and soon after entering the palace he re-appeared at the balcony, and gave his benediction to the immense crowd assembled in front, when such a demonstration took place as could not be easily described, and which must have afforded infinite gratification to the Holy Father. The remainder of the day was devoted to receiving deputations from the neighbouring towns, and in visiting the convents, monasteries, and various public establishments. Ascension Thursday, however, was the great day at Frosinone, and in the archives of the city it is recorded that on the same festival in the year 1727, Benedict XIII. honoured the inhabitants with a visit. The day, which was gloriously fine even for Italy, had scarcely dawned when a loud discharge of rockets awoke the inhabitants from their slumbers, and as the first beams of the morning sun shot over the horizon, the approaches to the town and the hills in the vicinity were observed to be swarming with people wending their way to Frosinone. Every description of conveyance seemed to have been in requisition for the occasion, from the well-appointed equipage of the wealthy proprietor, and "*Mercante di Campagna*" to the humble one-horse *caretino* of the farmer. Waggon's also might be seen, drawn by oxen, and containing entire families of the rural population, coming from the remotest parts of the province and even beyond the frontier of the Abruzzi, as evidenced by their peculiar and picturesque costumes, all hastening to do honour to Pius IX. and to obtain his benediction. The Holy Father said Mass in the private chapel of the Bishop, and afterwards assisted at another in the public church. As the hour of 12 o'clock ap-

proached, it would be difficult indeed to convey an idea of the appearance which Frosinone presented when the Holy Father ascended the *loggia* to impart the Benediction. Besides the immense assemblage in the square below, the windows and roofs of the houses, the tops of the surrounding hills, and every available eminence from which the face of the Holy Father could be seen, was occupied. For some minutes a solemn and most impressive silence reigned through the immense assemblage, the stillness of anxious expectation, but as the Holy Father pronounced the words of Benediction, and the clear and distinct tones of his voice had died away, and the formula of the plenary indulgence was read, the enthusiasm of the multitude previously restrained found utterance in a loud and prolonged shout of exultation. The bells of the monasteries and churches in the town and neighbouring heights, rung out merry peals, and mortars appropriately placed for that purpose, awoke the echoes of the surrounding valleys and such a scene of general rejoicing took place, accompanied in the case of many individuals by the most expressive demonstrations, as must have satisfied Pius IX. that he reigns enthroned in the affections of his people. After the ceremony of the Benediction, His Holiness retired to the throne-room where he passed more than an hour in familiar converse with the members of the Court and some distinguished strangers. Amongst those present were the Bishop of Clifton and Lord Campden, who arrived in Rome only a few days ago. The Holy Father was in excellent health and spirits, and delighted all present by the happy and cheerful tone of his conversation. Fireworks and illuminations terminated the festivities of the day. On Friday morning he was to have left Frosinone and proceeded by the ordinary road to Veroti and Ceprano. The route of the Holy Father on his way thither lies altogether amongst the ancient Volscian mountains amidst scenery of the wildest and most romantic character, much resorted to by artists, and rendered familiar on the canvas of Salvator Rosa, and Claude of Lorraine, some of whose charming landscapes have their originals in this part of the Italian peninsula. Before returning to Rome, the Holy Father was to have visited the monasteries of Trisulti Casamari, and also the old Pelasgic City of Alatri, famous for its Cyclopean walls.

ROME, MAY 23, 1863.—The Pope returned to Rome on Wednesday evening. For several hours previously the extensive area in front of the station (the Piazza dei Termini, as it is called), and the avenues leading thereto were occupied by a dense

concourse of all classes in eager expectation of the Holy Father's arrival, the exact hour of which appeared not to have been generally known. The Italianissimi, to whose revolutionary palates such demonstrations of Pio Nono's popularity are as the bitterest wormwood, left no means untried to lessen the attendance, and amongst other ingenious and lying artifices employed for that purpose, a rumour was industriously circulated for some days previously, that the Holy Father's return would not take place till Thursday. Their efforts, however, happily proved ineffectual, and perhaps on no similar occasion have I seen so great a number of all classes assembled. The Roman aristocracy were represented by several members of the princely families in their showy and well-appointed equipages; the ecclesiastical body too, with the students from the colleges, schools, and various public institutions, appeared in considerable numbers; but the mass of this immense concourse consisted of the *bourgeoisie*, entire families of whom, in their gayest holiday attire, both on foot and in carriages, came to offer a cordial and joyous welcome to Pio Nono. The inhabitants of the Trastevere quarter also rallied in large numbers, distinguished by their picturesque costumes, and striking physiognomy. Several were on the ground as early as 4 o'clock, and gradually increased till 6, when there could not have been less than 10,000. What was chiefly to be admired was that during the several hours of anxious expectation there was not the slightest appearance of discontent or of indecorous levity, such as not unfrequently marks the behaviour of large assemblages of our countrymen on similar occasions, and though as the hour of the "Ave Maria" arrived, several of the members of the colleges and other institutions were obliged to leave; the masses who remained awaited in quiet expectation the event which they came to celebrate. The sun had already disappeared for some time; the twilight, so momentary in this climate, had also passed away, and everything became dimly visible, as the shadows of night, relieved only by a few lamps at distant intervals, gathered over the scene, when, about a quarter past eight o'clock, the distant sound of the railway whistle, and soon after the discharge of some brilliant rockets, announced the approach of the long-looked for train, which in a few minutes arrived. The Holy Father, after ascending from the state carriage, entered the saloon at the station, where he delayed a few moments to receive the homage and felicitations of a privileged few. His exit from the station was signified by a further discharge of rockets. The guns of St. Angelo immediately

responded, and the bells of the principal churches rang out in jubilant peals. The entire area, too, over which the gloom of night had previously settled, was suddenly lighted up with an artificial illumination, a "bengalo," so that every object became distinctly visible, including even the countenance of the Holy Father.

These lights were continued during the entire route to the Vatican. The Holy Father looked well and happy, and has evidently benefited by his absence in the country. As the *cortège* advanced, the masses assembled gave unrestrained expression to their joy in a universal cheer, which was repeated again and again. Above all the din of exultation could be distinctly heard the characteristic exclamation, never latterly omitted in these demonstrations of "*Viva Pio Nono Ré Pontifice.*" Notwithstanding the unmistakable character of this reception, it is not improbable we shall have a very different version of it in the columns of the *Times*, from the pen of some mercenary scribe, of which class more than one is to be found in Rome, with their stereotyped phrases and sentiments ever ready to suit the views of the "Lady of the Strand;" you, however, and your readers are in a position to attach their proper value to such reports.

When the length of the journey on Wednesday is taken into account, and the various and fatiguing duties which the Holy Father had to perform on the way, come to be known, instead of being surprised at the lateness of his arrival at Rome, we should rather wonder at his having been able to accomplish so much in one day, and the fact of his having endured so much with apparently so little fatigue, must be interpreted as a proof of the strength of his constitution. His Holiness must have risen at sunrise on Wednesday, for, without omitting Mass or the other spiritual duties to which he devotes a portion of the early morning, and having transacted some business, and giving audience to a few, the Holy Father took his departure from Frosinone at 7, a.m. The *cortège*, escorted by the French Lancers and Pontifical dragoons reached Ferentino at nine by the ordinary road. At the gates of this old Pelasgian city, he was met by the Bishop and Chapter, with the civic authorities, who conducted him to the Cathedral, where the Holy Father assisted at the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. He then ascended the *loggia* erected for the occasion, and bestowed the Pontifical Benediction on the crowds of citizens and strangers assembled. At the episcopal residence he remained for a short time, during which he gave audience to several, and admitted many to pay

the accustomed homage of the "*baccio dei piedi*." Before leaving Ferentino His Holiness deposited in the local treasury the sum of 1,500 scudi for the foundation of a *Monte de Pieté*. His departure was marked by the same enthusiastic demonstrations as in the other localities which were honoured with his presence. He left Ferentino at half-past one o'clock, and in less than two traversed the plain which separates that city from Anagni, which he reached a little after three o'clock. The ecclesiastical and civil functionaries, headed by the Bishop, met His Holiness at the entrance of the city, and conducted him to the Cathedral, where he again assisted at Benediction, after which he gave the Apostolic Benediction from the *loggia* of the Cathedral. He then proceeded to the Episcopal Palace, where he partook of refreshments, and admitted several to pay the usual marks of homage. This city is associated with some illustrious names in the Papacy, those of Innocent III., Gregory IX., and Boniface VIII., all of whom resided there. The visit of Pius IX. will be chiefly memorable in connection with the hydraulic works by which that city will in future be supplied with water. This great undertaking so long a desideratum with the inhabitants, who had to bring that indispensable element from a considerable distance in the plain below, was originated, and its expenses borne, by Pius IX. The works were already completed under an able Italian engineer, and only awaited the Benediction of the Holy Father before being put into operation. About four o'clock His Holiness repaired to the great fountain in the principal square, where all the inhabitants and strangers were already assembled, and solemnly administered his benediction to this most useful work of art. Suddenly, as if by magic, the conduits began to play and soon filled the large fountain, to the great joy of the people. The altitude to which the water is thus raised is said to be over 600 feet. Before leaving Anagni, His Holiness left a considerable sum for the institution of a *Monte de Pieté*. His departure from Anagni took place about half-past four o'clock signalled by the most fervent demonstrations of affectionate loyalty and devotion. The Holy Father, with his previous escort, proceeded across the country to Legni, a station on the railway, which he reached by 6 o'clock, and, after a short delay, started by train for Rome, where, as we have seen, he arrived a little after 8 o'clock.

The weather has not yet become inconveniently warm, though we have had a few days of oppressive sirocco. Several English families still remain, amongst others, Lord and Lady

Campden, and the Hon. Blanche Noel. The Bishop of Clifton, after a residence here of some weeks, leaves to-morrow for England. Monsignore Woodlock, the President of the Irish Catholic University, leaves also on the same day. The Very Rev. Dr. O'Hanlon, Prefect of the Dunboyne Establishment, Maynooth, who has been passing the winter in the neighbourhood of Pau, by the advice of his physicians, arrived here a few days since in a much improved state of health.

ROME, June 5, 1863.—The first trial of Fausti for political offences having been resumed on the 29th, ended on the following day, resulting in his conviction on all the charges. He has been sentenced to penal servitude for life. Some of the facts established in this extraordinary case attest the most consummate hypocrisy on the part of this atrocious ruffian. When accused of having been in correspondence with the revolutionary committee at Turin, he vehemently, and with affected indignation, denied the charge, but a letter of his having been instantly produced addressed to their Secretary, in which he boasts, amongst other things, of his freedom from suspicion, and stating that on the same morning he had a confidential interview with Mettucci, the director of the Roman police, he was thoroughly confounded, and attempted no reply. The possession by the authorities here of this and other letters of Fausti's is explained by the fact that his treasonable correspondence, though for a considerable time known to the Roman police, was allowed to go on with a view to obtain a knowledge of the plans and full extent of the conspiracy. His communications, however, were no sooner posted here than they were abstracted and opened at the post-office. Photographed copies of them were then taken, which were placed in Fausti's envelope and forwarded to Turin, the original remaining with the Roman authorities, who in this way were kept *au courant* with all the stages of this nefarious conspiracy. When his trial on the criminal charges, including amongst others that of burning the Aliberti Theatre, the production and circulation of indecent photographs of the Queen of Naples, &c., will take place, nobody yet knows. Amongst other accomplices of his are two medical men, late *attaches* of the *Santo Spirito* Hospital, who are accused of having murdered, by a process of slow poisoning, several of the Pontifical soldiers wounded at Castelfidardo and other actions. The enormous mortality amongst the wounded in the hospitals first excited suspicion, which was confirmed by the facts afterwards brought to light. Previously to the resumption of this extraordinary trial on the 29th, Fausti's advocate made an

application for an audience with the Holy Father, which His Holiness refused, saying at the same time that he would invoke the Almighty to direct the minds of the judges and enable them to pass a sentence in conformity with the evidence placed before them.

The attention of antiquarians and artists here is just now attracted to some very interesting discoveries recently made on the site of the Villa of Livia, the wife of Augustus, seven miles outside the Porta del Popolo, on the ancient Flaminian way. The position of this villa was always known, having been frequently alluded to by Pliny and Suetonius as existing in this locality, and designated by him as the "Villa ad Gallinas," for which title various explanations are given, amongst others that of the predilection of the Imperial proprietress for poultry and birds of the pheasant tribe which abounded there. The neighbourhood is also remarkable for its early Christian associations, the battle in which the tyrant Maxentius was killed, and on the eve of which Constantine saw the apparition of the Cross in the sky, having been fought at the "Saxa Rubra" on the banks of the Tiber close by. The excavations were begun, about two months ago, by a wealthy and intelligent farmer in the neighbourhood, Signor Gagliardi, and have been since carried on with unceasing energy and assiduity. The spirited enterprise has been already rewarded by several valuable discoveries. Two of them in particular are most important, and have attracted numerous visitors. The first is a magnificent statue (heroic size), and in perfect preservation, of the Emperor Augustus deified. The expression and lineaments of the countenance are most striking, and the entire statue, which is of the finest marble, is of exquisite, most probably Grecian, workmanship. The cuirass which envelopes the figure is decorated with various mythological groups and devices emblematic of the apotheosis. The feet are detached, but, being perfectly uninjured, can be easily reunited. Our countryman, Gibson, who has been to see the statue, finds in it a vindication of his opinions on sculpture tinting, as the drapery bears distinct marks of colouring. This gem of ancient classic art will no doubt figure in the Vatican Gallery. Indeed it was currently reported to have been already purchased by the Roman Government at a large price; however, when visiting the excavations some days ago, Signor Gagliardi informed me that it was still not disposed of. The second discovery is that of a painted chamber of some thirty feet square, the walls of which are decorated with coloured arabesques, representing trees with a

profusion of fruit and foliage, and various kinds of birds on the branches. These paintings are in marvellous preservation after a lapse of 2,000 years, and are esteemed by artists to be superior in execution to anything found at Pompeii. The chamber, though situated on a hill, is at present subterranean, from the accumulation of rubbish, and, like all ancient rooms of the kind without lateral windows, having been lighted from the entrance. Other interesting objects of ancient art have also been found; amongst them several busts in marble of yet unknown personages; metallic tubes inscribed with the name of Tiberius Cæsar; tiles and bricks with some curious impressions, and other objects in glass and terra cotta.

The festival of the Corpus Christi was celebrated here on Thursday with the usual solemnity. The procession round the Piazza of St. Peter's, which is perhaps the most magnificent spectacle in all our ecclesiastical ceremonies, never took place under more favourable circumstances. There was a brilliant sun and an unclouded atmosphere, though the temperature was not inconveniently warm. The Piazza was crowded by great numbers of Romans and strangers, and as the procession advanced under the colonnade, headed by the various confraternities and monastic orders, succeeded by the Canons, Dignitaries, and Cardinals in their various costumes, and the Holy Father, carried under a gorgeous canopy, and bearing the Blessed Sacrament before him, in the Cedia Gestatoria, the voices of all chanting the hymn of the "Pange Lingua" the effect may be said to be indescribable. The rear of the procession was formed by the French and Pontifical Generals with their respective "Etats Majors," and a large section of the military. The Holy Father was looking well.

ROME, JUNE 13, 1863.—The curtain has just fallen, as my last letter informed you, on the first part of the Fausti trial, that for *political* offences. What singular disclosures we may expect when it again rises and the scene opens for the next investigation into the *criminal* charges may be imagined from the fact that the various counts in the indictment occupy 500 pages of closely written foolscap. In the meantime some extraordinary facts in anticipation of the forthcoming drama have reached me, the truth of which might well be questioned, if it had not been for the assurance given me by one of the highest official sources of the unimpeachable character of the evidence by which they are established. In order the better to appreciate the case of Fausti, and to comprehend the full extent of his guilt, of which,

hypocrisy would appear to be the chief element, I would take you and your readers back to the events of 1830, when the elder branch of the Bourbons fell, and the Citizen King became enthroned in Paris. At that period the revolutionary spirit extended to Italy; Secret Societies were formed all over the Peninsula, including the Papal States, and amongst others the Society of the Carbonari, in which Fausti, already a young man, got enrolled, and of which he was for a time one of the most active members. The intrigues and violence of these parties for some months kept the country in a ferment, but the active interference of Austria ultimately succeeded in re-establishing order, and frustrating the guilty designs of the conspirators, some of whom were expatriated, others undergoing various periods of imprisonment. Amongst the former was one whose very common-place antecedents could have scarcely foreshadowed the brilliant rôle he was subsequently destined to play in the history of Europe, and whose present disingenuous and unprincipled policy towards the Holy See, while it reveals his sympathies with his former associates, implies at the same time the basest ingratitude to Pius IX., who, at the period to which I allude, being Bishop of Imola, contributed by his purse and his influence to effect the escape of this personage. Fausti, with some others, (not too deeply compromised), to escape punishment, seeing the hopelessness of their cause, came to Rome soon after, and settled down as a quiet citizen. By some fortunate combinations, and an introduction to the Antonelli family, he succeeded in obtaining employment, and subsequently, by his display of ability and zeal in the cause of the Pope, he acquired the friendship of the Cardinal Minister. Possessed of some administrative capacity, he rose through the gradations of preferment until he became Apostolic Prothonotary in the Datan. To ingratiate himself still more into the confidence of his Cardinal patron, he made a more than ordinary profession of piety; he had a private chapel in his house in which a room was also set apart for the "Via Crucis" or Stations of the Passion, and his family and household assembled every evening to recite the Rosary. His external demeanour, moreover, accorded with his private devotional practices; and, in fact, for years a very general impression existed as to the almost saintly character of the man. Such was his position here until 1860, when the invasion of the Papal States, joined to other events disastrous to the interests of the Holy See, having occurred, some of his old associates having come to Rome, reminded him of his former engagement, to which

he was bound by oath, and urged him to become again an active partisan. It would appear that he lent a very willing ear and soon agreed to their seductive proposals, as abundant proof is forthcoming that he immediately began to act as the agent of the Revolutionary Committee, promoting their views by every means which his confidential position afforded, corresponding with them, receiving their money which he freely disbursed in bribery, &c., &c., some of the items of expenditure being of the most nefarious character, as his letters prove, as for instance 100 scudi for the production of the obscene photographs of the Queen of Naples. This infamy, which nothing short of satanic ingenuity could have devised, is further confirmed by the evidence of the wretched woman employed for that nefarious purpose, and who has since become an approver. How Fausti first came to be suspected I am not in a position to say; but about a year since, his porter having been bought over by the police, Fausti very soon became unmasked. The letters which he was in the habit of writing to the Secret Committee at Turin, on being consigned to the porter for posting, were by the latter immediately handed to the police, who instantly opened and read them. Photographic copies were then taken and replaced in the envelope, which was forwarded to its destination, the originals remaining here. His correspondence was suffered to go on in this way for several months in order to obtain a more complete knowledge of the conspiracy.

The octave of Corpus Christi was celebrated, as usual, in the afternoon of Thursday, by a grand procession at St. Peter's. His Holiness, with several Cardinals and the principal ecclesiastical bodies of the city, including the Chapter of St. Peter's attended. An immense concourse of the laity of all classes were also present, and the Piazza presented a very imposing aspect. The Holy Father walked in the procession, but did not carry the Blessed Sacrament. His Holiness appeared in excellent health. The number of strangers here is every day diminishing. Nearly all will have left after the festival of SS. Peter and Paul, the 29th. The Rector of the English College, the Very Rev. Dr. English, whose health has for some time been a cause of anxiety to his numerous friends, has just left for England.

ROME, June 20, 1863.—Communications from Italy have latterly an almost unvarying character of sameness. Occupied as they generally are in tracing the deplorable events connected with the struggle of parties, or rather with the antagonism of the

good and evil principles now going on in that afflicted country, the gloomy monotony which marks their details is hardly avoidable. Nor has my correspondence, unhappily, as you and your readers know, been exempt from a similar imputation, recording, as it has been reluctantly obliged to do, outrages on justice and religion, sacrileges, the spoliation of monastic property, the pusillanimity and oftentimes the apostacy of individuals, on the one hand; on the other, examples of heroism and unbending constancy in the cause of truth and the common Father of the Faithful, instances of long suffering and self-sacrifice in the interests of the Church and her inalienable rights. The Upas tree of infidelity and irreligion is, I grieve to say, extending its roots through this lovely land, and its fruits are already but too apparent in the widespreading demoralisation of the people. To be convinced of this melancholy fact, we need only cast our eyes on any of the Italian journals, all of which, irrespective of their political or religious bias, bear unmistakable evidence, in the dark details of crime which fill their columns, to the corrupting and retrograde tendencies of the Italian Revolution. With the proofs which Lord Palmerston's antecedents afford of his anti-Catholic prejudices, or rather of his demoniacal hatred of Popery, it would not be difficult perhaps to explain his sympathy with and approval of the Piedmontese rule in Italy; but certainly the singular obliquity of the Prime Minister's intellectual vision is not to be envied if he can see matter for congratulation and recognise symptoms of progress in the following facts. Beginning with Turin, we learn from the *Zenzero* (a popular journal) that prostitution has made fearful progress in that city, the licensed votaries alone of the Cyprian Goddess amounting to 1,400. The same journal mentions that they occupy 2,100 rooms, which would furnish accommodation for 2,000 families. In the list of shareholders in this immoral speculation figure the names of several men of position and ex-ministers, a fact scarcely credible but for the positive assurance given by the same journal. With a population of little more than 80,000, the reader can infer what a precious state of morality must exist in this focus of Italian revolution. To redeem the character of Turin, however, and neutralise, as it were, this sad item in its statistics, I may mention that within the last few days the first stone of a new church has been laid, the funds for the erection of which have been contributed by the pious aristocratic families of Turin. This church, which is to be dedicated to SS. Peter and Paul, is intended as an *amende* for the injuries and outrages which religion

has suffered in other parts of the kingdom. The ceremony of consecration, I have been informed, was performed by Monsignor De Angelis, the present Archbishop, who is now undergoing imprisonment, but who was liberated for this occasion at the express request of the young Prince Amadeus, this latter personage having been also present at the ceremony. Passing to the other extreme of the so-called Italian kingdom, we find the *Monarchia*, a Sicilian journal, stating that in no country in Europe has the discipline of the Universities fallen into such decay. The examinations it says, have for several years become little better than a farce, and on the day of the national festival the official journal of Palermo published a Royal decree closing the University of that city, assigning as a reason the general want of discipline and gross irregularity of the students. In the sitting in the Chamber at Turin on the 11th, the Minister of the Interior, Peruzzi, laid before the House the following figures which we extract from the official acts. Respecting the number of convicted culprits in the province of Palermo, and especially in the neighbourhood of that city, Peruzzi gave the following result :—

For murder and robbery,	1st quarter, 1862	...	149
"	" 2nd	"	170
"	" 3rd	"	77

Peruzzi also, in the same sitting, furnished to the Chamber a list of various executions in the different provinces of Naples, from which, in order not to tire our readers, I extract only a few :—At Avelino, from the 1st to 5th of April of the present year, 19 ; at Santa Marco, in Lamio, on the 3rd April, 22, of whom 11 were burned alive ; on April 11th at Benevento, 10. Resuming his remarks about Palermo, Peruzzi says :—"The numbers convicted of all classes of crimes are very great indeed, and proves a most abnormal state of the public security in that province. I have," he adds, "thought it my duty, however unpleasant the intelligence may be, to disclose the facts to the Chamber." D'Ondes, a Sicilian Deputy, confirms the statement of Peruzzi, and says that in Palermo and the neighbouring provinces of Girgento and Caltanizetta, highway attacks, robberies, and abduction of individuals with violence, are innumerable, and that there is no longer any centre of police, such as existed in the days of the Bourbons. The Neapolitan journals contain little else than accounts of *rencontres* with reactionists, especially in the Basilicata. On several of these occasions the National Guard have refused to assist the military. The Royal troops are

harrassed by the unceasing calls on their services, and their ranks are thinned by disease and casualties in action, while the bands of reactionists everywhere increase. Endless citations might be made from the local journals showing the discontent, wretchedness, and insecurity of life in the provinces, and all this while the "*Io triumphe*" is being sung on the recurrence of the national festival. From Milan we learn that six of the Chapter, with the Provost, agreed to sing the "*Te Deum*" on the festival of the Statute. While the latter was vesting for that purpose in the Sacristy of the Cathedral, a servant in showy livery arrived with a letter for the Provost, which he said he had directions to give to none but himself. He was in consequence allowed to enter and present the letter, which on being opened was found to be from the Judge of the Court of Cassation, simply excusing himself on conscientious grounds from being present at the forthcoming ceremony, as he said it was contrary to ecclesiastical law. The name of the excellent functionary who administered this cutting rebuke to these time-serving ecclesiastics I have not been able to obtain. His Holiness on hearing of their very culpable abuse of their sacred office, has given them a fortnight to reflect and express penitence for the scandal, before being suspended. In contrast to their guilty compliance, I may record the conduct of the Curé of Corpi Santa, near Milan, who sent back the Mayor's letter of invitation to the national ceremony. I am happy to add that his example was followed by many other Parish Priests in the same neighbourhood. In the absence of other local matters of interest, the attention of the Romans has just now been occupied with a singular case of robbery which occurred here about a fortnight since. About that period the famous picture of the Madonna which, by a popular tradition is attributed to the pencil of St. Luke, disappeared from its place in the Church of St. Andrea, della Valle. This picture, which St. Philip Neri often carried with him, and for which he is said to have entertained a great veneration, has been long an object of devotion to the Romans. On many occasions it is brought in procession to the bedside of invalids, whose oftentimes singular and unexpected recovery has been not unreasonably ascribed to the special intercession of the all-powerful and ever-blessed subject of the painting. The picture consequently acquired a supernatural *prestige*, and for a long period has been an especial object of devotion in this city. Strings of pearls and other *ex-voto* offerings of the most costly kind were appended to it. The disappearance or rather the robbery (for such it has proved to be)

of this picture about a fortnight since occasioned a feeling of horror amongst all classes. Search was made for several days, but without any result, when a clue was fortunately furnished to the robbery by a child of twelve years, the daughter of the wretched woman by whom it was stolen. It would appear that the child, who was a confidant of the mother's guilt, was stricken with remorse, and gave such information as led to the arrest of the woman; from whose confession the following particulars have been obtained:—Instigated by want, she says, and aware of the great value of the ornaments attached to the picture, she availed herself of an opportunity to abstract it. Having then despoiled it of its costly appendages, she threw it into a hole in the neighbourhood of the Capitol. Two strings of pearls, valued at 300 scudi, she sold for 10 scudi to a jeweller, retaining in her possession the other ornaments, which she has since given up. On proceeding to the spot where she said she threw the picture, it was fortunately recovered, uninjured. The jeweller who fraudulently purchased the jewels has been compelled to restore them, and both he and the woman are in prison. On to-morrow the famous picture is to be restored to its former position at St. Andrea, and the translation is to be celebrated by a grand procession, in which great numbers of all classes will take part.

On the morning of the 11th, the venerable Archbishop of Spoleto, while yet in bed, was waited on by a messenger from the Gendarmerie, with orders to convey his Grace to the prison of the Rocca, in the upper part of the town. His Grace instantly rose, and was soon ready to proceed, but asked permission to say Mass previously in his private chapel. This favour was refused, and the Archbishop, without further delay, proceeded on foot to the prison, where, soon after his arrival, he celebrated the Holy Sacrifice with such vestments and attendance as the prison supplied, his own servant, whom on account of his infirmities he particularly wished to have with him, having been refused admission. The Abbot of the celebrated Benedictine Abbey of Monte Cassino (Monsignor Pappalettera), whose letter of felicitation to Victor Emmanuel on the occasion of His Majesty's visit to Naples some months ago caused such surprise and regret amongst the friends of religion, is at present in Rome, having come to say *peccavi*, and to ask forgiveness of the Holy Father. His first step in retracing was to betake himself to Cardinal Cagiano, the Grand Penitentiary, and having thrown himself at his feet, he besought His Eminence's counsel as to the best means

of obtaining pardon of God and the Holy Father. It appears that the Abbot has had episcopal jurisdiction over several countries, and his first act was to renounce for ever all his spiritual and temporal rights and sovereignty as having rendered himself unworthy any longer to hold them. This abdication he put in writing, and then begged the Cardinal to forward it to the Holy Father, and beg his forgiveness, and restore to him the peace of mind which he had forfeited. This act of humility having satisfied Pius IX. of the sincerity of his repentance, the Holy Father directed Monsignor Stella to write to him and tell him to present himself the next day. One can imagine the joy of the Holy Father at seeing him at his feet, and the joy of the Abbot when he found himself raised by the hand of the Vicar of Christ, and affectionately pressed to his bosom. The Pope having addressed a few reassuring and consolatory words to him, told him to return no more to Monte Cassino, assigning him as his future abode the Monastery of St. Paul's, outside Rome.

To-morrow being the anniversary of the Coronation of Pius IX., grand preparations are being made for a brilliant illumination. To-morrow being also the festival of St. Louis Gonzaga, there will be a solemn High Mass, with magnificent music, at the Jesuits' Church of St. Ignatius. This evening the rooms which St. Louis occupied at the Roman College are open to the public (male). The increasing temperature has now driven nearly all our country people away. Lord and Lady Campden, with the Hon. Blanche Noel, are gone to Albano. The week after next, the *villagiatura* of the English and Pio Colleges commences, and the students remove to the country.

ROME, June 27, 1863.—On Sunday the 21st, the 17th anniversary of the Pope's coronation, the usual *Capella Papale* was held at the Sistine Chapel, at which His Holiness and several Cardinals, with the members of the Court, attended. The Mass was chanted by Cardinal de Pietra. His Holiness afterwards received the Senators and Roman Princes with the principal authorities of the city, who came to present their congratulations and to receive the Apostolic benediction. The heads of the French and Pontifical armies also presented themselves in the course of the day, to offer their homage and felicitations. The Holy Father was looking well. On the same day the Pontifical troops attended Mass at St. Peter's, according to the usual practice. The Mass, which had a brilliant musical accompaniment, was sung by the Minister of War, Monsignor de Merode. In the evening the city was lighted up on a grand scale; indeed,

considering that just now many of the principal families are out of town, the illuminations were more general and more brilliant than could be expected. The Festival of St. John the Baptist was celebrated at the Lateran Basilica on Wednesday by a Capella Papale, at which His Holiness and several Cardinals attended. Cardinal de Pietra was again the celebrant. A sermon in Latin was preached by a student of the Roman Seminary. There was a large attendance of Romans and strangers, attracted by the solemnity of the function and the music of the Papal Choir, which is always heard to advantage in that fine old Basilica. The picture of the Madonna, the robbery of which I mentioned in my last, was restored on yesterday to the church in which it originally hung. This church, which by a mistake I described as that of St. Andrea della Valle, is the Church of St. Salvatore di Capello, in the Campo Marzo. The restoration of the picture was celebrated by a solemn procession, in which many of the Clergy and laity took part. On arriving at the church, which was beautifully and most expensively decorated, a "Te Deum" was sung, and the entire ceremony ended with a solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. Amongst other religious communities expelled by the Piedmontese, and who have taken refuge in Rome, are the Nuns of the Immaculate Conception, formerly established in Urbino, in which city they had for a considerable period discharged the sacred duties of their Order, in visiting the sick and other charitable ministrations. Having been summarily and without a pretext deprived of their convent, with its furniture, &c., the community, consisting of ten nuns, came to Rome, where they found a temporary asylum in the Via Alessandri, near the Colosseum. Being completely destitute of resources, they have been for some time supported by the charitable contributions of the faithful. They have, notwithstanding, I have been informed, many privations to endure. They are by their vocation more particularly devoted to attendance on the sick and dying, and are, I have been assured, excellent nurses. An English Catholic lady here, already known in Rome for her benevolence, and who has been for some time a sufferer, has lately taken one of this community as her nurse, and derives much consolation from her attendance.

Whether the present tranquil condition of Rome is a mere temporary lull in the storm of revolution, or whether it may be regarded as a state of permanent repose succeeding the exhausted fury of conflicting elements, may be matter for speculation with politicians; there is one thing, however, undeniable, that, in

addition to other symptoms of increasing prosperity, within the now limited jurisdiction of the Holy See (of which in a future letter I shall give you the statistics), there are decided indications of a tendency to return to the former cheerful habits and social recreations which the unsettled state of the times had for many years caused to be discontinued. By an ancient custom the Romans were in the habit of assembling in the neighbourhood of St. John Lateran's on the eve of the Festival of the Saint, and devoting the evening hours, which at that season are so delightful, to promenading and cheerful converse in the open air. To render the meeting more attractive, amusements of various kinds, including music, both vocal and instrumental, were introduced. Though all ages were represented in these assemblages, which in Italy are known under the designation of Corso, yet for the young people of both sexes they were peculiarly an occasion of enjoyment. Young men came provided with garlands and "bouquets," which they presented to their "betrothed," who were expected to reciprocate the same favour on the forthcoming festival of SS. Peter and Paul. This spectacle, which for years had fallen into desuetude, owing to the unhappy state of affairs, was unexpectedly renewed on Wednesday evening. The approaches to the Colosseum and the street leading thence to St. John Lateran's and St. Mary Major's were paraded by joyous groups of young men, many of them marching in military order, who joined their fine voices in harmony while they chanted some of the favourite cavatinas of Verdi or Rossini, to the accompaniment of a guitar or mandoline. The great square of the Basilica, which was brilliantly lighted with *flambeaux*, presented a novel and diversified aspect in the numerous parties of citizens seated at tables, and enjoying themselves over their wine in hearty, and, to us English, noisy converse. The fine shady road leading to St. Mary Major's was transformed into a continuous flower garden, rows of flower-booths occupying the sides under the trees, while individuals paraded up and down bearing poles to which all the fruits of the season were appended; these were borne in the most tantalizing fashion, but were not unfrequently transferred to the fingers of the passers-by. Everything was conducted in the best humour, and with the strictest propriety. Only four dragoons were present to regulate the procession of the carriages, and only a few patrols of military occasionally showed themselves, thus proving the confidence which the authorities had in the harmless character of the assemblage.

The *Pungolo*, a Milanese journal, boasts that out of 490

communes in the province of Milan, 300 Priests joined in the national rejoicing, and sang the "Te Deum." This statement which, if true, would imply a sad degeneration in the successors of St. Ambrose and St. Charles Borromeo, is altogether at variance with facts. It is unfortunately undeniable that a minority of the Chapter of the Cathedral, with the Provost and several of the Clergy of the city, prostituted their sacred offices on the occasion referred to. It is also true that a section of the rural Clergy also were equally compromising, but the vast majority kept aloof, and in some instances where the most pressing entreaties, and in not a few, where menaces were used by the Mayors and other petty officials, to secure the co-operation of the clergy. Of the 490 communes of which the entire province is composed, it has been ascertained that about 100 Priests lent their services. The matter, however, will be beyond cavil in a few days, as the *Armonia* is about giving the list of the "recusants."

ROME, July 4, 1863.—Though the ordinary population of the city is now much diminished, and a temperature of 90 in the shade is causing many more departures, yet Rome has never witnessed a more imposing celebration of the Festival of her two great Apostles than that which occurred on Monday last. The Holy Father pontificated at St. Peter's on that occasion, and also on the vigil, the Vespers of which he intoned himself, having previously blessed the Pallia, according to custom, and received the homage of the Cardinals while seated on his throne. The Holy Father sang the High Mass on Monday in a remarkably clear voice, and it was universally observed that in the firmness and elasticity of his movements as he ascended and descended the Altar, and also in his general appearance, he gave the impression of health. His Holiness was attended during the function by Cardinals Patrizi and Ugolino, while Cardinals Pentini and Bellegarde acted as Deacon and Subdeacon. The King and Queen, with the other members of the ex-Royal family of Naples, and also the Princess Isabella of Portugal, were present in the Tribune. The Senators and Roman magistracy, with the various diplomatic bodies also attended, and a considerable number of the Roman princely families. In the evening of the vigil there was the usual brilliant illumination of the dome and façade of St. Peter's. The lights were also continued along the magnificent colonnade of Bernini, enclosing the Piazza. The extreme beauty of the night, joined to the absence of the bustle and pressure of eager crowds and the rattling of the equipages which occur at

Easter, contributed to render this glorious spectacle very enjoyable, and it seemed to me that it was never more effectively exhibited. On the following evening there was a brilliant display of fireworks on Monte Pincio. Pyrotechnics seem to have an especial attraction for the Romans, and, indeed, the piazza underneath was densely crowded. The behaviour of the people, however, was most exemplary, and I have not heard of a single mishap. On Tuesday the Pope drove to St. Paul's, outside Rome, where there was a solemn High Mass, at which the Papal Choir assisted. During the function His Holiness was seated on his throne, at which he received the homage of the Cardinals present. After the ceremony the Holy Father entered the cloister and remained a considerable time with the community, whom he admitted to the usual homage of the *baccio dei piedi*. Tristani and Stramenza, the Reactionist leaders, were arrested here some days since by the French, and, with the sanction of the Roman authorities, were immediately transferred to the fortress of St. Angelo. Both have been since conveyed to France, where, for the present, they will be obliged to reside under strict surveillance. This fact may supply an answer to Lord Palmerston's statement as to the encouragement given to the insurrectionary movements in the southern provinces.

Summer being the season for building in Italy, alteration and constructions are just now in progress in various parts of the city; indeed there are few streets in which the circulation is not more or less impeded by scaffolding and other architectural appliances. The hotel accommodation, of which there has been hitherto no reason to complain (except in the Holy Week, when the city is in a temporary state of plethora from the enormous and sudden influx of strangers, who make their departure with still greater rapidity), is about to be increased by the opening of a large establishment in the Piazza St. Carlo, in the Corso. This new hotel, which will be ready in October, will, I have been informed, contain 500 bedrooms, in addition to other apartments, and, it is said, will be conducted on such a scale as to suit all classes of travellers. The Romans already indulge in anticipations of a crowded season next winter, nor is there any reason to suppose their calculations will prove incorrect, unless in the event of an European war, which, it is to be hoped, the energetic remonstrances of France and England and the timely concessions of Russia will prevent. The Congregation of the Index have just issued a degree interdicting several works recently published. On the prohibited list figure the romances of Alexander Dumas.

The sentence on Fausti, with all the reasons which led to the unanimous decision of the seven judges in the case, will appear in print in three or four days. The public will then be satisfied, from the character of the facts established by the clearest evidence, that no other result could have been arrived at. Some of the Italian, and also a certain section of the English press, are in the meantime endeavouring to make it appear that his condemnation was owing to *ex parte* evidence. The perusal, however, of this judicial document when it appears will satisfy all impartial minds, that Fausti has been leniently dealt with, and that no other decision could have been come to.

ROME, July 11, 1863.—Though the Pontificate of Pius IX., like that of Gregory VII. and Innocent III., will be known to after ages for the trials and vicissitudes consequent on its struggle with the secular power, yet the future historian will have the agreeable duty of recording, amidst a mass of events humiliating to humanity, the signal triumphs of science and art, and the general progress of civilisation which have marked this lengthened and memorable reign. The introduction of railways, illumination by gas, and the marvellous utilisation of electricity in the transmission of intelligence, are amongst the important benefits for which Rome and the Papal States are indebted to Pius IX. But the department to which especial attention has been paid during the present Pontificate, and in which investigations have led to the most gratifying results, is that of Christian archæology ; and amongst other interesting collections which now attract the attention of the intelligent stranger on his visit to the Eternal City, is the Christian Museum at the Lateran Palace, which was formed at the express desire and at the expense of the Pope. The materials have been, in nearly all instances, supplied from the Catacombs, under the direction of the late learned curator, Padre Marchi, whose demise in the midst of his profound researches, a few years since, was so much deplored by the friends of science and religion. Apart from the interest which, under all circumstances, must attach to such early Christian monuments, they have proved most productive instruments of good in the hands of their present erudite expounder, illustrating many of our Catholic doctrines and practices, and conducting more than one heretical stranger into the portals of the true Church. Of all the discoveries, however, by which archæology has been recently enriched in Rome, none can compete in historic and artistic interest with those lately made under the Church of St. Clement. The excavations which led to these important results

originated with Dr. Mullooly, the Prior of the Dominicans, to which Order the church belongs, and have been conducted by him with a zeal and energy worthy of the object. When we come to learn the data with which he was furnished, and on which his calculations were based, we can only be surprised that he was not anticipated by the learned society of this city which usually devotes itself to such investigations. In any case we cannot but recognise the archæological sagacity and acumen which enabled him to estimate so justly the chances of success, and which prompted him to engage in so enormous, so expensive, but, as it has now proved, so fortunate an undertaking. It was always known that the present church was built on the site of St. Clement's house, which, being that of a Patrician, and a member of the Flavian family, must have been of respectable dimensions. Instructed in the faith by St. Barnabas, and baptised by St. Peter, we are informed that, soon after his conversion, he opened an oratory in his mansion to which the faithful there repaired, and which existed till the fourth century, when it was replaced by a Basilica of considerable size. In reference to this latter structure St. Jerome, in his work "*Catalogus Scriptorum Ecclesiasticorum*" uses the words, "*Nominis ejus (Clementis) memoriam usque hodie Roma extructa Ecclesia custodit.*" The expression "*usque hodie,*" evidently implies that the church must have been of long standing in the days of the illustrious writer. When that edifice which, according to the same Saint and other subsequent Fathers, was surpassingly beautiful, disappeared, history, and indeed tradition, furnish us with no means of knowing. An opinion, however, has always prevailed that at the period of the invasion of the Normans in the eleventh century, when Rome was sacked by Robert Guiscard and his myrmidons, that fine old Basilica, with many other monuments, was destroyed. The circumstance of the present church being on a level with the neighbouring street, which the accumulations of centuries must have raised considerably above its original elevation, might have naturally suggested the idea of the *second* having been raised over the *first* building, the latter still existing in ruins. Of this, however, nothing could be known without excavating, from the surrounding area being entirely filled up. The projection from the floor of an ancient chamber adjoining the church, of a rich Corinthian capital in Oriental granite first excited suspicion as to the existence of substructions underneath. The first excavation was limited to the horizontal perforation of a lateral wall beneath the modern church. By this operation, and subsequently making an

opening downwards, some exquisite marble pillars, all erect and *in situ*, with some paintings, were discovered, and such decided evidence furnished to Dr. Mullooly of the correctness of his theory, as to lead him to communicate instantly with the Sacred Archæological Society, and apprise them of the facts. That they at once entered into the Prior's views, and appreciated the value of his discoveries, we may infer from their immediate offer to take charge of and prosecute the excavations. Six months, however, elapsed before they were begun. From the period of their commencement in June, 1858, till the spring of 1861, the entire of the right aisle and part of the left were cleared out; four other columns and several frescoes were brought to light; and amongst the latter, one representing the martyrdom of St. Catherine of Alexandria, thus establishing that the history of this saint was known and veneration paid her in Europe long prior to the second Crusade, at which period, according to the false statement of some writers, she first became known to the Western Church. To give any thing approaching to a suitable account of the various memorials of early Christian art and piety which were thus discovered, would require more space than my letter would afford, and I may add more artistic accomplishment than I can lay claim to. But one can only be surprised to find that with such results to stimulate to the continuance of their labours, the Archæological Society should have suddenly suspended the excavations. Such, however, was the case; and this brings us to the third phase in the history of these discoveries—viz., when the work was again taken up by Dr. Mullooly. The results already attained, instead of satisfying, only gave a fresh stimulus to the worthy Prior's spirit of research, and, seeing that the investigation would remain in a state of indefinite abeyance if left in other hands, he determined to prosecute it on his own account and on his own resources, having previously obtained the approbation of the Holy Father, who marked his appreciation of the undertaking by a munificent donation. With such means as the contributions of visitors and other benefactors supplied, the excavations were again resumed, but progressed slowly in consequence of the necessity of constructing supports for the superincumbent building as the space below was cleared. The resumption of the work, however, was rewarded in the following October by the discovery of a painting of considerable historic importance, being by many regarded as settling the hitherto *veraxa questio* of the immediate successorship of St. Peter. This painting, a coloured fresco admirably preserved, was found on a pilaster in the nave,

and represents St. Peter in the act of installing St. Clement in the Pontifical Chair, while SS. Linus and Cletus are also present, but represented as standing further off. The individuals in the group are identified by the corresponding names being underneath. On another pilaster at the end of the nave are illustrations in fresco of passages of the life of Our Saviour. The first is the Marriage of Cana, in which the Redeemer and the Blessed Virgin have each circlets of glory round the head; rays, however, issue from that of the Saviour. The second is a scene at His tomb, where the two Maries appear with vases of perfume, and the Angel says, "Surrexit, non est hic." The third is the descent of Our Saviour into Limbo. He is robed in white and enveloped in an azure cloud, and is represented in the act of liberating from the prison a man and woman, probably Adam and Eve. With his right hand He takes the man, while the woman runs towards Him with extended arms. On another pilaster in the nave is a Crucifixion, with the Blessed Virgin and St. John standing at the foot of the cross. This painting of the Crucifixion is regarded by connoisseurs as the most ancient in Rome, or most probably in the world. The subject of another beautiful fresco is the return to his father's palace of the youthful St. Alexis, with whose touching history Cardinal Wiseman's "Hidden Gem" will have made most of your readers familiar. My letter, however, would assume the dimensions of a catalogue if I were to attempt to notice the numerous treasures of early Christian art to be found in the substructions of St. Clement. In contrast to all similar works just now in the city, and even those in the Catacombs, which are suspended, the excavations in St. Clement's still go on, and occasion a very large weekly expenditure, which Dr. Mullooly has been hitherto enabled to defray by the generosity of his friends and those of religion and art, who have been here during the winter. Amongst those who have evinced their appreciation of the discoveries by more than one visit, and by the liberality of their contribution, I may mention the Prince of Wales. His Royal Highness, indeed, on the occasion of his last visit in the winter, being then *fiancé*, assured Dr. Mullooly that, amongst other pleasures in perspective, was that of bringing the Princess to Rome at a future period, and show her the artistic treasures of St. Clement. Respecting the date of these paintings various opinions have been offered by persons eminently qualified to judge of their antiquity, some referring them to very early periods, and others to a comparatively modern age; but whatever question may arise as to the particular

century in which they were executed, nobody can deny that they were all in existence before the destruction of the ancient Basilica, and therefore the most modern of them must be at least 900 years old. But whether the brain which originated, and the fingers which embodied, these beautiful conceptions were yet in vigorous vitality before or after Mahomet's abominations scourged the earth, is immaterial; the same truly Catholic and Apostolic spirit pervades them all.

There is scarcely an item of local news to send this week. Perhaps I ought to except one, which it would be difficult to say whether it is calculated to excite pity or contempt. On Thursday evening a petard was thrown within the railings on the west side of the Palazzo Farnese, where the King and Queen of Naples reside. The explosion occasioned a momentary panic in the neighbourhood, and, though the police arrived soon after, the author of the notorious outrage had escaped. The Holy Father is well.

ROME, July 18, 1863.—Amongst other events which have imparted interest to the eight days' festival at Trent, in celebration of the third Centenary of the closing of the famous Council held in that city, a document of remarkable import in these days of revolution was presented to the Cardinals and Bishops there assembled, by a deputation from the Tyrol. In order to comprehend the nature of this proceeding, I may observe that the Tyrol, since its first conversion to Christianity, and during the five centuries of its union with the Austrian and German empire, has uninterruptedly enjoyed the singular and happy privilege of exclusive Catholicism, and consequent exemption from the sectarian broils and the "odium theologicum" which divides other peoples.

In this so-called age of progress, efforts are being made to deprive them of this blessing by altering the laws of the realm guaranteeing this happy condition, or, in other words, by rescinding such Acts in the Constitution as interdict proselytism, so as to permit the ministers of other persuasions to establish churches and congregations, and thus introduce a principle of discord amongst this hitherto contented and united people. Appreciating, as the Tyrolese have always done, the blessings of the true Faith, and the benefits even of a temporal kind which uniformity in religious worship has secured them, the mere rumour of a contemplated change has produced a universal feeling of discontent and indignation throughout the principality. Amongst other modes of giving expression to their feelings and

opinions on the subject, they have profited by the great assemblage of the dignitaries of the Church at Trent, to present them with a manifesto, declaratory in the first place of their unalterable attachment to the Catholic Faith, for which they express their readiness to make any sacrifice, even to the shedding of their blood, and praying the Princes and Bishops of the Church there assembled to present their sentiments to the Holy Father, begging His Holiness to give his blessing and moral support to their resolutions, and to use his influence with the Emperor to avert the threatened evil. This address, which was drawn up at Botzen on the 27th by a deputation composed of fifty-one of the leading gentry of both German and Italian provinces, each representing a municipality, headed by the Vice-President of the Diet, was presented by them on the following day at Trent, in the sacristy of the Cathedral, to the ecclesiastical body there assembled, Cardinals Reisach and Swartzensburg presiding. The document was read by the Vice-President, Count Zallringer, whose more emphatic enunciation of the stronger and more important passages was responded to by the most unequivocal manifestations of cordial and unreserved approval on the part of the other members of the deputation. The following is a translation of the document as it appeared in the *Armonia* :—"Most Eminent Princes and Illustrious Fathers of the Church, Bishops, and Prelates :—The Commons of the Tyrol cannot be indifferent to this great and solemn occasion which has assembled in our country so many exalted and illustrious dignitaries of the Church to celebrate the memory of the Sacred Council of Trent, in which Catholic doctrine obtained so great a victory. On this occasion we believe it to be our duty to declare before this august assembly our firm purpose and our humble prayer. We swear to maintain and to defend with all our strength, and with all the means which Holy Church sanctions, without fear or hesitation, as far as possible by legitimate measures, preserving intact the fidelity due to the Sovereign Prince whom God has given us, the ancient privilege of the Tyrol, which consists in not suffering that heresy or schism should profane the soil consecrated by the Sacred Council of Trent, by the labours of great and holy men, and by the blood of our ancestors. We are prepared to suffer everything which Divine Providence may impose on us, sooner than even swerve from this our firm resolution, being moreover firmly determined to assert our right in its full extent when the occasion presents itself, and as circumstances will permit us to act, in accordance with the duties above mentioned, with that prompt

and intrepid energy which has gained for the Tyrolese the name which they hold on the page of history. We beg the Princes and Bishops of the Church here present to give their blessing to our resolutions, and to recommend them to the prayers of the Catholic world. We also beg this Most Reverend Assembly to acquaint the Emperor with the grief which oppresses us. We further beg this great and exalted Assembly, to which no earthly Prince can shut his ear, to explain to His Apostolic Majesty the fervent and most sacred wish of this province, and to afford his exalted protection to the position of the Diet, that our illustrious Emperor Francis Joseph, who remained unshaken in his engagement to the Church, in spite of every influence and force, may maintain and protect the Tyrol in the faith of its fathers, and thus reward the fidelity of five centuries, erecting in this manner a monument to the memory of the Council of Trent, constituting the Tyrol as a bulwark against revolution, political or religious, and re-establishing it in its ancient force for future combat. An agreeable duty remains for us—viz., that of begging His Eminence Cardinal Reisach to lay at the feet of His Holiness the expression of the most humble and eternal gratitude by which every heart in the Tyrol was moved for the Apostolic Benediction with which the venerated Holy Father deigned to encourage and strengthen us on the 5th of September, 1861." At the conclusion of the address, Cardinal Reisach arose and congratulated the deputation on the truly Catholic sentiments embodied in the document which had just been read. He assured them that on his return to Rome he would not lose a moment in making known to the Holy Father their wishes and resolutions, which could not fail to afford His Holiness infinite consolation. He assured them at the same time that the duties of a good Catholic were perfectly compatible with those of a good and faithful subject, and that the best means of doing honour to religion was to prove to our Sovereign that he could find no subjects more amiable and more submissive to the laws of the realm than those who sincerely belonged to the true Church and practised its doctrines.

While in reading this united and spirited address of the Tyrolese, one is tempted to differ with Burke, as to the age of chivalry having passed away; one cannot at the same time but regard it as a reproach on the divided and temporising policy of the deputies of another equally Catholic nation, whose crying political and religious wrongs, so long and so patiently borne, would be speedily remedied if similar union and energy were exhibited by the body of its Catholic representatives. The allure-

ments, however, of place and pension, and the fascinating and corrupting *rapport* of metropolitan life, which has so often proved fatal to a Parliamentary career, patriotically and independently begun, have no influence over the virtuous countrymen of Hofer, who are content with "happy homes and altars free" amidst the magnificence of their mountain land.

The letter copied from the *Herald* in your last, of an "English Tourist," descriptive of an equestrian excursion, which the writer, in company of three other friends, made in those remote districts of the Papal States, reported by the *Times* to be infested by brigands, was first sent to that paper in the hope of correcting its mis-statements; but, with the usual and characteristic unfairness of that unprincipled journal, was refused insertion. A despatch from Naples, of the 17th, records the acquittal, by a large majority of the jury, of the Abbé Raphael Marino, tried at the assizes for having refused the last Sacrament to the wretched Bishop Caputo. The acquittal is the more remarkable as several of the witnesses for the prosecution were apostate and traitor priests.

The "Culto Evangelico" has been established at Perugia, in the Convent of the Phillipines, the community having been suppressed by a recent decree of the Turinese Government. The Episcopal Curia at Perugia has addressed a remonstrance to the President of the Ecclesiastical Treasury (the Cassa Ecclesiastica) at Turin, but no notice has been taken of the protest. By what means the nucleus of a sectarian congregation has been obtained in the interesting old city of Umbria, and who constituted it, I have not been able to learn. On Thursday evening, when driving in the Villa Borghese, the coachman announced the approach of the Pontifical *cortège*. I immediately got out, and waited till it arrived. His Holiness, accompanied by Monsignor Talbot and one of the German Camerieri, was on foot, the carriages and Garde Mobile following. The Pope never looked better nor more cheerful. His progress was occasionally interrupted, as he met different parties of students, amongst others those of the Propaganda, to whom he addressed some kind remarks and inquiries, and then gave his Benediction. In this way he made the entire round of the Villa Grounds, and re-entered his carriage at the Porta del Popolo. I have just received a copy of Fausti's sentence, and that of the other conspirators. This document recapitulates all the charges, and the evidence on which they have been established. Thus has ended this famous trial, in which an amount of turpitude and organised villainy has been brought

to light, hardly equalled, and certainly not surpassed in the records of criminal justice.

ROME, JULY 25, 1863.—The Vice-President and students of the English and Pio colleges were made acquainted by telegraph on Sunday, with the distressing intelligence of the death of their Rector, as having occurred the same morning at Torquay.

Though the duration and character of his malady, and the grave symptoms it presented at the period of his departure from here six weeks since, occasioned the most gloomy presentiments and in some measure prepared his friends for the sad event which has occurred, yet its announcement has been received with a feeling of the deepest sorrow, not only in the community to whom, during his long residence, he had endeared himself by his amiability, his learning, and his virtue, but also by his numerous friends in the city. Dr. English's ecclesiastical studies were made at the Apollinare, in which seminary he obtained the highest distinction in philosophy and theology, having moreover taken the degree of D.D. He was appointed to the Rectorship at the English College on the vacancy which was caused by the promotion of the Bishop of Southwark. With the intellectual endowments of Dr. English there was combined a rare amount of prudence and good sense, and of this the exemplary discipline and flourishing state of the finances of the College during his Presidency afford the best proofs. The Vice-President, having proceeded to England on receipt of the telegram, the English and Pio Colleges, in accordance with the Holy Father's direction, have been placed for the present under the superintendence of the Hon. and Rev. E. Stonor. The obsequies of the lamented Rector took place on Thursday morning in the chapel of the college. The Requiem Mass was chanted by the Rev. E. Stonor. Monsignor Talbot and Cardoni were present, with the Rector and students of the Irish, Scotch, and American Colleges, and most of the English laity at present, in Rome. The singing of the "Benedictus" and the "Dies Iræ," with an organ accompaniment, was most impressive, and the Students of the College, who composed the choir, evinced in their manner their profound sorrow on this solemn occasion.—R.I.P.

The French ambassador, Prince Latour d'Auvergne, made his departure from Rome on Monday. An impression prevails that his absence will extend to a lengthened period, owing to the state of his health; though, to judge from his appearance, I should not imagine his malady to be of a grave character. He joins the Emperor at Vichy.

The Catholic Congress to be held in August at Malines bids fair to be a great success. Distinguished men from every country in Europe have already announced to the committee their intention to be present. Monsignor Nardi, the accomplished Auditor of the Rota, represents Rome on that interesting occasion. He leaves here in a few days for Tours, where he passes some time on a visit to the Archbishop, and then proceeds to Belgium. After the conclusion of the conference at Malines, he will accompany some ecclesiastical friends to England, and afterwards to Ireland, where he purposes making a lengthened tour, before returning to Rome in October. Northern Italy will be represented, amongst others, by the illustrious historian, Cesare Cantù, and the distinguished advocate of Bologna, Casoni.

Accounts from Naples and Sicily record numerous *rencontres* with reactionists, in nearly every case disastrous to the royal troops. The *Campana del Popolo*, of Naples, mentions that in a conflict with a party of brigands near Benevento, the military lost twenty between killed and wounded. Amongst the latter were a lieutenant, two sergeants, and three corporals. Both in Naples and many of the other towns, numerous and simultaneous attempts have been made to escape from the prisons, several of which have been set on fire by the inmates. In some of those establishments, there is said to be a fearful mortality from malignant fever, caused, no doubt, by overcrowding, inattention to cleanliness, and defective ventilation; all of which causes must operate with double effect under the present high temperature. Lord Henry Lenox's thrilling *exposé* of the horrible condition of the wretched prisoners does not appear to have led to any amelioration.

A private communication from Vienna mentions that the spirited address of the Tyrolean deputies, of which I sent you a copy in my last, has already produced its effects on the mind of the Emperor Francis Joseph, and that he has intimated his intention to discountenance the measures of the Latitudinarians, and *soi-disant* Liberals in the Chamber, being resolved that the old *prestige* of unmingled Catholicity shall be continued to that brave and loyal nation. Independently of the attraction which the Tyrol offers to the artist in the transcendent beauty of its natural features, it cannot but present itself to the Catholic tourist under aspects of peculiar interest; and as the season is now at hand at which many of your readers will be making their continental excursion, I would suggest that this charming country be included in the programme of their route, whether the

object of the traveller be health or agreeable and improving impressions. In the former case, he will be sure to find some suitable climate amidst the ever-varying altitudes of its mountain scenery, while, in the quaint and picturesque habits of this refined and truly Catholic people, he will be certain to find abundant matter for cherished remembrance. "Haud inexpertus loquor;" and, indeed, a couple of the incidents of my last journey there just occur to me, which, if they should serve as motives with any of your readers to visit the Tyrol may not be out of place in the columns of the *Register*.

Returning from England in the Autumn of 1861, in company with a respected Catholic dignitary—who, if this passing *souvenir* of our journey should meet his eye, cannot fail to remember the circumstances with pleasure—arriving at Munich in the beginning of October, and having passed some days in that charming little capital, we left by train for Innspruck, intending to enter Italy by the pass of the Brenner. Excepting the distant view of the Rhetian Alps, the scenery of that part of Southern Bavaria, through which the railway passes, presents nothing striking; the immediate landscape, though charming the eye at that season by the variety of its autumnal tints, has a character of melancholy uniformity in the unceasing recurrence of its fir plantations, relieved at long intervals by a solitary chateau. Before crossing the frontier, a small circular oratory marks the spot where, in 1833, King Otho of Greece bade farewell to his mother, on his departure for his adopted country, when he bartered his birthright of the orthodox faith for a mess of pottage in the shape of a sceptre and crown, of which, after thirty years' precarious and unsatisfactory possession, he was at last very summarily and ignominiously deprived. Soon after entering the Tyrol, a sudden diminution of speed, added to one or two stoppages, gave intimation that some accident had occurred to our engine, and soon after we found that, instead of reaching Innspruck, we should be obliged to stay for the night at Kufstein, an intermediate town on the right bank of the Inn, and remarkable for its old fortress and romantic environs. Feeling somewhat fatigued, and wishing to be up early next morning, it being Sunday, we both retired soon after supper at the hotel. I was not, however, long in my room, and had scarcely begun my preparations for repose, when my attention was aroused by the sound of some exquisitely harmonised singing, with an instrumental accompaniment, proceeding from below. After listening for some moments, I proceeded to my Rev. friend's apartment to

see if the "concord of sweet sounds" had also reached his ears. I found him, however, deeply occupied in liquidating certain quotidian obligations by which his Order are bound, and in fact found him half-way in his Office. Leaving him accordingly undisturbed, I descended alone to satisfy my curiosity, and, guided by the direction from which the voices proceeded, I entered a large saloon, round which were seated some twenty young men, each with a music-book, from which he sung his part, while at the one end was a richly-toned grand piano, at which three ladies sat, one of them presiding. I instantly felt assured, that the party into which I had so unceremoniously intruded, was nothing less than one of those musical societies so common in Germany and the Tyrol, of which the members hold periodical, generally weekly, re-unions, *lieder tafe la* as they are called.

My entrance did not appear to cause the least surprise or observation, and while I remained, several pieces from Mozart and Handel were sung, but the music which seemed to inspire the company most were those thrilling Tyrolese mountain songs, the melody being marked with a "falsetto" note at the end, in imitation of an echo, and of which the burthen was generally some local and patriotic tradition or legend. Each of the company, which consisted of the young "bourgeoisie" of Kufstein, had a tankard of Bavarian beer before him, consumed with evident moderation, though occasionally replenished by the host and hostess, the worthy "Würth" and "Würthin." The concert ended before twelve, when, after an interchange of mutual felicitations, each retired to his home. When returning to my room, I could not avoid contrasting this charming entertainment—this "feast of reason and flow of soul,"—with the irrational and Bacchanalian assemblages which mark the last evening of the week in the towns of Bible-reading England.

Next morning, having risen early, we proceeded to the principal church—an edifice of that heavy German style, such as would have elicited from the late Mr. Pugin one of his characteristic deprecatory ejaculations. The wooden benches which filled the interior were already (half-past 7 o'clock) occupied by the stalwart forms of these mountaineers, the men at one side, the women at the other. The interval before Mass was spent in the recitation of the Rosary, or Rosencrantz, in which all appeared to join. At 8 o'clock the Cure, a good-looking man over fifty, with a serious and intelligent expression, appeared on the altar, and soon after began Mass. Nearly all present were provided with

prayer-books, which they read with evident attention. After the Communion, the Curé, having removed the chasuble, turned to the congregation and addressed them in German in a tone so clear and an articulation so distinct as to be intelligible to anyone at all acquainted with the language. When his preliminary observations, which had reference to the parochial schools, were ended, he entered on the regular instruction of the morning, the subject of which was the importance of the education of youth. An earnestness and sincerity of manner characterised the delivery of the entire discourse, but in the enunciation of particular passages, especially when he cautioned the parents against the admission of bad books, and denounced the demoralising modern literature of France, his voice rising to a higher pitch, assumed a tone of authority and command, and his eyes flushed with a truly Apostolic fire. From the manner in which this beautiful and impressive homily was listened to, it was evident that it produced its effect, and at the conclusion, I could not but think that with such zealous and watchful guardians, the faith has little to apprehend in the Tyrol. Amongst other interesting objects which the Catholic tourist should not miss seeing at Kufstein, is an image of the Madonna Adolorata, exquisitely carved in wood. It is shown in the sacristy of the principal church.

Our journey was resumed at noon, when the train started for Innsbruck, the capital of the Northern or German Tyrol, pursuing its way along the banks of the Inn, following the capricious meanderings of that river, sometimes, however, crossing to its right and reappearing on its left side, and as we glided along affording transient glimpses into valleys of surpassing loveliness, in which were the beds of so many tributary streams; while above towered the snow-capped summits of the Tyrolese Alps. We reached Innsbruck at 5, p.m., and here the railway ends. Leaving the reader to find in the classic pages of Mr. Eustace and those of more recent travellers a suitable description of the many objects of interest in that city embosomed in its magnificent *entourage* of mountains, the tops of which, whitened with perennial snows, and reflecting the rays of a brilliant sun, seem to peep down on its very streets, I pass on to Botzen, the capital of the Southern Tyrol, where, after crossing the Brenner, and passing the night at Brixen, we arrived on the 16th of October. Availing ourselves of a lovely evening, of which such only as have passed an autumn in Italy can have any idea, we started soon after dinner for a walk in the city and its environs. Having often heard of the cemetery at Botzen, it was one of the objects we had proposed to

visit, and before returning to our hotel we found ourselves at its entrance, over which is the simple but expressive inscription, "Resurrecturis." As we proceeded to enter we perceived a considerable number of respectably dressed people outside the gates, and, on making inquiry as to the cause, we were informed that a funeral was momentarily expected. Soon after, the sound of funereal dirge-like instrumental music was heard, and there appeared the first part of a procession with an orchestra at the head. As the procession defiled before us, we perceived that it was composed of the principal Clergy of the City, the Provost and Chapter, and various other ecclesiastics, of officials, both civil and military in uniform, of respectable citizens of both sexes, and members of confraternities, all engaged in reciting the Rosary as they walked along. The "Miserere" was chanted by the Priests and a numerous choir in surplices, who formed the centre of the procession. When they entered the cemetery—of which they made the entire round—the instrumental music ceased, but the voices of the Clergy and choir singing the "Miserere," and the recitation of the Rosary by the pious Sodalities, continued till the body reached the grave. The burial service was read by a venerable old priest. Amongst the crowds present I did not see a face in which seriousness, and, in many, sorrow, was not expressed. We were informed that the individual to whose memory such public and general tributes of respect were paid was a distinguished Professor of Music. In returning to our hotel, we both agreed that we had never witnessed a more solemn or impressive scene, and that it could only occur in a Catholic country.

ROME, August 1, 1863.—It is not only in the Chesterfield code of politeness, but it is a recognised principle of honour in all civilised society, that when an untruth is unintentionally uttered, and subsequent evidence of the fact furnished to the author, his avowal and correction of the error should be as prompt and public as was the original mis-statement—a rule which holds *à fortiori* when the reputation of a third party is involved in the issue. Judged by this test Lord Palmerston's evasive reply to Sir George Bowyer, when the latter furnished him with the proofs of the falsehood of his statement in reference to Father Curci's sermon, cannot but have produced a feeling of unmingled disgust in every honourable mind in England, as it has done here, all the circumstances of the *eclaircissement* having appeared in the *Osservatore Romano* and other local journals. The admission of the error, even though it should have implied some humiliation, and even some loss of political capital, was after all a sacrifice to

be made in the interest of truth and justice; but the "fiat justitia ruat cælum" principle seems to be altogether ignored by the octogenarian Prime Minister. The latitudinarianism which notoriously characterises Lord Palmerston's religious tenets is not unfrequently redeemed in the case of other men by a lofty sense of honour and the possession of the higher moral virtues, but it is sad to think that at his age, and now so near the "bourne from which no traveller returns," he should make so miserable an exhibition of sophistry and disingenuousness.

The fine statue of the Empress Faustina, found by Signor Guidi in the grounds of the Villa Negroni, when excavations were being made for the new central railway station, was placed by him at the disposition of His Holiness. The Holy Father having graciously accepted this very valuable work of art, has since presented it to the Capitoline Museum, where it at present stands in the hall of the Dying Gladiator. The statue is of heroic size, and, as in the case of the recently discovered statue of the Emperor Augustus, represents her as deified, surrounded by several mythological attributes of the apotheosis. Perhaps many of your readers may not be aware that, amongst other proofs existing of the practical support and patronage afforded to art and science here by the present Government, Rome has for more than two years possessed a very interesting chromo-lithographic press. This establishment, which is well worthy of a visit, was first introduced by the celebrated Pere Mazzoni, from Venice, where it had previously existed in the famous convent of the Melchitarists. While in this latter locality, that learned and enterprising Barnabite monk commenced his great work, entitled "Chronological and Critical Tables of Universal Church History," and a few volumes of this most interesting publication issued from the press while yet at Venice. After its removal to Rome, Pere Mazzoni resumed the work, and several additional volumes had appeared when a fatal illness, brought on by over-exertion, deprived literature of the services of this distinguished and indefatigable votary. Since his death, in 1861, the establishment has been purchased by the Pontifical Government, and placed under the direction of Signor de Rossi. This great archæologist, assisted by two learned ecclesiastics of the Barnabite Order, has undertaken the continuation of Pere Mazzoni's great work, eight volumes of which have already appeared. The "tables" are illustrated with chromo-lithographic designs, and each volume comprises a century of Church history, and thirty-six pages of descriptive and historic text. At the same establishment Signor de Rossi is also engaged

in bringing out his own works, one on the "Monuments" and "Inscriptions," the other on the "Paintings of the Catacombs," both illustrated with the chromo-lithographic *fac-similes* of exquisite execution. A large staff of artists, nearly all of them from Venice, are engaged at the institution, which occupies a *ci-devant* convent next to the Church of St. Ambrogio at the Pescheria.

On the 27th, the Festival of St. Pantaleo, a relic of the saint, namely, a portion of his blood in a liquefied state, was exhibited in the Chiesa Nuova, in the Chapel of St. Philip Neri. The blood, which was most distinctly visible in a phial, held by the hand of an angel in bronze gilt, was evidently in a fluid condition. The phial, which was encircled by a metallic wreath of laurels, could be examined on all sides. Crowds went to see this interesting relic. On Monday evening the annual procession of the Madonna del Carmine took place. Having issued from the Church of St. Chrysogono, it advanced through the principal streets in the Transtevere district, the inhabitants of which attended in great numbers on the occasion in their picturesque costumes. When the devotional part of the celebration was ended, the immense assemblage appeared to dissolve itself into numerous parties, who enjoyed themselves at various cheerful out-of-door recreations until a late hour. There is a solemn and devotional character about the services at the Gesù which distinguish that church from all others in Rome, and secure it a very large attendance, especially of our Catholic countrypeople. If such be the case on ordinary occasions, you can imagine how pre-eminently striking and imposing must have been the function of Friday last, when the great festival of the Warrior-Saint and illustrious founder of the Order was celebrated. Though just now scarcely any strangers are here, and many of the ordinary congregation are also out of town, yet for a considerable time before the ceremony began, nearly every available space in the fine church was occupied. A sacred symphony, expressly composed for the occasion, was played in the interval before Mass, the three organs being employed in its execution, and it is by no means an exaggeration to say that the music was grand and inspiring. The High Mass was sung by the Bishop Sacristan of the Vatican. Several Cardinals were present. Amongst them I recognised their Eminences the Cardinal Vicar Patrizi, Cardinals Ugolini, Abellini, Panebianca, Pitra, and Pentini. The grand altar was brilliantly lighted, but the great object of attraction was the chapel of the Saint, in which

his relics are exposed, and over the Altar of which stands his statue in massive silver, surmounted by a most precious globe of *lapis lazuli*. The Vespers and Benediction in the evening were equally solemn, and were attended by a very great number, several Cardinals being also present. During the entire day the rooms which the saint once occupied, and which still contain several articles of his furniture, were thrown open to the public, who availed themselves very generally of the privilege. The corridors leading thereto presented an almost unceasing stream of people, either on their way or returning from the visit, and amongst the crowd might be seen great members of the French soldiery. Though the devotion of St. Ignatius may be supposed to have been principally occupied with subjects belonging to the unseen and spiritual world, yet it is known that he entertained a profound admiration for the external and physical works of God, and amongst other most interesting memorials is shown the balcony outside his rooms, still well preserved, on which it was his practice to pass entire hours of the night, absorbed in contemplating the glories of the starry firmament.

In my last I mentioned amongst other intended departures for the Conference in Belgium that of Monsignor Nardi, the Auditor of the Rota. I regret to have now to acquaint you with the postponement of his journey, in consequence of an accident which happily will not be attended by any very serious result. Having had occasion some days ago to visit the Carthusian Monastery of Trisulti, he proceeded by railway to Frosinone, whence, as the convent is not accessible in a carriage, he proceeded on horseback by a bridle-road over the mountain. When passing over some rough ground his horse stumbled and fell, the Monsignor having suffered a contusion of the ankle, with slight injury to the knee. Since his return to Rome he has been confined by the accident, but is now so much better that his medical attendant gives him hopes of being able to leave for Belgium at the end of next week. Rumours have been current here this week of an approaching change in the Ministry; but I am in a position to say they are wholly devoid of truth, and my informant further assures me, on the highest authority, that at no time, even on the first arrest of Faustl, did Cardinal Antonelli express the least intimation of resigning. There has been a considerable fall in the temperature within the last eight days. The mornings and evenings are now delightfully cool. The English and Pio Colleges have gone to Monte Portio for their summer "*villageatura*."

ROME, August 8, 1863.—On Saturday, the festival of St. Peter's Chains was celebrated with great solemnity in the church of St. Pietro in Vincoli, on the Esquiline. This fine old church, which was erected in the fifth century by the Empress Eudocia (the wife of Valentinian III.), and after her called the Eudocian Basilica, belonging to the Order of Lateran Canons. The chains by which St. Peter was bound both at Jerusalem, under Herod, and at Rome, under Nero, are there preserved, the forty precious memorials of the Prince of the Apostles having been sent from Jerusalem by the Empress Eudocia, the wife of Theodosius II., to her Imperial daughter and namesake in Rome. When exposed, as on Saturday, to the veneration of the faithful, these two sets of chains appear to be joined, and the union of these badges of the Apostle's sufferings is said to have occurred miraculously when they were first brought into proximity. At the function on Saturday, the High Mass was sung by the Abbot, assisted as deacon and sub-deacon, by two members of the Order. His Eminence Cardinal Charelli, the titular of the church, being present, with several other distinguished ecclesiastics, and a very large number of the laity. The principal members of the Vatican Choir attended, and the music, both vocal and instrumental, was consequently of the highest order. The church of St. Pietro in Vincoli will be known to many of our country people for its colossal statue of Moses, by Michael Angelo, a work of art which, though generally a subject of eulogy, is not unfrequently, too one of adverse criticism.

Early on Monday morning the Holy Father paid a visit to the nuns of the Capuchin Order, whose convent is on the Quirinal. His Holiness assisted at the Mass, which was celebrated by the chaplain to the community; and afterwards, entering the cloister, remained some time with the sisterhood, to whom, after permitting them to offer the usual homage, he imparted the Apostolic benediction. He then proceeded to the Convent of the "Perpetual Adoration," on Monte Cavallo, where he remained a considerable time in familiar converse with the community, admitting them also to the privilege of the *baccio dei piedi*. His Holiness returned to the Vatican at noon. In consequence of certain irregularities and breaches of "covenant" which occurred at the recent Cardinalial receptions, an order has just been issued by the Majordomo of the Vatican, regulating the character and mode of dress of all persons who shall in future present themselves on such occasions. For ecclesiastics of all grades, including Prelates, the cassock is indispensable; military men

of all ranks, and civilians, if possessing an Order of Knighthood, to appear in uniform, with a sword; while ladies will no longer be admitted in the ordinary ball-room toilette, a high dress being *de rigueur*. The temperature, which towards the end of last month was almost unprecedentedly low for the season, has again risen, the thermometer for the last three days marking 90 in the shade at noon. No rain has fallen here for more than two months. There is much illness, principally fever, amongst the Romans. The prospects of the vintage are, on the whole, very favourable; but the distemper which caused such mortality amongst the cattle in the Spring still continues, though diminished.

By their precautions in guarding the Sepulchre of Our Lord, the Chief Priests and Pharisees became unwittingly the instruments for establishing more clearly the fact of His Resurrection; and Monsieur Renan's impious work (the "*Vie de Jesus Christ*"), though written for a contrary object, has already produced the conviction of His divinity in minds previously sceptical. Thus we learn that Monsieur Delacluse, one of the clever writers of the *Debats*, on reading this book, was led to abandon the infidel opinions of a long life, and at the age of eighty-four to become a sincere Christian. By a singular coincidence he was at the same time seized with a fatal illness, and having sent for a Capuchin Friar, and made a solemn profession of faith, was by him received into the true Church. Some of his quondam literary friends who attended his funeral at Versailles, unaware of the happy change in his religious views, were taken aback at seeing the funeral service performed by a Catholic Priest. Monsieur Renan's antecedents, like others of the infidel school, are certainly not the best. He was once a student of the College of St. Sulpice in Paris, where he went through a course of theology, and during his career in the seminary was known to have been a frequent recipient in the Holy Communion of that Divine Presence which, with Judas-like perfidy, he now assails with his fearful blasphemies. The contradictions and sophisms of his book are ably exposed by Monsieur Cochin in the last number of the *Correspondent*.

Amongst other interesting works of art on private exhibition here at present, is the famous picture, "*Marsyas and Apollo*," by Raphael, found some years ago in London, and known by connoisseurs as the Moore Raphael, from its association with the name of the fortunate discoverer. The notoriety which, under all circumstances the recovery of such a gem of

the immortal artist would occasion, was not a little increased by the very gratuitous impeachment of its genuineness by a "clique" in the Royal Academy, on whom a reproach was supposed to have been cast by the superior sagacity displayed by Mr. Moore in rescuing a treasure from the obscurity in which for years it had lain in the heart of the metropolis. To put the important question of its authorship beyond all cavil, Mr. Moore, who to a keen appreciation of art, unites no small amount of firmness and decision of character, resolved to appeal to the judgment of the principal *connoisseurs* in Europe, in the chief cities of which he exhibited the picture. At Dresden, Vienna, and St. Petersburg, it has been recognised as a genuine production of Raphael by the respective academies, several members of which have furnished Mr. Moore with written attestations of their judgment, expressing at the same time their admiration of the picture. The subject is supposed to be the celebrated contest between Apollo and Marsyas, and it is supposed to have been executed after the author's style had undergone a change, that is to say, when Raphael had visited Florence and seen the works of the great masters in that city. According to this view the picture would date from the year 1504. The size is 14 inches by 12, it is painted on a panel in oil, and is exquisitely finished. The spectator without being aware of the authorship, cannot fail to be struck with the great beauty of the composition. The period selected by Raphael for his design is when Apollo is listening to Marsyas. The general idea of Apollo is taken from the antique, even to the attitudes and dressing of the hair; but into the countenance is thrown all the living fire of Raphael's expression. The subjoined letter from the illustrious Overbeck, and the extract from the *Correspondance de Rome*, will serve to show that the picture is appreciated in this city.

[FROM THE GERMAN.]

"Neither certificate, nor monogram, nor elaborate criticisms of any kind do we need to verify the fact, that this priceless picture of 'Apollo and Marsyas,' is by Raphael's own hand. From out of this, his work, the illustrious artist cries aloud to the world in accents not to be mistaken. Already, as if by anticipation, Apollo seems confident of his victory over Marsyas, and all the attributes of high art are cognisable in the picture.

FREDERICK OVERBECK."

Rome, Dec. 4, 1860."

Whether this gem of art found a purchaser, the writer cannot say, though the fortunate discoverer had already been offered sums not equaling his estimate of its value, but at the period when Overbeck gave his attestation of its genuineness, the Pontifical Government had ordered an engraved copy to be executed, with a view to having it placed in the Vatican Museum.

ROME, August 15, 1863.—In a recent number of the *Times* appears a letter from the eminent member of the London Faculty, Dr. Chambers, on the subject of a report made to the Duke of Newcastle, by our consul here, Mr. Severn, and which, as it had reference to some matters of practical science, his Grace deemed of sufficient importance to lay before the College of Physicians. Mr. Severn's communication, though containing several statements by no means in accordance with fact, would, however, be allowed to pass unnoticed if it did not imply an imputation on the Pontifical Government of a culpable indifference to and disregard of the lives of a particular class of its subjects. The document to which I allude states that the peasantry from the Abruzzi, who in former years were in the habit of coming into the Roman States to reap the corn on the Campagna, having obtained more profitable and less harassing employment in their own neighbourhood, under the Italian Government, have ceased to present themselves in the Papal States, and that, in consequence of the deficiency of hands this year, the French and Pontifical troops have, with the permission of the respective authorities, been employed in cutting the harvest. Mr. Severn further mentions, and Dr. Chambers endorses the statement, that in consequence of insufficient food and sleeping *sub dio* in the fields, a fever invariably prevailed among the labourers of so malignant and fatal a type as that scarcely half the number returned to their homes in the autumn, while in the case of the military engaged this year in the same field labours, hardly a case of fever occurred, which fact these gentlemen ascribe to the superior quality of the food and stimulants, and the better sleeping accommodation enjoyed by the troops.

Now, if Mr. Severn and Dr. Chambers chose to theorise on this or any other subject, nobody can have any objection, and it is quite possible that the fever, which the Romans set down to malaria and local influences, may have its origin in imprudent habits and defective "hygiene," but when the Consul and the doctor make incorrect assertions and misrepresent facts to

the prejudice of the existing Government, the question assumes another aspect, and requires to be put in its proper light.'

In the first place, it is not true that the inhabitants of the Abruzzi have ceased to come as usual into the Papal States this year, in consequence of having found more lucrative employment at home, but simply because they are not permitted to cross the frontier, passports being refused them by the Piedmontese authorities. Of this I have been informed by tourists and artists, both German and English, who have come from the Abruzzi. Neither is it true that during the harvest labours on the Campagna, the reapers subsisted altogether on water-melons, having nothing to satisfy their thirst at that hot season but water, and that frequently not of the purest kind. Doubtless the Italian labourer contents himself with very little animal food, but then he has always a good supply of bread, and the cheese of the country, to which I may add the never-failing "ricotta," obtained from milk, and a substance wholesome and nutritious, with such fruits as may happen to be in season, and in latter years a fair proportion of wine. Our surprise, however, reaches its climax when we find a man of intelligence stating that, as a place of nightly repose, the labourer is in the habit of selecting a ruined villa, a ditch, or a catacomb. To disprove this statement it is only necessary to say that where a number of men are employed on the Campagna, and indoor accommodation is insufficient, tents are invariably erected in an elevated and dry position; and, besides being myself cognizant of such being the case in more than one instance, I have the assurance of a respectable proprietor and "Mercante di Campagna," that such precautions are never neglected. Unless a great improvement has taken place in the condition of the Dorsetshire labourer within the last few years (and of this I am rather doubtful) I am sure he would gladly exchange places with the peasant of the Campagna, who with food so much cheaper, has at least three pails, about 1s. 4d., a-day. In enumerating the catacombs amongst the places of nocturnal refuge for the reapers on the Campagna, Dr. Chambers does not appear to be aware that these sacred depositories of the remains of the early Christians can only be entered by special permission, and with a guide; and if his professional avocations have hitherto prevented him from being personally cognizant of this fact, he can readily assure himself of it by inquiring of such of his patients as may have visited Rome.

Respecting the fever which, according to him and Mr. Severn, originating in unwholesome diet and sleeping out of

doors, took off annually its hecatomb of victims amongst the emigrant labourers, I beg to inform him that the mortality was never beyond the average of similar endemics in other parts of Italy, as any of the more intelligent medical men here can attest; while in the instances of the French and Italian troops engaged in those field labours, all the precautions of good living, &c., adopted did not by any means secure immunity from the disease, several cases, though not fatal, having occurred amongst the men of both armies. In dismissing this subject, I would take the liberty of observing that however distinguished and deserved a reputation in his profession that of Mr. Chambers may be, and though Mr. Severn may unite to his official position the accomplishments of a first-rate artist, yet if either or both gentlemen enter into other provinces, and, to sustain a Cavourite theory, mistake or exaggerate facts with which they are imperfectly acquainted, they will only expose themselves to the classic reproof "*Ne sutor ultra crepidam.*"

The celebration of the Festival of the Assumption to-day has been of the most imposing character. Last evening the city was brilliantly illuminated, and the Virgil Vespers were performed with great splendour at the Church of St. Maria Maggiore, several Cardinals assisting.

This morning at break of day, the echoes of the city were awakened by twenty-one salvos of artillery from the Castle of St. Angelo. His Holiness arrived at the Basilica of St. Mary Maggiore at 10, and assisted at the Capella Papale. The Cardinal Archbishop pontificated, and there was a numerous attendance of the cardinalitial body. The Latin sermon was preached by a member of the College of Nobles. After the conclusion of the function the Holy Father ascended the loggia and gave the Apostolic benediction to the thousands assembled in front of the church. Notwithstanding the heat of the day, there was a very great concourse of all classes. His Holiness was looking well.

The temperature for several days has again ascended, and the thermometer at noon is at 97 in the shade. We are now three months without rain, not a drop having fallen since the 19th of May, but there are decided indications of an approaching change, and last evening loud peals of thunder were heard in the distance. The summer has not been remarkable for much fatal illness, though fevers have generally prevailed.

The *Giornale di Roma* of last evening, acknowledges several recent contributions to the Peter-pence fund, and mentions that

the entire amount, since its first commencement, has reached the sum of thirty-two millions and a half of francs.

ROME, Aug. 29, 1863.—The Roman correspondence of a Catholic journal would just now be very incomplete if it did not contain some reference to the extraordinary facts occurring in a locality not far from here, and which have excited such interest and produced such a sensation as to have been made the subject of more than one article in the local papers. I allude to the miraculous appearances said to be exhibited by a picture of the Madonna, at Vicovara, a town of some 1,400 inhabitants, situated about twenty-seven miles from Rome, on the road from Tivoli to Subiaco. This locality, which still retains its ancient name, will be known to some of your readers from its proximity to Horace's famous Sabine farm, at "Digentia," in the classic pilgrimage to which it forms one of the stages. The celebrity, however, attaching to Vicovara, from its Pagan associations, is just now eclipsed by the interest which has accrued to the place, from the supernatural manifestations of which it is reported to be the theatre. In the large square of the town, and opposite the principal church, stands a small oratory of octangular shape, in which hung for more than four generations a small picture of Our Lady, representing her in an attitude of prayer, with eyes upturned, the hands crossed and reposing on the breast, and with an ineffable expression of celestial purity and sweetness. Concerning the pencil to which this beautiful and most impressive painting owes its existence, nothing certain is known, but tradition as well as the judgment of present connoisseurs agree in assigning it to an author of no ordinary ability. About the close of the last century the picture became an object of especial veneration, from the fact of its having been observed on more than one occasion to have exhibited movements of the eyes, the countenance becoming at the same time suffused, as if expressive of emotion. The memory of these supernatural appearances has been ever since preserved by an annual festival in honour of Our Lady, during which the picture is exposed to the veneration of the faithful, and becomes for the time the cynosure of all eyes. On the occasion of the anniversary this year, July 22nd, the functions of the morning having ended, nearly everyone had left the church, a few whose devotion was yet unsatisfied, remaining behind, were astonished at seeing the eyes of the picture move. After assuring themselves that what they beheld was no delusion, but a positive reality, they hastened out of the church, and announced the wonderful fact they had witnessed. Crowds

instantly flocked to the spot, and with them the clergy of the town. On that occasion the prodigy is said to have been witnessed by thousands, many giving expression to their feelings in the most unrestrained demonstrations of wonder and delight. The little church, however, being insufficient to admit the crowds who were so eager to enter, a procession was immediately arranged, and, amidst the chanting of psalms and litanies, the picture was carried to the principal church, where, to gratify the devotion and enthusiasm of the people, and to preclude, as it were, the possibility of any optical deception, the glass having been removed from the frame, and the painting placed in front of the altar, it presented the same marvellous appearances. Since then very great numbers have been visiting Vicovara, and though the miraculous movements of the eyes have not been witnessed by all, yet they have been seen by many of all grades and professions, whose attestations to that effect are recorded in a book kept in the sacristy. I have it also on authority that several hundred depositions, many of them those of lawyers and medical men, have been forwarded to the Secretary of the Congregation of the Rites, by which body the subject is at present undergoing investigation. Some miraculous cures are said to have been wrought, and the *Verídico*, a Roman journal, records the case of a man known as a cripple for many years, and who suddenly recovered the use of his limbs while praying before the picture.

The same journal contains a very interesting narrative of a pilgrimage made to Vicovara by a party of Roman Ecclesiastics some days ago, and though neither the writer nor any of his companions were fortunate enough to witness the miracle, he mentions his having met hundreds of unquestionable veracity who had seen it. I may copy the following narrative:—"On entering the church, which was already full to suffocation, an extraordinary scene presented itself to our view. It was not prayers nor articulate sounds that we heard, but a loud, unceasing, indistinct murmur; two thousand persons at least simultaneously expressing, in the most demonstrative and unrestrained manner, the various emotions by which they were actuated, of hope, of gratitude, of love, and of sorrow. To others it may not be so difficult, but to me it would be impossible to express in words the profound impression made on me by this religious tempest—(*religioso uracano*)." The writer, however, very properly deprecates this noisy and uncontrolled manifestation of devotional fervour as unbecoming a house of worship. Not having yet been

to Vicovara, I cannot add the support of my own observations to the extraordinary facts predicated of this picture, and I merely give them to you *quantum valeant*. When there is question of a physical fact, the senses of an individual are alone an insufficient motive of judgment, the value of such testimony consisting in plurality of numbers; but when a variety of persons of dissimilar conditions and interests agree in deposing to a particular fact, whether it be in accordance with, or exceptional to, the ordinary laws of nature, we cannot question such testimony without invalidating what logicians regard as one of the three great principles of certitude. Under the circumstances it may be just now more judicious not to express too decided an opinion, especially as the matter is under official investigation. In the meantime, the extraordinary facts referred to have been productive of incalculable good in the neighbourhood, as in the instance of the apparition of La Salette imparting fervour in the lukewarm Christian, and recalling many a wanderer to the path of duty and religion.

The remains of Cardinal Marini were transported on Sunday evening to the Church of St. Carlo in Catinari.

On Monday, a Capella Papale was held in the same church. The Requiem Mass was sung by Cardinal Clarelli Paracciolì. His Holiness having assisted at the High Mass, afterwards performed the impressive ceremony of absolution over the remains of the defunct Cardinal. At the annual distribution of the military honours some days ago, the "Buon Merito" gold medal was given to Captain Robert de Selby, of the Palatine Guards, a mark of Pontifical favour which had the cordial and unanimous approval of his brother officers.

FRASCATI, NEAR ROME, Sept. 27, 1863.—Admiral Fitzroy is not likely to have a very formidable rival in your Roman correspondent, the meteorological vaticinations which I hazarded in a former letter not having accorded with the result. For, though rain fell, yet it was limited to a few showers, altogether insufficient for the requirements of the country; and, all indications of change having vanished, the sky assumed its former blue and unclouded aspect, and we have had another month of dry weather. Owing to this prolonged drought, the prospects of the vintage have been impaired as to productiveness, the want of water affecting the quantity, though not the quality of the wine; and, indeed, on animal as well as vegetable life generally, the relaxing character of the weather has acted unfavourably; on some days producing a feeling of languor and prostration which necessitated a more than ordinary *vis a tergo*

to stimulate to any exertion, either physical or mental, which circumstance, by the way, will partially explain why my correspondence has fallen so much into arrear. Life, however, is full of compensations, and the mornings and evenings have been, for some time, most enjoyable—especially the latter—when the western horizon presents a spectacle of surpassing splendour. The sunsets, as seen from Monte Pincio, at Rome, are proverbial for their magnificence. But it appears to me that, as witnessed from here, they are still more striking, when in addition to the same marvellous combination of exquisite colouring, nearly the entire expanse of the Campagna with Rome itself is included in the picture, and the broad disc of the sun is seen to descend into the Mediterranean as into a lake of liquid silver. On these occasions, too, one cannot but remark how little the features of the evening landscape have altered since the days of Virgil; and as the shadows lengthen, and the smoke is seen to ascend from the scattered homesteads on the Campagna and the Alban Hills, one can hardly avoid quoting his beautiful lines:—

“Jam summa procul villarum culmina fumant,
Majoresque cadunt altis de montibus umbrae.”

You will be surprised to learn that Prince Carlo Barberini, the eldest son of the late Prince, and nephew of the late Cardinal Barberini, has thrown up the command of the “Guardia Nobile,” which gave him the rank of Lieutenant-General, and a salary of one hundred scudi a month. His second daughter is to be married on the second of next month to the son of the late Prince Corsini, who died in England some two years ago. The young Prince is an *aide-de-camp* of Victor Emmanuel; and Prince Carlo in abandoning his native city, and his post in the Noble Guard, does so from motives some of which are obvious and others more than suspected. It is already known to all those who move in Roman society that Prince Carlo abdicated his right and title as head of the family in favour of his younger brother only a few years ago. Since the death of the late Prince and his wife, without male issue, he had been frequently urged by his father to marry again, in the hope of having an heir, and thus preventing the title and estates from passing to the Sciarra-Colonna family, as the entail made unavoidable; but Prince Carlo obstinately refused, yet so far yielded to his father's remonstrances as to agree to abdicate in favour of his younger brother, as already mentioned. It was then surmised, but is now said to be known, that his refusal to obey his father's wishes respecting a second marriage

arose from a secret connection which he had formed in low life, and which he was unwilling to disclose. A formal renunciation having then taken place, his brother forthwith married, and has at present several daughters, but, as yet, no son. Rumours are in circulation of a private marriage having taken place between Prince Carlo and the woman already referred to, and by whom he has several sons. It may be that he thinks the facilities for legalising his second marriage, and legitimising the issue, would be greater at Turin than under the more rigid morality of the Roman courts. He will be succeeded in his post of Commander of the Noble Guard by the officer next in rank, Prince Viano, who is the son of the present Prince, and nephew of the Cardinal Altieri.

It is somewhat remarkable that the Roman families most prone to disaffection are those created by the Popes. The Barberini owe everything to Urban VIII. Originally a Florentine family, but afterwards engaged in commerce at Ancona, they transferred their fortunes to Rome on the elevation of their kinsman to the Tiara in 1625. Don Carlo Barberini, the head of the house and brother of the Pope, was raised to the same post which his descendant in the present generation has lately occupied, viz., that of General of the army. Speaking of him, the historian of the Popes, Ranke, says he was a grave and experienced man of business, of few words, not to be dazzled by the first gleam of his rising fortunes, steadily occupied with the plan of founding a great family estate. He had three sons, Don Francesco, Taddeo, and Antonio, who soon acquired positions of importance and immense wealth. The most lucrative offices were in their hands. The younger, Antonio, was High Chamberlain, the elder Vice-Chancellor, while the Prefecture was conferred on Don Antonio. It is affirmed, says Conterini, a contemporary historian, that in the course of this Pontificate the incredible sum of 105,000,000 scudi passed into the hands of this family. The palaces, continues the same writer, that, for instance, of the Quattro Fontane, built out of the ruins of the Colosseum, a royal work, the vineyards, the pictures, the statues, the wrought silver and gold, and the precious stones that were heaped on that house, are of more amount than can be believed or expressed. To the Pope himself this enormous accumulation of wealth seems to have become occasionally a matter of scruple, so that in 1640 he formally appointed a commission to inquire into the lawfulness of so large a possession by a Papal family. This immense structure at the Quattro Fontane, which, by the way, is of too florid a style, and

over which are too frequently and too ostentatiously displayed the "Lucky Bees," the arms of the Barberini, is still the residence of the family. But to what base uses may we come at last? The right wing is occupied by an American sculptor, and the left wing, the Prince's own side, by an American painter.

I have said that the Pope's brother made this palace by the demolition of the Colosseum, perhaps the present Prince may hope to make his fortune by demolishing the Pope. Then indeed he will have acquired an additional claim to the unenviable distinction predicated of his family in the well-known proverb :—

Quod non fecerint Barberi fecerunt Barberini.

It may not be very difficult, if it were worth while, to unravel the web of intrigue of which the removal of Sir G. Hudson from Turin was but one of the threads ; but, whatever was the motive of that measure, it would appear that his absence is to be only temporary, and that he will ere long re-occupy his former post in that city. This intelligence, of which I have as yet seen no mention in the despatches, has reached me from an authentic source, and is not the less entitled to credence because it has travelled to me from the enemy's camp. The important services which he rendered to the cause of revolution during the infamous war of aggression on the Papal States, and the invasion of Naples, while they secured for him the gratitude of Victor Emmanuel, commended him also to the favour of his English patrons, Lords Palmerston and Russell, of whose anti-Papal policy he was at all times the ready instrument. It would be difficult, therefore, to imagine any combination of circumstances in which his permanent displacement would be likely to have the approval of the Cabinets of London and Turin, unless in the case of the direct interference of France and Austria, or some other pressure from without. His resumption of office will be under circumstances more favourable for the prosecution of his anti-Catholic schemes, as one of the new Secretaries of Legation is to be Mr. Odo Russell, for whose qualifications to serve under such a master we need but refer to the impressions he has left behind in Rome, where for a few years he occupied a very anomalous diplomatic position.

Several of the Colleges are passing their *villagiatura* in this neighbourhood. The American students, with their Rector, Dr. McClusky, are staying at the Villa Muti. This lovely villa is interesting to the English visitor, not only from the beauty of the grounds, and the magnificent prospect it commands, but also from having been once the residence of Cardinal York, the bro-

ther of Prince Charles the Pretender. It still contains many memorials of the Stuarts in the shape of busts and portraits; but the more interesting part of the collection which formerly existed at the villa is at present in Scotland, having been purchased by the late Duke of Hamilton, when he first visited Rome as Marquis of Douglas.

The new Rector of the English College has not yet arrived, though daily expected. The Holy Father remains at the Vatican, and in such excellent health, that it is generally supposed he will dispense with the usual *villagiatura* in October. The extension of the Civita Vecchia Railway is just completed, and at present the arrivals and departures take place at the Piazza di Termini within the walls of Rome.

FRASCATI, NEAR ROME, Oct. 3, 1863.—Though, from its expedition and economy, travelling has for some time ceased to be the exclusive enjoyment of the aristocratic and wealthy classes, and though, of the winter visitants of the cities of Southern Europe a large proportion belongs to the ranks of the profession and to commerce, yet it is remarkable how little the habits and customs of the English abroad have altered, and how applicable to the society of the present day are the pictures of our country people drawn more than a century ago. Writing from Rome, during the winter of 1745, to her daughter the Marchioness of Queensbury, Lady Wortley Montague, while acknowledging the responsibility attaching to the care of another's child, expresses at the same time her regret that she did not bring with her one of her granddaughters, as she says she knows no better matrimonial market for young ladies than the Eternal City. She then proceeded to inform her daughter that there are then in Rome some half-dozen young English noblemen, all eldest sons, who make it a practice to come regularly to her *soirées* in disregard of all the other varieties of attraction, and who are so emulous of standing well in her Ladyship's estimation, that she expresses her conviction that any suggestion offered by her on the subject of marriage would be promptly adopted by any of the young *coterie*. To authenticate her account still more, she says that a worthy North Briton, the Abbé Grant (the then Rector of the Scotch College), told her more than once that the influence she exercised over her young countrymen was so salutary that it was incumbent on her Ladyship to come every winter to Rome. Lady Wortley Montague was, no doubt, a worldly-minded woman, with all the laxity of her day as to religion, and a worshipper of fashion and conventionality; but she was a keen observer of life,

and her judgment as to the facilities Rome offers for securing the prospects of young ladies has been often confirmed since her day. It is asserted, however, that few marriages take place in Rome in comparison to the numbers which originate there. To a certain extent this is true, nor is it difficult to conceive why it should be so. Under the softening influence of novelty and change of scene, *Paterfamilias* becomes more amiable, and his better-half also less exacting. The intercourse of the young people becomes less fettered by restraint, and what with community of sightseeing, and the other enjoyments incidental to a season in Rome, a foundation is laid for those more abiding sympathies which afterwards not unfrequently develop into the more defined and intimate relations of matrimony. Such is my theory of Roman marriages. To a permanent resident, the ever-shifting society of our country people, arriving, some for a longer, others for a shorter period, often exhibiting during their stay the most *prononcées* of the national peculiarities, and not unfrequently a good deal of eccentricity, gives the impression of a kind of phantasmagoria; and in a retrospect extending over a period of more than twelve years, how many a counterpart of Lady Wortley Montague passes like Banquo's offspring before my mind's eye! Her Ladyship's letters were nearly all written from Adrianople and other parts of the East; some from the north of Italy. The few written from Rome in her declining years are worth perusal. Sixty years later we have in the late Lord Cloncurry's memoirs some interesting sketches of society in Rome, representing it as not very dissimilar to what it is at the present day; but, if his Lordship is a faithful chronicler, we have every reason to be thankful for the improvements which have taken place in the physical *agremens* of every-day life in this city. Connected with this subject, indeed, he gives his readers a few amusing anecdotes by way of illustration, which could scarcely be introduced here without offending in some degree against the gravity and stricter proprieties of Catholic journalism.

On Thursday morning, the 1st of October, a Consistory was held at the Vatican, at which the Hat was given to His Eminence Cardinal de Luca, who was raised to the Purple at the Private Consistory held on the 16th of March. A large number of the Sacred College and several Prelates were present on the occasion, besides some distinguished ladies. Amongst the latter were the Queen of Naples and the Infanta of Portugal. During the Consistory the Official Advocate concluded the third and last step in the progress of the Beatification of the Venerable Christina,

the late Queen of the Two Sicilies. Short as it is since this saintly woman and her husband wielded the sceptre over these countries, what sad changes have occurred, and what a mass of misfortune has fallen on the people? A prey to the exactions of an unprincipled usurper, and the cruelties of his licentious and ruffian soldiery, deprived of their faithful Pastors, by either imprisonment or exile, their monasteries and convents plundered, and, what is worse than all, the morals of the people corrupted, and a tide of infidelity inundating the land, the future of Naples and Sicily seems gloomy indeed. The journals of all political shades agree in stating that the laws of the kingdom as at present administered are perfectly inadequate to the protection of life and property even in the neighbourhood of the larger city, nor can it excite wonder that under such circumstances the people would arm in self-defence, and the wild fury of rebellion and brigandage should be substituted for the slow and impotent operation of the law? The very last accounts from Naples inform us that on the 20th, on the high road from Soreto to Castellamare, a numerous party of travellers, in six carriages, were attacked, and some individuals carried into the mountains, the others having been robbed of everything, and all this within a few miles from Naples, the garrison of which consists of over 25,000 Piedmontese soldiers. The remoter districts are in a state of anarchy, and scarcely a day passes without rencontres between the peasantry and soldiers, the particulars of which almost invariably disastrous to the troops, fill the columns of the journals. The Piedmontese Consul took his departure from here several days since, and the business of the Consulate is now managed by the Danish *employé*. Before leaving he made application to the French authorities with a view to placing the affairs of his office in the hands of the French Consul, but his application was refused, and for a very obvious reason, that since the departure of the Pontifical Consul from Naples all transactions with the Roman States are conducted at the French Consulate in that city. There are already several arrivals of families who have come for the winter. The terms for apartments are higher than usual, under the impression that a more than average number of strangers will be here. The Holy Father is well.

ROME, Oct. 10, 1863.—Whether the inordinate vanity of Piedmont may not prompt her to further schemes of aggression, and thus accelerate the inevitable period, the *summa dies et ineluctabile tempus* of her forthcoming retribution, is amongst the impenetrable secrets of futurity; but there is one thing

certain, and it is, that all that has hitherto happened will ultimately eventuate in the triumph of the Church and the humiliation of her enemies, as her history for two thousand years abundantly proves, whether this consummation is destined to be witnessed by Pius IX. or his successor. Indeed, we need not travel out of the present Pontificate in order to see the finger of God clearly manifest in the frustration of their machinations by means extraordinary and unexpected. Thus the temporal power of the Pope was never at any epoch of Christianity assailed by such powerful forces, so much treachery, and malignant cunning, and yet never was this doctrine sustained by the testimony of such numbers of authoritative witnesses, or such wonderful means forthcoming in its support. Every calumny, moreover, invented by its opponents, no sooner goes forth than it meets its refutation in ways the most striking and impressive. It was said, for instance, by the Revolutionists, that though the Pope from interested motives was uncompromising about his temporal power, yet the Bishops thought differently. Then followed the assembly of 275 Bishops, a larger number than met at the Council of Trent, all of whom expressed their adhesion in terms not to be mistaken. Defeated on this point the enemies of the temporal power sought to lessen the force of this decision by saying that the Bishops were not free agents in Rome, and that many of them acted without deliberation, and from surprise. Well, to dispose of this statement we have the fact that the Bishops who from urgent business and other unavoidable causes were unable to be present in Rome, not satisfied with accepting the address and promulgating it in their respective dioceses, sent letters to Pius IX. expressing in the clearest and most emphatic terms their adhesion to the doctrine of his temporal power. In this way more than 700 Bishops have subscribed to the address, forming such a weight of authority that, with the exception of the second Lateran Council, ecclesiastical annals furnish no instance of similar hierarchical unanimity. Well, the acts of this celebrated Consistory of the 9th June, 1862, and the letters in which the absent Bishops recorded their adhesion to the address of those present in Rome have been collected and just printed in one volume, forming part of the great work which has issued from the press here under the title, "The Temporal Sovereignty of the Roman Pontiffs, maintained in its Integrity by the Suffrages of the entire Catholic World, during the Reign of Pius IX." The volume to which I allude has just appeared

from the press of the *Civiltà Cattolica*, bearing the title "The Catholic Episcopacy after the 8th of June, 1862," and forms the 7th volume of the entire work.

According to the Pontifical Almanack for 1863, which contains the official list of the principal functionaries both belonging to the Catholic Hierarchy as well as the civil department, there are of the former 852 Bishops, of whom 778 belong to the Latin and 74 to the Oriental rite. Now, the number of the Bishops whose names appear in this volume, expressing their unanimity on this question, amounts to 708. However, as amongst this number are the names of some Bishops *in partibus infidelium*, in order to have an accurate estimate of the numbers of those who have subscribed with the resident Bishops published in the Almanack, a deduction must be made of the names of the Bishops not having residence. This calculation is made by the collectors of the documents, and appears in the preface to the volume. The result is thus given:—Those who can be really said not to have voted for the address hardly amount to 175 Prelates, of whom 146 belong to the Latin, and 29 to the Oriental rite. It can then be said that only a fifth part of the entire Hierarchy is not represented in these acts, but, as the compilers well observe, it by no means follows that this fifth part of the Hierarchy think differently from the others, but simply up to the present no document from them referring to the Consistory has reached the compiler. On the contrary, of the greater number it can be said that they have given evidence of their complete accord with the other subscribers to the address, having before the Consistory of the 9th June published to the world their authorised opinions. To this, allusion is made in the preceding volume of the collection, in which appear various pastorals, addresses, &c., from these Bishops in favour of the temporal power of the Pope.

Of the 175 Bishops, therefore, whose names do not appear in the volume, there are, at least, 92 who in the preceding volumes of the collection have manifested their opinions, not by one, but by several public declarations. In conclusion, then, it can be safely asserted that of the entire Catholic Hierarchy, there are but 83 whose adhesion to the decision of the Pope and other Bishops on the necessity of the temporal supremacy of the Holy See have not yet reached the compilers. Hitherto, they further add, "we have only spoken of the Bishops, but have said nothing of the Chapters and principal Clergy, of whom, within the last few months, 14,000 have signed the

letters of their Bishops, others having written separately to us, expressing their perfect approval, of the decisions of the Consistory. We say within the last few months, because the addresses previously sent to the Holy Father by the clergy of all grades, declaring the necessity of his temporal power, would fill several volumes, and contain some tens of thousands names." With the opinions of the universal Church pronounced so unanimously on this question of the temporal power of the Holy See, it is enough to rouse one's bile, or rather to engender a feeling of unmitigated disgust, when one hears some *soi-disant* Catholic (generally of very limited mental calibre) introducing this momentous subject in society, and expressing in flippant terms his dissent from the views of so many great and good men; but "fools rush in where angels fear to tread."

Crowds continue to flock to Vicovara. The ordinary public conveyances to Tivoli have been for some time insufficient, and extra *veturini* start daily from Rome at such an early hour as to be able to make the journey to and from Vicovara the same day, affording several hours' rest at this latter town. Pilgrimages in which some hundreds of persons not unfrequently join, constantly arrive from the neighbouring town, and sometimes from remote districts. The brotherhood of the "Società della Monte" of Rome made a pedestrian pilgrimage some days ago, headed by their President, Monsignor Boromeo. Having walked to Tivoli, they passed the night there, and next day proceeded to Vicovara, at some distance outside which they were met by the members of the same society of that town. They were met at the gates of the town by the Provost and other ecclesiastics, and conducted to the principal church, where the Bishop having said Mass, all the pilgrims received the Communion from his hands. The students of the "Collegio de Nobili," with their Rector and other members of the Order of Jesus, also proceeded some days ago to Vicovara to render their homage to the Mother of God. Having said Mass the Rector presented a silver heart as a tribute of devotion, the offering having been preceded by a fervent discourse, ending with a pious "formula" of dedication to the Blessed Virgin, the words of which were repeated by all present.

Amongst others who have lately witnessed the miraculous appearances, is a distinguished ecclesiastic and countryman of ours, whose testimony is the more valuable from his well-known candour and veracity, being moreover the most unimpressible of men, and therefore not likely to be the victim of a delusion.

Indeed, if I were asked to whom of all my acquaintance Horace's description of the fortitude and imperturbability of virtue 'midst the menaces of a violent populace, the frown of a despot, or even the crash of collapsing worlds, best applied, I would unhesitatingly select this excellent man, whose name, without his permission, I don't feel justified in publishing, though I am aware how much it would weigh with your readers. Having, in company with some other clerical friends, made a pilgrimage to Vicovara some few days since, and having said Mass in the principal church, he was engaged in making his thanksgiving before the Altar, when on directing his attention to the picture that lay before him, the eyes seemed suddenly to alter their direction and look downwards, the countenance at the same time becoming suffused as in life, and assuming an indescribable expression of sorrow. Having looked at the picture sufficiently long to satisfy himself that in what he saw there was no deception, he states that a supernatural fear came over him to such a degree, that he could not summon resolution to raise his eyes again to the picture, and soon after left the church.

It is generally reported here to-day, that General Montebello has been recalled, and that this measure has been occasioned by a direct and peremptory demand from His Holiness addressed by telegraph to the Emperor some days ago. For some time the relations of the French General with the Vatican have been known not to have been very cordial, and the public have not been altogether unprepared for this event.

A young man of noble family from Perugia has been playing the rôle of a *Chevalier d'Industrie* here during the last few weeks. In consequence of his introductions on his first arrival in Rome, he was received into some of the first families here, and was treated with much courtesy and kindness by some of them. In requital for their hospitality and attentions, however, he availed himself of the opportunity thereby afforded of stealing several costly articles from the households where he was thus received. Dining some days ago with a Roman family of position—after the soup had been served, he pleaded some urgent matter of business and abruptly left the table, saying that he would return later in the evening. Instead of leaving the house, however, he entered some of the private apartments of his host, and possessed himself of jewellery and other objects of great value, amongst them some antique golden coins, of which the master of the house was a well-known collector. Suspicion in this case, as in all the others, fell upon the

servants, several of whom were about to be dismissed, when an accidental circumstance led to the discovery of the real thief, who was soon after arrested, and is at present in prison. Since his incarceration, several robberies for which poor servants were dismissed, or otherwise punished, have been discovered to have been perpetrated by this individual, whose name, out of consideration for his family, I do not at present give.

ROME, Oct. 17, 1863.—Notwithstanding his many anxieties and trials, the health, and I may add, the spirits too, of the Holy Father continue to be excellent, and in his habits he displays an activity scarcely to be expected at his age. In addition to his regular drives, he is scarcely a day without visiting some of the convents and other institutions of the city, and on these occasions his manners and conversation have generally a character of cheerfulness, and not unfrequently a certain raciness of humour which charm while they amuse those who are fortunate enough to be present. After an interval of four years, the Holy Father called, a few days ago, at St. Andrea, the Jesuit Noviciate, on the Quirinal. Owing to the unexpected character of the visit, the great body of the community were absent, the Prefect and three or four novices, one of whom entered the same morning, being the only persons to receive the Pope on his arrival. After paying the usual homage, and expressing their regret at the absence of the other members, the Prefect and the few novices present, proceeded to conduct the Holy Father through the house, when the Pope, addressing himself to the newly-arrived novice, said :—"This will be a day of especial remembrance for you and for me, for we have both entered the noviceship on the same day. There is, however," added the Holy Father, "some difference in the two cases, for, while you have entered for life, and will have to bind yourself to certain duties, and will have to give up your own will and inclinations, I have only come in for half-an-hour, and, while here, can do as I please. Besides, if I wished to stop, the Fathers would not have me, for I am now old and good for nothing." On learning the name of the town in Lombardy from whence the young novice came, the Holy Father said he was once there many years ago, and his visit was impressed on his memory by a rather amusing circumstance. In one of the churches of the town were the Stations of the Passion, all the pictures of which were presented by the *Arciprete* (Arch-priest), whose liberality, said the Pope, was recorded under each in terms of rather ambiguous import: thus, under that representing "Christ condemned to Death," was written, "Christo

condanato a Morte. Alle spese del Arciprete." ("Christ condemned to Death. At the expense of the Archpriest.") After an agreeable half-hour, during which he delighted everyone by the suavity of his manner and the cheerful tone of his conversation, the Holy Father returned to the Vatican, having previously imparted the Apostolic Benediction.

The Festival of Saint Edward was celebrated at the Villaggiatura quarters of the English College, at Monte Porzio, on the 13th. The solemnities of the day commenced with the religious functions in the parochial church, where High Mass was sung by the vice-rector, assisted by the Rev. Dr. Acton, as deacon, and the Rev. Mr. Kelly, as sub-deacon. The congregation consisted of the students, inhabitants of the town, and some English strangers. In the afternoon, the vice-president entertained the students, some English and Italian friends, both lay and ecclesiastical, at a sumptuous dinner in the college refectory. Amongst the guests were Cardinal Pentini, Monsignor Talbot and Howard, who both came from Rome for the occasion, the latter having only returned a few days previously from his mission to India, Commendatore and Captain Selby, the Hon. E. Stonor, H. M. Chomondley, Major Darrell, the Hons. Charles and E. Noel, and Dr. O'Dwyer, with several others. The band of the town played within the college precincts during the day, and in the evening the festivities concluded with a balloon ascent. The new rector is not expected before November. The Rev. J. McCabe, D.D., having been recently ordained for the diocese of Birmingham, left yesterday for England, his departure affording an occasion of regret to his friends and fellow-students in the English college.

The new French Ambassador, Monsieur Sartiges, has not yet arrived, though momentarily expected.

The journals from all parts of Naples and Sicily irrespective of their politics, continue to record instances of increasing demoralization amongst the people, even in localities previously remarkable for their observance of the duties of religion, and obedience to the civil laws. From the numerous examples furnished, I select the following:—In the town of Amelia a sacrilege has just been committed, which has spread consternation amongst the people. Before the principal gate of the town, over which was the touching inscription "*Amelia Civitas Mariæ*," stood a large and well-executed crucifix. A few nights ago, this imposing and sacred emblem of our redemption was demolished and broken into countless pieces by some

miscreant hand. As a Piedmontese sentinel was on duty a few paces from the spot, it is supposed that the outrage must have been committed with his connivance. From Cagliari, in Sardinia, we learn that a Garibaldian, having entered an hotel, and found a crucifix in the room which he occupied, he took the sacred image, and, having broken it, threw it into the fire, accompanying the act with the most fearful imprecations. Only a few days after, this wretched individual was found dead in the same room, his body presenting the most unnatural and disgusting appearances. In a village near Cotrone, in Calabria, during a storm, instead of making the sign of the cross, according to the usual Christian practice when a peal of thunder is heard, another individual gave utterance to the most atrocious blasphemies, and also imprecations against the Pope. These horrible expressions had hardly escaped his lips, when a second flash of lightning struck him instantly dead.

ROME, Oct. 24, 1863.—The concluding paragraph of my last letter had reference to the unhappy state of things at Naples. I beg to return to the subject, and to give you a few more particulars with which I have been furnished by an English friend, who has just come back from that city, after a residence of three months. I should premise that my informant is by no means a partisan, being without any political bias, as far as I am aware; and therefore his observations of passing events are the more trustworthy. Amongst other outrages on justice committed by the Piedmontese authorities, my friend's report particularly adverted to the fact that the greater part of the funds of one of the principal Female Orphan Asylums had been sequestered; 600 of the inmates, in despite of their moving remonstrances, ejected from the establishment; and within a week of this expulsion, 250 of this number of young creatures, yielding to the temptations of their destitute condition, had their names registered on the police-books as having taken up their abode in the licensed immoral establishments of the city. To the circulation of indecent prints and vile publications there would seem to be no limit; and my friend states that into several of the picture-shops no female can well enter in consequence of the infamous character of the photographs exposed for sale. To the seductions of sensual immorality which meet the eye are superadded, in many instances, every refinement of blasphemous impiety, such as the most diabolical imagination alone could devise. Thus, in a shop-window near the Toledo, is to be seen a caricature of the stations of the passion. In the

place of Our Saviour, Italia appears bearing her cross, and the Blessed Virgin represented by Garibaldi! In another shop is to be seen a parody on the creed, and which, my friend having brought it with him as a literary curiosity, I beg to transcribe for the edification of your readers. The following is the formula :—

“CREDO POLITICO.

“Io credo nel Re Vittorio Emanuele e nel valore del popolo Italiano, nel fu ministro Cavour col suo talento mostro, il quale fu ispirato da un pensiereo santo, e concepì un'idea virgine, patigli attacchi della sinistra, combatte nel arena parlamentare fu ministre delle finanze, le resuscitò della morte, salì alla presidenza alla destra del Re, di là prese a vendicare l'Italia dei ricercuti torti. Io credo nel futuro guerone, l'assoluzione delle questioni pendenti, il riscatto di Roma a Venezia, la proclamazione della Città Eterna a capitale d'Italia.—Amen.”

(TRANSLATION.)

“I believe in Victor Emmanuel and in the valour of the Italian people, in the late Minister Cavour with his colossal talents, who was inspired by a holy thought, and conceived a virgin idea, suffered the attacks of the Left, fought in the Parliamentary arena, was Minister of Finance, which he raised from death, ascended to the Presidency, to the right hand of the King, whence he undertook to vindicate Italy from the wrongs she had received. I believe in a future war, in the solution of the questions pending, in the redemption of Rome and Venice, and in the proclamation of the Eternal City as the capital of Italy.—Amen.”

ROME, Oct. 31, 1863.—The present being the vintage month, and almost invariably remarkable for its lovely weather, is peculiarly the season for general rejoicing and out-of-door enjoyment for the Romans, but more especially the inhabitants of the Transtevere. Every day parties are formed, which, repairing to some suburban locality in good repute for its wine, spend the afternoon in an innocent though uproarious hilarity, returning to their homes up to the latest hours of the night; and as the exuberant spirits of the Italian find vent in song, the slumbers of the quiet citizen are often disturbed as the streets re-echo with the voices of the revellers, joined in loud and frequently not in-harmonious concert. Towards the end of the month, too, during the earlier hours of the afternoon, the streets and roads in the vicinity are enlivened by parties of young women from the Transtevere in open carriages, and in their picturesque holiday attire, one of them generally furnished with a tambourine, on

which she beats time as they drive along, the individuals of the merry group generally giving the stranger the impression of the best types of Roman beauty. The Holy Father has evinced his sympathy with the general spirit of festivity by a more than ordinary exercise of hospitality, having given a series of dinner parties on the Thursdays of the month. On one day he entertained the secretaries and various *employés* of the Court. On the next Thursday he had a large party of the more distinguished artists, both native and foreign, on which occasion the dinner was served in the Vatican Library, the Holy Father presiding with his accustomed affability and condescension. After dinner the company retired to the "braccio nuovo" of the Vatican Gallery, where coffee and ices were served, and the Holy Father remained a considerable time in familiar converse with his guests. On last Thursday the dinner party consisted of the poor of the city and a few of the parochial clergy. In each of the forty-seven parishes of Rome the Curé was requested to select from the poor a guest for the Pontifical table, thus forming, with seven Priests, a company of fifty-four. On the day of the dinner the guests assembled at a small church, that of St. Giacomo, near the "Scoscia Cavalli," and at the appointed hour proceeded to the Vatican, where they were received by the members of the Anticamera, and conducted to the Sala Ducale to dinner, which was of the most sumptuous kind.

On these occasions, as at the "Cœna" on Holy Thursday, it is usual for each of the guests to bring with him a bag or wallet, into which all that remains of the dinner is transferred, so that nothing is left on the table. Those who were fortunate enough to be spectators of this interesting entertainment, describe the *pose*, the attitudes, and the expression of some of the company, who found themselves for the first time in such an unwonted position, as something not easily to be forgotten. Before the conclusion of dinner, the Holy Father entered, and with a benignity of manner to which words could not do justice, welcomed his guests, and then, from a basin containing a quantity of silver, made a dole of two scudi to each of them. Having passed round the table and spoken familiarly to several of the poor men, the Holy Father gave the company the Apostolic Benediction, and soon after withdrew. On the 28th inst., an interesting ceremony took place at the Church of St. Sisto, belonging to the Dominicans, on the occasion of Cardinal Guido taking possession of it as titular patron. The history of this old church, which is situated in an unfrequented position near the baths of

Caracalla, is intimately associated with that of St. Dominic, several of whose great miracles were wrought on this spot. Several bishops and a large number of the Dominican Order attended, amongst them the Prior of St. Clement's. The function having ended with the chanting of the *Te Deum*, His Eminence re-entered the convent of his Order adjoining the church, where ices and other refreshments were prepared, and the Cardinal received the congratulations of his numerous friends, both lay and ecclesiastical.

It is currently reported here and in well-informed circles that the discontent of Naples has latterly manifested itself in such an unmistakable form, and that "brigandage" has assumed such formidable and uncontrollable proportions as to satisfy the Government at Turin of the utter impossibility of retaining that portion of her usurped dominions in its present form, and that, as a *dernier ressort*, they will try the experiment of a Viceroyalty. The latest accounts inform us of the arrival of Prince Humbert, who, it is said, contemplates a lengthened residence, most probably with a view to acquiring a better knowledge of the country, and ultimately assuming the Government.

Mr. Layard's mission to Naples has just ended, and he left that city a couple of days ago, for England. In the case of so decided a partizan and one who has already shown by his speeches in Parliament how entirely independent of reason and facts are his political leanings, it is not to be supposed that his recent visit will have operated any change of opinion, and no doubt in the next session we shall have the benefit of his Neapolitan experiences, the more reliable and veracious because acquired in the society of the disinterested parties with whom he fraternised during his stay in that city. One of the subjects of his eulogy will doubtless be the liberality of its present rulers in connexion with a fact which has just reached me, namely, the completion of a very beautiful church in that city, for Protestant worship, in the correct Gothic style.

The King of Bavaria, who arrived here some days ago, has taken up his residence at the Villa Malta.

On the 26th, His Holiness went in state to visit His Majesty, accompanied by the *personnel* of the Court, amongst them Monsignor Talbot. On the Holy Father's arrival, the King met him at the foot of the principal stairs, and they ascended together to the grand saloon of the villa. After a stay of half-an-hour, His Holiness took his departure, His Majesty having accompanied him to the state carriage. Before returning to the Vatican, the

Holy Father drove to the Palazzo Farnese, and paid an unexpected visit to the King and Queen of Naples.

Renan's book is doing its work at Florence, where, according to the *Vera Buona Novella*, it has had a large circulation. This paper states that caricatures of the Redeemer appear in the journals, and the most offensive representations of the Pope are exposed in the windows. Robberies, assassinations, sacrileges, and all other kinds of crime are on the increase, while misery everywhere meets the eye, the prices of the ordinary articles of food having nearly doubled under the present regime.

ROME, Nov. 7, 1863.—The arrangement of our Liturgy, and its adaptation to the different periods of the year, at least, in this hemisphere, has been often admired, and I have more than once heard it adverted to in terms of eulogy by Protestants of the High Church school. In the succession of festivals, however, in the ecclesiastical calendar, there are perhaps none which accord and harmonise so well with the character of the season as the two we have just been celebrating—"All Saints" and "All Souls." At a time when a gloom has settled over the face of nature, and the waning year presents to the eye little else but emblems of decay, indications of the fleeting nature of everything earthly, the Church rouses us from the depression which the aspect of the external world is calculated to produce by summoning us to celebrate the bliss of those who, like ourselves, once bore the burthen of humanity, but have already attained the happy end of their being; while in virtue of her consoling dogma of the "Communion of Saints," she engages us to seek their intercession to aid us in our pilgrimage, and cheers us with the hopes of being one day sharers in the immortal destiny. On All Souls' Day, she further soothes our bereft and wounded sympathies by reminding us that we are still spiritually united to those near and dear whom death has removed, and by our prayers can shorten their ordeal of purification should such be needed. These festivals have been celebrated here in all the churches with the accustomed solemnity. On Saturday, the Holy Father presided at the Vigil Vespers in the Sistine Chapel, where there was a large attendance of Cardinals, and also a great crowd of strangers. On the following morning, High Mass was sung in the same chapel by Cardinal Mattei. His Holiness, with several members of the Sacred College, with many distinguished strangers, were present, amongst them the King and Queen of Naples, with the King of Bavaria. The Latin sermon, which it is the custom to deliver before His Holiness on that occasion, was preached by a member of the German

Hungarian College. At the morning function, at the Sistine Chapel, on all Souls' Day, the Requiem Mass was sung by Cardinal Cazanovi, the Grand Penitentiary, and the ceremony of Absolution round the catafalque was performed by the Pope himself.

The exquisite music and devotional character of the service at the "Gesù" church invariably secure it a large and select congregation, and on the evening of "All Saints," a very great number attended at Vespers, the chanting of which, with a fine organ accompaniment, was particularly impressive. It was on the evening of this great festival, while lingering, as he tells us, in the spacious aisles of some ancient monastic church, the increasing shadows adding each moment to the solemnity of the scene, and his mind still occupied with the sublime impressions left by the function just ended, that Mr. Digby fell into that solemn train of reflection which suggested to him the first idea of the "Mores Catholici," a work in which, with the most varied and profound research, the accomplished writer demonstrates how the characters of holiness and predestination so categorically traced by Our Saviour in the Sermon on the Mount, were exemplified in the lives of the Saints. In contrast to this beautiful instance of Christian inspiration, we are told by the author of the "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," that, while wandering over the ruins of the Capitol on an evening at this season of the year, just a century ago, while the friars of the neighbouring monastery of "Ara Coeli" were yet chanting their Vespers in their church, he first conceived the project of writing his famous work, in which the powers of a great intellect, enhanced by marvellous industry, and aided by the fascination of a polished and graceful style, are perversely but vainly employed in undermining the foundations of Christianity. The sympathy with defunct Polytheism which many passages in Gibbon, otherwise so intellectual, imply, constitute indeed a psychological enigma of no very easy solution.

The wax-work representations by which the devotion of the Romans is so much gratified during the octave of the festival are this year well executed in some of the churches, especially a group of figures at Santa Maria, in the Via Julia, illustrating the famous passage in Scripture allusive to purgatory. Judas Maccabeus is represented on the field of battle ordering a soldier to gather up a portion of the spoils and convey them to Jerusalem, to be presented in the temple as a propitiation for the souls of those who had fallen in the conflict.

The opening of the academic year took place on the 5th, and was inaugurated as usual by a grand function at the Church of the Sapienza. The High Mass at which Cardinal Altieri, as Chancellor, and all the professors both lay and ecclesiastical, were present, was sung by a member of the university, after which the *Veni Creator* was intoned, and, with an organ accompaniment, sung by the entire congregation. The ceremonies in the church having ended, the Cardinal Chancellor, with all present, proceeded to the great hall, where, the formulary of the Council of Trent having been read, and a profession of faith made by the professors, a Latin oration was delivered by the Cavaliere Ruder, Professor of Anatomy. In the course of his clever address, which was much admired for the purity and elegance of its Latinity, the speaker alluded to the benefits conferred on the University by the different Popes, and in particular the obligations which his own department was under to the munificent generosity of Pius IX.

The late French Ambassador, Prince de la Tour d'Auvergne, had an audience of the Holy Father on Wednesday, at which he notified his recall, and took his final leave.

The Pope went in state to the church of St. Carlo, on the 4th, the Saint's festival. The weather, which for the last two years interfered with the procession, was on this occasion magnificent, and every item in the programme was carried out. The *cortege* proceeded at a slow pace from the Vatican, headed by the cross-bearer on a white mule. Cardinal Reisach accompanied the Holy Father, and several other members of the sacred College accompanied the procession. The attendance of strangers, especially English, who just now are numerous here, was very great. Their impression of the Pope's popularity, must have been very favourable indeed, as I never knew him to have been more enthusiastically cheered both on his arrival and on his departure.

For some weeks rumours have been in circulation here as to some intended secret movements of the Revolutionary Committee and the report, already so often falsified, of the approaching withdrawal of the French troops, has again revived. These stories which some of our *gobemouches* here have been too ready to swallow, are mere *canards* got up for a purpose, and merit no other notice than to be stigmatized as utterly unworthy of credit. It is true that the cordiality of our relations with the Emperor has not been improved by the discussion occasioned by General Montebello's "order of the day," referring to the occurrence at

Ceprano. The motives, however, which first prompted the military occupation of Rome, still continue to operate, nor does it seem at all probable that Louis Napoleon would surrender on such slight grounds to either Spain or Austria a protectorate from which he derives such a *prestige* in European councils.

On last evening an accident occurred at the railway-bridge over the Tiber, which happily was unattended by any injury to life. While the drawbridge was opened for the passage of two towing steamers, sixteen waggons laden with stone, and from which the engine had just been detached on the right bank, were put in motion by some unexplained cause, and, proceeding with an accelerating motion to the bridge, were successively precipitated into the river. The bridge sustained no injury, and is open as usual for the passage of the trains, and measures are being taken to remove the waggons and re-establish the navigation on the river.

A council of ministers was held a few days ago, at which it was resolved to equalise the postage of letters in the now limited Pontifical dominions. In future the postage is fixed for all letters under a quarter of an ounce at two bajocchi, and in proportion for those of a greater weight.

Accounts from Naples up to the 5th state that the ordinary prisons are now wholly inadequate for present requirements, and that other buildings are being used for incarceration. The *Borsa* mentions that since the famous law against the "Manutengoli" passed (that is within the last month), the number of political arrests has amounted to 3,419.

ROME, Nov. 21, 1863.—During the last fortnight we have been passing through what may be called the rainy season of our climate, and never has the Italian proverb, "quando piove, piove," been more truly exemplified, the showers having fallen with an intensity almost tropical, converting for the moment some of the streets, notwithstanding their improved sewerage, into perfect torrents, and impeding for the time all circulation. According to the rain guage at the Roman observatory, 14 inches of rain have fallen within three weeks, which in England and even Ireland would be considered a fair proportion for as many months. The clouds, however, which shut out the vaults of heaven, have at length dispersed, and we are now under a canopy of unspotted blue, with a bracing tramontane air (so congenial to us northerners), so that we may consider ourselves as fairly launched into the Italian winter. The population of the city daily augments by fresh arrivals from all parts of

Europe, though travelling for several days past must have been anything but agreeable ; indeed, the delays and hardships which many had to endure on the journey, must have been more than ordinarily trying to their patience and fortitude.

The anniversary of the dedication of St. Peter's was celebrated by a grand function in that basilica on Wednesday. The Holy Father was not present at the morning function, but visited the church during the day, and prayed for some time before the Altar of the Blessed Sacrament, and also venerated the relics which, as usual, were exposed. At Vespers the solemn ceremony of incensing the subterranean altar of St. Peter took place. The Canons and other dignitaries who attended formed in procession, and descending by the stairs of the confessional conducting to the ancient church of Constantine, which was illuminated by torch-light, the ceremony of incensing was performed by the Cardinal Mattei.

On Thursday the Holy Father gave audience to a deputation from the Southern States of America. On this occasion an autograph letter from President Davis was presented, thanking his Holiness for the sympathy expressed for the sufferings of the Southerners, in the encyclical letter which the Holy Father, as head of the Universal Church, addressed some months ago to the American Bishops. It is said that the Pope's intervention between the belligerents in this terrible war was suggested at this interview, but the truth of this statement I am not in a position at present to guarantee. In any case, one can hardly avoid remarking that the respect and reverence shown to the Holy Father by the Protestant President of a dissenting nation reflects no small reproach on the conduct of certain Catholic European Sovereigns towards the Holy See. The First Vespers were magnificently chanted this evening at the church of St. Cecilia. There was, as usual, a very large attendance of our country people, attracted no doubt by the exquisite music. Their deportment in the church was, I am happy to say, more exemplary than on former occasions. The Dowager Queen of Naples arrived here on Wednesday. Monsignor Dupanloup has also arrived, and is staying on a visit with Prince Borghese. Letters from Rimini state that Victor Emmanuel was hissed on passing through that town in returning from Naples, and that cries of "Viva Garibaldi" were raised in his presence.

The so-called Roman National Committee have been circulating, by means of the different letter boxes, copies of a small

Italian work, entitled "The Revelations of Constance Vaccari Diotalevi in the Venanzi-Fausti Trial, and other documents relating thereto, published with observations and notes by the Roman Committee.—Rome National Printing-office, October, 1863." These copies have been in every instance sent in an unstamped envelope to different persons, with an accompanying letter couched in the following terms:—"Sir,—The Roman National Committee begs to present you with this book, which concerns you personally, as you will see on reading it. The *Correspondance de Rome*, in reference to this *brochure*, thus expresses itself:—"Neither the dignity of the Pontifical Government nor the respect we entertain for our readers would permit us to enter into the details of this book. Written for the purpose of justifying the guilty whom justice has already overtaken, it has no historic foundation beyond the incomplete fragments of the trial, stolen by the Sons Majorani, assisted by the treason of the turnkey of the prison, and endeavours to produce confusion in the mind by inserting in lists of the revolutionary party of Rome the names of most respectable individuals side by side with those of men of the vilest character. The words, 'Roman National Printing-office, October, 1863,' will deceive nobody. The book has come from Florence, and we have no difficulty in recognising it as the production of an enemy of the Church and the Pope, the advocate Genarelli."

A notification of the famous Congress was made some days ago in the shape of an autograph letter of invitation from the Emperor to the Holy Father, offering him at the same time the presidency of this heterogeneous assembly. A consistory was soon after held, and after some deliberation, an answer was returned, which, I have been informed, was to the following effect:—"That the Holy Father had no difficulty in according his approval of the intended Congress, inasmuch as that whatever other subjects were to be therein discussed, it could not fail to entertain the important question of the restoration of the dominions of the Church, so unwarrantably usurped, and repairing the several other outrages on justice and religion committed in this country within the last four years: as otherwise the invitation to this assembly of European Sovereigns would be little else than a mockery and a delusion, and that when further satisfactory explanations as to the mode of proceeding and the objects to be attained were furnished, the Holy Father would be happy to preside either personally or by a representative.

ROME, Nov. 28th, 1863.—We are informed from Civita Vecchia, that the French Messagerie steamer, "*Il conte Bacciochi*," touched at that port, having on board forty prisoners transferred from Naples to the fortress of Porto Ferraro, in Tuscany. Amongst the number were an old man of seventy-two women, and three children. With the exception of the women and children, they were all chained two-and-two, on the open deck, without food, and in such a wretched and disgusting condition, after having passed the night at sea, as to cause general sympathy, and rouse the indignation of all the passengers. Of the entire number none had been tried or condemned, having been simply seized in virtue of the infamous Pica law, which authorises arbitrary arrests and indefinite imprisonment. Such is the happy state of things which revolution has procured for the Neapolitans! During the recent visit of Victor Emmanuel to Naples, fifty individuals were liberated from prison—a proof of Royal clemency—which the official papers are trumpeting far and near,—but, as if to counterpoise that act of amnesty, and remind the people that they are still to be ruled with an iron sceptre, sixty new inmates have been since added to the prisons, the incarceration, in every instance, having been on the most flimsy and unjustifiable grounds.

On Monday, the 26th, the festival of the illustrious martyr Pope St. Clement, was celebrated at his church, near the Colosseum. The early Christian associations, joined to the artistic treasures of this ancient structure, which belongs to the Irish Dominicans, cause it to be much visited, and, notwithstanding the remoteness of the locality, many strangers attended on this occasion. Cardinal Guidi pontificated at the 1st and 2nd Vespers, and was also present at the High Mass, which was sung with a full choir. During the day the subterranean church was rendered accessible to the public, and many availed themselves of the opportunity of visiting the interesting monuments and works of early Christian art therein contained. Dr. Mullooly, the Prior, who name is now so well known in connexion with the important discoveries underneath, has been latterly conducting the excavations on his own responsibility, and has already expended very considerable sums on the undertaking. For the continuance of this work, as yet imperfect, but which has already been rewarded with results so interesting to art and sacred archæology, he is now altogether dependent on the generosity of his friends and visitors. In the afternoon of Monday he entertained a circle of friends, both lay and ecclesiastical, at dinner in the Convent

Refectory. Amongst them were Cardinals Guidi and Barnabo, the General of the Dominican Order; Monsignor Capalti and Howard, Hon. and Rev. E. Stoner, Very Rev. Dr. Smyth, Mr. Monsell, M.P., Monsignor Kirby, Mr. J. Sherlock, Hon. Mr. Grey, Dr. O'Dwyer, &c.

The Holy Father concluded his usual drive on Tuesday, by a visit to Monte Pincio, which he ascended on foot from the Piazza del Popolo. On reaching the summit, he made an entire round of the garden, accompanied by Mgrs. Talbot and Hohenlohe and as the time of his arrival happened to have coincided with the hour of the fashionable promenade, there were a great many strangers of all countries, and I may add, of all creeds present, whose reception of the Holy Father was in every instance most respectful, and in many enthusiastic. Those who were fortunate enough to be present on this occasion, describe His Holiness as presenting all the indications of robust health. He re-entered his carriage at the Piazza Trinita di Monte.

On Tuesday evening there was a magnificent illumination of the Colosseum with Bengal lights, the expense of which was borne by the Baroness Rothschild. Though the public were only partially aware beforehand of the interesting event, yet there was a large attendance, especially of the better classes, by whom such exhibitions are always appreciated.

The French General Montebello has arrived. The Ambassador, Mgr. Sartiges, is daily expected.

From certain expressions which fell from the Holy Father to-day, at an audience afforded to a gentleman of my acquaintance, it seems most probable that he will accept the invitation to preside at the expected Congress, the more so as guarantees have been offered as to the exclusion of all matters calculated to offend the dignity or wound the susceptibilities of the Vicar of Christ.

It being further understood that the scope of the Conference will be limited retrospectively to the treaty of Zurich, and that as its chief business will be with events which have since occurred, one of the principal being the annexation of Savoy and Nice (a question altogether between France and England), the subjects under discussion are not likely to occasion any difficulty or embarrassment to the Holy Father.

Moreover, by agreeing to preside he will do away with the objection already raised by the enemies of the Holy See, that the common Father of the Faithful refused to sanction by his presence an Assembly of Sovereigns convened for the purpose of avoiding the evils of a European war. The moral effect of the visit of

the Holy Father to Paris cannot, it seems to him, be over-estimated. Enthroned for the time in the Tuileries, his presence will be an occasion of rallying for the friends of religion, and a salutary pressure cannot fail to be exerted on the councils of the forthcoming Congress and, I may add, on the future policy of the Emperor.

Notwithstanding the Renans, the Dumases, *et hoc genus omne*, who by their scepticism and impious writings bring discredit on the literature of the country, France is a great Catholic nation, and the French here say that in the events of his going, Pius IX. will be borne from Marseilles to Paris on the shoulders of the people. No doubt an unprecedented amount of enthusiasm would be manifested on the occasion, and the journey of the Holy Father would be an extraordinary and triumphant ovation. One of the subjects which no doubt will occupy the attention of the congress is the plot which has just been discovered at Venice, and of which intelligence has just reached here. True to the principles on which the usurpation and amalgamation of States "yclept" the kingdom of Italy was accomplished, the government at Turin still employs bribery to secure their objects. Thus we find the Piedmontese money has been latterly successfully employed at Venice in seducing some of the people from their allegiance to Francis Joseph, and a conspiracy to throw off the present government was in fact on the point of breaking out which, if successful, Piedmont would, as at Naples and Sicily, take advantage of, on her usual pretext of *moral* grounds. The vigilance of the Austrian police, however, frustrated the nefarious project, and, combating the "Italianissimi" with their own weapons, succeeded by Austrian gold in obtaining the confidence of several of the accomplices in the plot. It is said that revelations most compromising to official parties at Turin have been made. At present I can do little more than allude to this extraordinary *denouement*.

ROME, Dec. 5, 1863.—Whether England's refusal to take part in the Congress will cause the Emperor to relinquish this project for obviating the dangers to the peace of Europe which loom in the future, remains to be seen; but, considering the conditions with which her acceptance, like that of Austria and Russia, was sure to be hampered, and especially that of making entire unanimity, and not the voices of the majority, the "*sine qua non*" for rendering their decisions obligatory, this assembly of magnates could hardly prove otherwise than a "*fiasco*," the

more so as nearly all the questions to be discussed affect the "*amour propre*" and material interests of the different parties, and on every subject there would be sure to be one or more dissentients.

Though the despatch announcing the refusal of England reached here after I had posted my letter, I see no reason for altering in any way my statement as to the intention of the Holy Father to proceed to Paris, should the Congress be held ; besides, the important demonstration in favour of religion, of which the Pope's visit would infallibly be the occasion, there are many questions of European interest, and of consequence to the Holy See, which could be adjusted in even a partial assembly of the Catholic powers. In the Pope's answer to the Emperor's invitation to accept the Presidency of the Congress, the following passage is said to have occurred :—

"That as the mere temporal Sovereign of a very limited and now much reduced territory, he could not think of taking the first place in an assembly of the great Powers of Europe, and that he consented to preside only as the common Father of the Faithful, and in the hope of promoting peace and union amongst the nations of Europe." Such are the sentiments which one would expect to proceed from Pius IX. A journey to Paris at his time of life implies no small amount of self-sacrifice, and nothing short of the great objects in view would have secured the Holy Father's consent. By the way, it is said that the proposal of a confederation of Italian States, with the Pope as head, will be again brought forward by the Emperor.

Respecting local matters, I may mention that since Gén. Montebello's arrival it has not escaped observation that the French soldiers appear in the streets with their havresacks on their shoulders—a fact which, joined to the rumour in general circulation to-day of the expected arrival of eight new regiments, has led to much speculation as to forthcoming and important contingencies. Of Montebello I may mention that on his arrival some days since at Civita Vecchia, the delegate, Monsignor Rendi, did not observe the usual ceremony of calling on him, an omission the more calculated to attract notice from the fact that on the arrival of the Ambassador, Monsieur de Sartiges, on the following day, the delegate met his Excellency as he landed, and offered him his cordial felicitations. The colonel of the garrison, who was present on this occasion, addressing the delegate, said, "*Monseigneur; je vous félicite de la bonne action que vous avez fait aujourd'hui, mais hier vous n'avez pas exercé*

la même courtoisie vers notre general." On which the delegate replied, "A ce moment ci, Monsieur le Colonel, et dans cet endroit, je ne vais pas vous donner des explications, mais si vous me ferez l'honneur de vous rendre chez moi, je vous satisferai sur ce rapport la." To explain this apparent want of courtesy on the part of the delegate, who, by the way, is one of the best of men, and remarkable for his urbanity and politeness, I may mention that on three occasions he had called and left cards on Montebello during his former residence in Rome, and the General never returned the visit. Such is the man to whose military protecorate Rome is at present consigned.

This respected delegate displayed a more than ordinary amount of forbearance towards the Colonel at Civita Vecchia, whose conduct was otherwise marked by extreme incivility and insolence, as the following incident will prove. The delegate having heard that it was intended to celebrate the arrival of Montebello by a military *fête*, with music, &c., spoke to the Colonel on the day previous, requesting him to observe only the ordinary form of reception, as he, the delegate, said he had reason to apprehend that anything approaching to a demonstration just then might be productive of unpleasant results. On which the Colonel replied, that he not only would not suspend the intended rejoicings, but would have them repeated on two days successively—which he accordingly did.

It would seem as if this knight of the sword, who has received a mere military education, and who has little or no acquaintance with the amenities of life, except what camp-life afforded him, and that in Africa, plumes himself on his overbearing and insolent behaviour in his intercourse with ecclesiastics. This, however, is but one of the many disagreeable episodes accompanying the French occupation of Rome.

The "Congregation of the Rites" have decided, after mature deliberation, that the phials containing blood found in juxtaposition with the bodies in the Catacombs are a certain proof of martyrdom. Nearly all the Catholic journals have adopted this view, though the decree of the Congregation has not yet been promulgated, a fact which, it is said, gives great satisfaction to the Holy Father. The Cavaliere de Rossi, however, I regret to say, takes the more sceptical view of the Prussian Archæologists.

Amongst other indications of the near approach of Christmas our streets daily echo with the wild music of the Pifferani who have braved the difficulties of Piedmontese passports and cordons to pay their annual visit to Rome. The Advent sermons have

commenced in the different parochial churches. Crowds flock to hear the impressive homilies of Father Stacchi at the "Gesù." Owing to the delicate state of his health, the Bishop of Orleans, Monsignor Dupanloup, has not preached since his arrival, but it is hoped that his eloquent accents will be heard on some occasion during his stay. He is on a visit with Prince Borghese. The future Bishop of the Mauritius, Dr. Hankerson, has arrived. He is to be consecrated in Rome, and will proceed to his diocese in the spring. The Bishop of Adelaide, Dr. Geoghegan, is also here. Dr. Manning, who arrived a few days since, commences his discourse to-morrow in Madonna Church in the "Piazza del Popolo." The Rev. Herbert Vaughan leaves to-day for England on his way to South America to collect funds for the New Seminary for Foreign Missions about to be established in London. At his final audience on yesterday, the Holy Father dismissed him with the warmest expressions of cordial approval, and gave his benediction to this important and onerous missionary undertaking, which challenges the support of the public, not only from the great religious interests involved in its success, but also from the noble and self-denying zeal of the young and enterprising ecclesiastic, who leaves an attractive home, and numerous friends, to carry out this great Catholic object.

One hundred and twenty prisoners arrested under the "Pica" law have been transported from Naples to Elba and other islands of the Tuscan Archipelago, and forty of the Neapolitan prison officials have been sent northwards, having been replaced by a similar number of Piedmontese and Tuscans.

Amongst English Catholic families recently arrived, I beg to mention Lord Stafford, Mrs. Philip Stourton and daughter, Mr. Corballis, Mr. Rhodes, Captain Jerningham, Mr. M'Carthy O'Leary, Mr. Gould, Mr. Delabarre Bodenham, Mr. Ram, and Mr. Davis, New York.

ROME, Dec. 12, 1863.—It is always agreeable to your correspondent, when he can interrupt the sad narrative of events, arising out of the unfortunate political position of this country and which have hitherto formed the staple of his communications to call the attention of your readers to the indications of prosperity in the now very limited Pontifical territory, and more especially the several features of improvement in the police, and the internal arrangements of our city. The charge of stolid Conservatism and hostility to progress so often brought against this Government, if they ever had a foundation in fact, are certainly no longer tenable in the face of the various changes for

the better which have in recent years occurred in the physical condition and external aspect of Rome and its environs. To the permanent resident these improvements are not possibly so striking, but they cannot fail to attract the observation of the stranger who returns to the city after an absence longer or shorter, when he finds several "desiderata" supplied, and many accessions to his comforts which were not forthcoming during his former residence. When the writer came to Rome more than a dozen years ago, there was undoubtedly much to complain of in the way of uncomfortable house accommodation, and the fastidiousness of the English visitor has not unfrequently been sadly tried both within and out of doors. The streets were uncleanly, the sewerage defective, occasioning no small inconvenience to susceptible olfactory nerves, the city, moreover, imperfectly lighted, so as to render promenading after nightfall unpleasant and insecure. To those who were staying in the first-class hotels at that period, creature comforts, it is true, were abundantly supplied, and on reasonable terms, but for those who lived in apartments and had to cater for themselves, and especially in the case of invalids, it was often a matter of no ordinary difficulty to procure suitable and properly cooked food; and where a carriage was required there was the invariable and unpleasant preliminary of striking a bargain, which to a stranger imperfectly acquainted with the language, was always a difficulty, and sometimes an occasion of unreasonable imposition. In all these particulars there is at present a total change for the better. Owing to the construction of new houses, the enlargement of others, and the improved internal arrangements of all, the accommodation is now abundantly adequate to the requirements of all classes of strangers, most of the apartments containing all the appliances and accessories of a refined English "menage," the streets regularly cleaned and swept, supplied with spacious sewers, and lighted by gas (which by the way, has proved a very profitable speculation to the company, the shares paying at present seven per cent., a circumstance which has led to the investment of a considerable amount of English capital). Besides the *table d'hotes* of the hotels there are numerous, and in some instances excellent restaurants where one can dine well and reasonably. A tariff has moreover been established for carriages and cabs, which, with the projected railways joined to those already in existence, leave little to be desired in the matter of locomotion; so that Rome with all these improvements, added to the paramount advantage of its charming climate, offers now

one of the most attractive winter residences in Europe, in point of fact, the number of visitors annually increases, and in such proportions as to lead the authorities to entertain the question of extending the city beyond its present limits, and to form another "Rione" with boulevards in the valley of the Tiber, outside the "Porta Angelica." In agriculture, too, great progress has been made within the last few years, especially in the suburban districts, and the "agro Romano" as it is called, where the latest improvements in husbandry have been introduced by the proprietors and farmers, and large portions of the Campagna, formerly lying waste, have been drained and cultivated on the most scientific principles, such as Baron Liebig or Mr. Mechi would have employed, and luxuriant crops of Indian corn, barley and wheat, have been raised on such a scale as would not have discredited the industry or intelligence of a Scotch or English farmer. The traveller on the railway to Frascati cannot fail to observe the marked change which increasing tillage has made in the aspect of the Campagna, especially on the properties of Princes Borghese and Torlonia. In a future letter I may probably give you some interesting facts, and statistics connected with this important subject. At present I can do little more than glance at these improvements in Pontifical agriculture, a matter which may not be uninteresting to a certain class of your readers.

The Count de Sartiges was admitted to an audience with the Holy Father on Saturday, and presented his credentials. The impression produced by the interview was most favourable, and it is said, by well-informed parties, that the future relations of the Ambassador with the Holy See will be of the most friendly and conciliatory character. Before leaving the Vatican the Count paid a visit to Cardinal Antonelli, with whom he remained a considerable time. Count de Sartiges is not altogether a stranger in Rome, having several years ago been an *attaché* to a former embassy.

On the Vigil of the Conception, the Pope went as usual to the Church of the Santi Apostoli. When the *cortège* arrived there was an immense assemblage of all classes in the Piazza, and the reception given to the Holy Father, was marked if possible, with more than ordinary enthusiasm. His Holiness remained during the Benediction. The church was crowded, and there was a large attendance of the Cardinalian body. His Holiness looked well, and was warmly greeted on his departure,

Mgr. Missir, a Greco-Russian Bishop, died on yesterday,

after a tedious and painful illness. He was consecrated Bishop of Teropolis, in *partibus*, by Gregory XVI., and assigned a residence in Rome, to Pontificate and consecrate according to the Greco-Russian rite. His Majesty the King of Bavaria, who had been staying in Rome for a month, and had intended remaining for the winter, took his departure on Monday, the unsettled state of Germany having occasioned his return.

Austria and Prussia have carried the question about Schleswig and Holstein, and it is said that all difficulties are now adjusted, but Denmark had evidently entertained grave apprehensions of hostilities with Germany, and was rapidly putting her army on a war-footing. Some days ago two Danish colonels, living a few doors from me, and who had come to spend the winter in Rome with their families, were abruptly summoned to Copenhagen. I have also heard of other Danish military men being called home from here.

The dreadful state of Sicily, and the horrible atrocities committed there by the military, would be scarcely credible, if it were not for the evidence by which they have been established. D'Ondes, a Sicilian deputy, having read in the chamber at Turin, a few days ago, a document, in which several most barbarous acts of cruelty, perpetrated by the Piedmontese soldiers on the family and friends of those who sought to evade the conscription, were recorded, made a motion for an inquiry into all the particulars. In one instance a town of 22,000 inhabitants, in which were a few renegade conscripts, was deprived of its supply of water, and orders issued by the commanding officer to shoot anyone attempting to pass the gates. In another instance the soldiers attacked a cabin, not for the purpose of securing a conscript, but to obtain information from the inmates, consisting of a father, a son, and daughter. Admission having been refused, the soldiers set fire to the house, and the three unfortunate people were burnt to death. This incredible barbarity occurred at Patralia. Another act of satanic cruelty was perpetrated in the same locality, on a poor deaf and dumb boy, known as such from his infancy, but whom the recruiting officer and his myrmidons suspected of simulating these defects, in order to evade the conscription. The boy was shut up in a hospital, and subjected to various kinds of torture, to make him speak. The deputy's report states that the wounds extended over the entire surface of his body, a red hot iron having been applied in 154 different places. On D'Ondes further mentioning that the poor boy's mother was admitted to see him, and saturated

her handkerchief with the blood which flowed from his wounds, several of the members were sensibly affected ; but, strange to say, these sapient representatives of "regenerated Italy," rejected the motion for an investigation into these horrible proceedings.

ROME, Dec. 19, 1863.—Amongst the Roman nobility there are several names which are not unfrequently mentioned in connection with acts of princely munificence in the cause of religion, those of Torlonia and Borghese for instance, and many others not possessing, perhaps, the same "status" and means. It is indeed no exaggeration to say that there are few of the principal churches in this city in which the stranger's attention is not directed to some memorial of the piety and zeal of one or other of these families in the shape of some costly presentation to the furniture of the altar, or some valuable and expensive addition to the structure itself. Not to mention other instances of his unlimited expenditure for sacred purposes, Prince Torlonia has lately borne the cost of the restoration of the "Gesù" Church, the marbles which were employed on the occasion having been of the rarest and most exquisite kind, exhibiting, moreover, in their superb mouldings and cornices, proofs of the most elaborate workmanship. The Prince is further pledged to have executed at a later period, and in the richest style, the gilding of the vaulted ceiling, and the decoration of the several altars. Nor are his donations confined to the churches of this city, as the interesting Cathedral in course of construction at Boulogne-sur-Mer will ere long attest, in which he has engaged to erect the principal altar, and to have it in every way worthy of the grand proportions and fine architecture of that imposing edifice. Owing to some untoward events the liberality of Prince Borghese is, I regret to say, just now somewhat restricted. Amongst them I may mention the enormous expenses, over £20,000, which he incurred in prosecuting in the English Courts a just but unrecognised claim, derived from his late saintly wife, to a portion of the funded property of the late Lord Shrewsbury. In consequence, moreover, of the epidemic amongst the cattle during the past year he lost over 600 animals on his farms in the Campagna alone, a loss which, though by no means pecuniarily so great as that of the law-suit, he has, it is said, taken more to heart ; this is a contrast to the corresponding class in England, who employ a large proportion of their colossal incomes in keeping up hunting and racing establishments, with all their expensive accessories,

and thereby promoting the extravagance and immorality of which the Turf is well known to be the occasion. The Roman noble, with few exceptions, devotes no inconsiderable part of his superfluous wealth to benevolent and sacred objects : in the case of many old families this being an obligation entailed with the transmission of the title and estates.

Thus in the Doria family, the Church of St. Agnese, in the Piazza Novona, is kept up by the Prince for the time being. The clergy who officiate there are paid by him. The furniture, lighting of the church, and expenses of the functions are all defrayed by the Prince. In the Basilica of St. Mary Major, the much admired Borghese Chapel is also kept up by that Prince. The same may be said of the Corsini Chapel at St. John Lateran, and so of other churches and chapels throughout Rome.

Whether this feature in the tenure of hereditary property in Italy would meet with the approval of Sir William Blackstone, or more recent politico-economist writers of the Benthamite school, is a question, but it is certain that the condition of the peasantry on the lands of the Roman nobles is very different indeed from that of the rural population on the lands of the great proprietors in reformed and uncatholicised England, and still more so from the same class in Ireland, where the principle, first enunciated by the late Mr. Drummond, of "property having its duties as well as its rights," and its logical sequence "tenant right," are still, I regret to say, kept in abeyance.

These observations, which have extended to a greater length than I proposed, were meant as preliminary to the announcement of a costly donation made to the church of the "Ara Coeli," by another Roman noble, whose name is not probably so well known to many of your readers, the Duke Graziola. Having been raised to the nobility only a few years ago, he has already added lustre to his title and position by his useful and charitable employment of the wealth with which Providence has blessed him.

Amongst other spectacles by which the circumstances of the Nativity are commemorated here, is the representation of the Crib at Bethlehem, which is shown at the Church of the Ara Coeli during the octave of the Epiphany. In the group of figures is the Blessed Virgin with the Infant Saviour, St. Joseph, and the Magi at the moment of offering homage and presenting their gifts. Year after year had this interesting opening scene in the work of our Redemption been exhibited to admiring crowds. The drapery and ornaments of the figures at length became faded and required renovation. Prince Graziola undertook the task,

and, regardless of expense, has had all the robes and ornaments, including some precious gems, renewed in a style of unsurpassed magnificence. The interior of the Cave is also admirably executed. The Duke is said to have expended 10,000 scudi (£2,000) in the work.

The entire group, such as it will appear in the church, has been on exhibition during the last fortnight at his palace in the Piazza di Venezia, and has attracted numerous visitors. By some of our dissenting countrypeople, whose tastes in general are cold and Puritanical, such spectacles are by no means appreciated, and, as in the case of crucifixes and pictures, are not unfrequently the subject of severe criticism. They are, however, as every Catholic ought to know, great aids to devotion, fostering piety, especially in the young, and they are much relished by the Romans.

On Sunday last Mass was sung in the Sistine Chapel by Cardinal Sacconi, the Holy Father, as usual, presiding. Several Cardinals and other dignitaries were present, besides a large number of the laity, and some distinguished strangers. Of our countrymen there were Lord Stafford, Mr. Monsell, M.P., and the O'Connor Don, who arrived here a few days ago.

Mgr. Manning continues his instructive discourses every Sunday in the Church of the Madonna, in the Piazza del Popolo. No inconsiderable number of his audience consists of our dissenting countrymen, whose services are held in a large room in the neighbourhood immediately outside the Porta del Popolo. The well-known High Church principles of their present incumbent, added to the fact that numerous secessions from his flock have latterly taken place, have detracted somewhat from his popularity, and subjected him to no small amount of criticism with a certain section of his congregation, and amongst the *faciæ* recently current here it has been said that the Rev. Mr. W.—conducts the future neophyte to the gates of Rome, and Dr. Manning receives him on the inside.

The Holy Father has this week marked his esteem for two of our ecclesiastical countrymen, for some years residing here, Monsignor Howard and Hon. E. Stonor, the former having been raised to the rank of Prelate, the latter to that of “Cameriere secreto” to His Holiness. There are at present no less than six French Cardinals in Rome, there is also a large number of French clergy. The Archbishop of Paris is daily expected. The Bishop, elect of Porta Rica, Dr. Gonin, has arrived, and has entered on his retreat preparatory to his consecration, which will take place immediately.

Amongst those promoted to Holy Orders in the general ordination of to-day, are Messrs. Woodall and Bullen, of the English College. Mr. Woodall is a convert, and was formerly known at Canterbury for his powers as a preacher, his extreme affability, and his zeal as a Protestant Minister.

The understanding between the French and Pontifical military authorities at Civita Vecchia, already not very cordial, is not likely to be improved by a circumstance which has just occurred there, the particulars of which having only just reached me, I can do little more than allude to. Two Pontifical soldiers having found a Frenchwoman washing soiled clothes in a fountain which supplied water for drinking, and having unsuccessfully remonstrated with her, obliged her by force to desist. In the scuffle her pitcher got broken, with one of the fragments of which she struck and wounded one of the soldiers in the face. Though the woman was the aggressor, I have not heard that she was punished, but the French colonel instantly took steps to apprehend the Pontifical soldiers, one of whom has been arrested. The Papal Commandante at Civita Vecchia immediately wrote for instructions to the Minister of War, and in the meantime has taken the other soldier under his protection. Monsignor de Merode replied by return of post, justifying the course which the Pontifical officers had taken, but, strange to say, his letter was intercepted by the French authorities, read and copied, the original reaching its destination a couple of days after. The French General here, Montebello, has espoused the cause of his countrywoman, and has had already an interview with Monsignore de Merode, in which a warm discussion is said to have occurred. The Holy Father, on hearing of the transaction, and also of the interception of Monsignor de Merode's letter, observed with some emphasis and warmth, that things cannot go on much longer in this manner.

A Consistory is to be held on Monday, at which Monsignor de Bonnechese is to be raised to the purple.

ROME, Dec. 26, 1863.—Respecting the occurrence at Civita Vecchia, mentioned in my last, I beg to add a few particulars which have since reached me. Monsignor de Merode having been at Anagni, a town some forty miles from here, when the Commandante's letter apprising him of the circumstances and asking instructions how to act arrived, it was at once forwarded to him. The Monsignor received the letter, and immediately replied, expressing his opinion on the transaction as reported to him, telling the Commandante to pursue, as far as possible, a

passive course, but directing him at the same time to keep the Pontifical soldier under his protection. This document, which was posted at Anagni, was, it appears, abstracted from the post-office there, or at some intermediate station, a falsified translation of it made into French, and placed into the hands of General Montebello who subsequently submitted it to the Count de Sartiges. The Ambassador having an impression that the letter was genuine, expressed annoyance at certain passages in the documents and counselled Montebello to call at once on Cardinal Antonelli and demand an explanation. At the interview with the General, which took place on the same day, His Eminence, on seeing the letter, had not proceeded far in its perusal when it struck him as somewhat strange that a communication addressed to a Pontifical functionary at Civita Vecchia should be so soon in the possession of the French authorities, and on demanding an explanation of the General, his reply was so unsatisfactory as to elicit from the Cardinal-Secretary a very undisguised expression of his sentiments in reference to the entire affair, and occasion a rather abrupt termination of the interview. I have since learned that the ambassador, also, on acquiring further knowledge of all the circumstances, has not concealed his disgust at the conduct of his military countrymen (including the General) in reference to the abstraction and falsification of Monsignor de Merode's letter, having addressed to the latter a communication couched in terms the most apologetic and reassuring. In the meantime the demand for the Pontifical soldier has been abandoned, the man who was under arrest has been liberated, and so has ended this very discreditable transaction.

The functions in the churches on Christmas Eve were, as usual, remarkable for their number and attractiveness, so as to render it a matter of difficulty which to select. Our sight-seeing countrypeople, in many instances, endeavoured to rival the marvellous faculties of Sir Boyle Roche's famous little bird, and which, according to the worthy baronet, managed to be in two places at the same time. This attempt at ubiquity, however, besides the excitement and fatigue which it occasions, is attended with very profitless results, as the beautiful ceremonies of this festival, so full of deep significance, when rapidly and inattentively witnessed have but a transient and valueless impression.

On Christmas Eve Vespers were chanted in the Sistine Chapel at 3, p.m., the Holy Father presiding. Nearly all the members of the Sacred College attended, with all the distinguished strangers at present in Rome. At 9 o'clock, the

Ambrosian Hymn having been sung. High Mass was began by Cardinal Altieri, and the function ended after 11.

At St. Mary Majors, where the usual brilliant illumination took place, the Mass was sung by the Cardinal Vicar. At the Offertory the relic of the "Manger" was borne through the church in solemn procession, and deposited on the Altar for the veneration of the Faithful. Great numbers attended. The Midnight Mass at St. Louigi Francisci, and at the church of the "Ara Cœli, were also attractive, especially at the first, where the devotion of the *Quarant Ore* coincided with the Christmas ceremonies, and the decorations and illumination of the Altar were on a more than ordinary scale of magnificence. Numbers of the French military were present, extra leave having been granted to the soldiers on this occasion. Of all the Christmas celebrations, however, the "Aurora" Mass in the Choral Chapel of St. Peter's, notwithstanding the early hour at which it occurs, seems to have exercised the greatest attraction. The Matins which precede the Mass began at 3, a.m., and many of all classes were already arrived in order to hear the beautiful execution of the Antiphons, by which several of the Psalms are preluded. But the great treat on that occasion is the so-called "Pastoral Music," in imitation of the Shepherds' strains, which is heard at the Offertory of the Mass. By those who were fortunate enough to obtain seats in the interior of the chapel, and who were consequently more directly under the influence of the brilliant illumination of the Altar and the other appropriate accessories of light and sound, the effect must have been best appreciated, though the sublime bursts of music which occasionally fell on the ears of those outside, rising to the dome, and filling the lofty vaults of the aisles and naves, and then dying away in softened tones of long-drawn harmony, must have left on thoughtful minds enduring remembrances of Christmas morning at St. Peter's.

At 10 o'clock the Holy Father having been borne to the Great Altar in the "sedia gestatoria," commenced the High Mass, Cardinal Ama, acting as Assistant Bishop, while Cardinals Pentini and Ugolini acted as Deacon and Sub-deacon. There was a numerous attendance of the Cardinalitial body, of Patriarchs, Prelates, and Roman Magistracy, with many distinguished strangers. The Holy Father looked well, and in ascending and descending the steps of the Altar exhibited an elasticity of movement somewhat remarkable at his age. His voice, as usual, was clear and distinct. The tribunes, in which were the King and Queen of Naples, besides other distinguished foreigners, were

nearly as full as in Holy Week. The consecration of Monsignor Gonin and Han Kerson, the former as Archbishop of the Port-of-Spain, the latter of the Mauritius, is to take place on to-morrow at the Church of the Minerva. In a few days both proceed to their respective Dioceses. On the 7th prox. the marriage of Miss Bean, the step-daughter of the Duke de Saldhana, the Portuguese Minister at this Court, with Mr. Walpole, a recent convert and member of the Oxford family, takes place. Intelligence has just reached me of a sad occurrence and one likely to lead to further grave results, which took place at Albano on yesterday. For some days back quarrels have been occurring between the French infantry and a detachment of Papal Dragoons stationed in that town. On yesterday, while the latter were proceeding along the road (known as the "gallery" leading to Castel Gandolfo), they were fired on suddenly by the French soldiers from behind the wall of the Villa Barbarini, four having been killed and three wounded. I am not in a position to send you any further particulars, though various rumours are in circulation.

Cardinal Antonelli entertains the French Ambassador at dinner on to-morrow. It is satisfactory to learn that General Montebello is included in the invitation.

ROME, Jan. 3, 1864.—Though the account of the atrocious military outrage at Albano reached me at the moment of posting my letter, and was unavoidably imperfect in its details, yet I regret to add that it was but too correct as to the main facts reported, and that three Pontifical Dragoons were shot on the occasion referred to. The scene of the tragedy was not, however, on the road leading to Castel Gandolfo; but in the principal street of that town. The affair had its origin at Albano, in an *osteria*, or public wine shop, in which the dragoons from Castel Gandolfo were drinking in company with some soldiers of the French infantry stationed there. What the particular cause of the quarrel was I have not been able to learn, but, as both parties seem to have been overstimulated from wine, it would not be difficult to get up some cause of dissention. The dispute having become warm, and on the point of assuming a violent character, a Papal gendarme who happened to enter at the moment, succeeded in separating the combatants, and prevailing on his countrymen to go home. They immediately did so, and had proceeded as far as the gate of the town when one of them, having had occasion to step aside for a moment, took off his sword, and deposited it at some short distance. The French, it would appear,

had followed on their heels, and on seeing the sword took possession of it, refusing to return it to the owner. The dragoon would not proceed without it, and a row was about to occur for the recovery of the weapon, when, a few gendarmes again coming up, prevailed on the dragoons to leave, on the assurance that the sword should be returned to themselves. They had, however, proceeded little more than half way on the gallery, leading to Castel Gandolfo, when they perceived that they were pursued by a company of French with a captain, at their head. Instantly assuming an attitude of defence by drawing their swords, they retreated towards the town, the French still pursuing them. On the arrival of the latter at the gate which faces the principal street of Castel Gandolfo, the captain who it appears was much excited, having halted his men, gave orders to fire into the town, having first set the example by discharging his own revolver. It is said that the lieutenant, who was one of the party, remonstrated energetically against this wanton act. The instant effect of this murderous fire from 60 rifles enfilading the street was that three dragoons, altogether unconnected with the riot, were shot, and seven others severely wounded. How it happened that no civilian was hurt I have not heard explained. The wife of the principal medical man of the town, however, who was entering her house at the moment, had a marvellous escape, it is said. The wounded men have been since conveyed to Rome, and a surgeon, who has seen them in the military hospital, tells me that the recovery of one is very doubtful. It was stated here on yesterday that the captain was arrested, and transferred to the Castle of St. Angelo, but I have been credibly informed that such is not the fact, and that he is still at large at Albano. It is said, however, that he has been summoned to appear before a mixed military commission composed of French and Pontifical officers, appointed to investigate this extraordinary proceeding. The exasperation of the inhabitants of Castel Gandolfo has been very great indeed, and had not the French made a very precipitate retreat after perpetrating the nefarious and dastardly outrage, it is affirmed that they would have undergone summary vengeance, as the people turned out *en masse*, many being provided with firearms and even rifles. It is further known that the French Commandante at Albano instantly telegraphed to Velletri for reinforcements in anticipation of an attack. The reckless impetuosity and disregard of life which the captain displayed on this occasion, would seem to admit of no extenuation. It has been said that besides having been himself under the influence of drink, his servant was

amongst the soldiers insulted by the dragoons, and had conveyed to him a very exaggerated report of the provocation received.

The ceremonies of the year ended, as usual, on the 31st with a grand *Te Deum*, at the church of the Gesu. There was, as invariably happens, much *empressement* amongst all classes to witness this imposing celebration, and even those who were provided with tickets of admission were obliged to be in their places two hours before it began. The tedium of expectation, however, was relieved by some fine music—the three great organs of the church having been played at intervals. The Pope arrived at a quarter past four o'clock. To judge from the loud and prolonged cheers which reached the ears of those in the church, your correspondent's amongst others, the enthusiasm on the Holy Father's arrival in the Piazzì, must have been very great indeed, but those who witnessed the reception describe it as one of the most remarkable demonstrations of fervent loyalty and devotion. The Holy Father, accompanied by a large number of Cardinals, Prelates, and other dignitaries, and several of the Roman magistracy, entered the church by the *Posteria*, and soon after the *Te Deum* was intoned, and sung by a full choir with the organ accompaniment, and the voices of the entire congregation all joined. This public thanksgiving is, perhaps, of all the ceremonies of the year the most solemn and impressive. His Holiness seemed in excellent health, notwithstanding the fatigues of the Christmas functions. It is a striking feature in these great assemblages in Rome, that nearly all the nationalities of the globe are generally represented. An old gentleman who occupied a place next to your correspondent, said he had come from Lima with his family. A Highlander by birth, but having left Scotland when a boy, he had spent the greater part of his life in Mexico, where he amassed a fortune as a miner; he had latterly resided in the capital of Chili, from which he said he had come to pay his homage to the Vicar of Christ, and receive his benediction on his declining years.

The festival of St. Thomas of Canterbury was celebrated as usual at the English and Pio Colleges on Tuesday. In the morning there was a solemn High Mass, at which Monsignor Viteleschi pontificated. Monsignori Talbot, Howard, and Stonor, with several Roman ecclesiastics, and nearly all the Catholic laity now in Rome, were present. In the afternoon the president, Canon Neve, entertained a large number of distinguished ecclesiastics at dinner in the College refectory.

On yesterday, the several members of the diplomatic body went to the Vatican to present their respects and felicitations to the Holy Father. General Montebello, with a numerous staff of French officers, was also received by His Holiness, and after offering their homage and congratulations on the occasion of the new year, received the Holy Father's benediction.

On to-morrow, a "triduo," or devotion of three days, commences at the church of the Gesù, in reparation of the impiety and scandal caused by the publication of Renan's "Vie de Jesus Christ."

An interesting ceremony took place on Sunday, the 27th, at the church of the Minerva, viz. :—the consecration of Drs. Hankerson and Gonin, the former as Bishop of Port Louis, Mauritius; the latter as Archbishop of the Port of Spain, Trinidad. The Cardinal-Vicar officiated as consecrating Bishop, assisted by Monsignor Dupanloup, and a Bishop of the Order of St. Benedict. There was a large attendance of ecclesiastics and English Catholic laity. After the ceremony, the Bishops received the felicitations of their numerous male friends and admirers in one of the saloons of the neighbouring Dominican monastery, on which occasion ices and other refreshments were served.

ROME, Jan. 9, 1864.—The weather here during the last fortnight has been of a very exceptional character, the cold having been unusually severe. Not only are the peaks of the Volsian Mountains and the more distant Appenines covered with snow, but "Monte Soraote," which in the classical days of Italy seldom exhibited traces of the rigours of winter, and the neighbouring Alban Hills, present their whitened outlines in the distance. On New Year's eve Rome was visited with a heavy snowstorm, and for some days the streets and roads about the city were rendered unpleasant for pedestrians. The severity of the season would appear to act as a stimulus to the social instincts of both natives and foreigners, and each night is marked with some brilliant *soiree* or "re-union." On last evening nearly all the *elite* of Roman and foreign society were assembled in the saloons of the Princess Marie of Russia, the widow of the Duke of Leuchtenburg, and on to-night Prince Borghese is to have a brilliant reception. But, as ever happens in the Eternal City at these festive periods, the religious ceremonies form the great attraction. The Church of St. Andrea della Valle just now is visited by great numbers, who go to witness the functions performed according to the different Oriental rites within the Octave of the Epiphany, and

also to hear the instructive discourses delivered each day in the different European languages. On yesterday the new Rector of the English College, Canon Neve, preached an edifying homily on the festival of the Epiphany, on which occasion there was a large attendance of our countrypeople.

In proof of the zeal and national religious fervour of our countrypeople here just now, I may mention, by the way, that a meeting is to take place on to-morrow at the English College for the purpose of raising funds and devising other arrangements for the erection of a church in honour of St. Thomas of Canterbury. The structure, which is to be in every way worthy of the object, is to be raised within the precincts of the College, and on the identical site where the former church of that illustrious martyr and champion of the rights of the church once existed. I have already heard of large contributions offered, but I do not feel justified at this early stage of the project in mentioning them.

Amongst other entertainments which add interest to the Christmas holidays, the students of the Irish College held an "acedemia" on Sunday, at which compositions in various languages, both in prose and verse, allusive to the mystery of the Nativity, were recited.

The exhibition took place in a large saloon, specially decorated for the occasion, and was attended by a select audience, consisting of laics and ecclesiastics invited by the Superiors. After an appropriate prelude, formed by the "Adeste Fideles," chanted by some excellent voices, with an instrumental accompaniment, the proceedings commenced by an admirable essay, or dissertation, by a student (Mr. Hutch), on the "Changes in the condition of mankind wrought by the Incarnation." The writer, having passed in review the various systems of philosophy which preceded the coming of the Redeemer, and having shown their utter inadequacy to satisfy the wants and aspirations of humanity, or explain the mystery of existence, directed the attention of his audience to the revolution which Christianity introduced in the government of nations, and especially the protection afforded to the interests and life of the individual man, of which, under Pagan systems of legislation, little or no account was made—a position which the writer opportunely illustrated by reference to the gladiatorial shows—where, in this city, thousands were sacrificed for Imperial caprice and amusement. The limits of my letter, I regret to say, prevent me from following the author through the tracks of historic investigation by which he so satisfactorily established his premisses, and I can do little

more than advert to the general scope of this elaborate and well reasoned composition. It was listened to with deep attention, and at the conclusion the author was saluted with rounds of applause. Next followed a Hebrew canticle, by Mr. O'Carroll, well delivered, but which few understood, the subject of which was, "Christ the Hope of Nations." Then succeeded a series of odes, hymns, and sonnets in Latin, French, and German, with a dialogue in Greek on the Blessed Virgin. The colloquy which was conducted by Messrs. Potter and Cahill was remarkable for the classical style of the composition and excited interest also from the distinct enunciation and *aplomb* of the speakers. Nor was the "vernacular" of the Green Isle omitted in this polyglot entertainment, an Irish ode on the Nativity having been delivered by Mr. McCarthy which, though, I regret to say, understood by few present, was received with much applause, owing to the earnest and emphatic expression which marked its delivery. The entire ended with some stanzas entitled "Rome during the Epiphany" recited by Mr. Cummins, a production of no ordinary poetical merit, remarkable for the harmony of its versification, and delivered with much spirit and pathos.

To an impartial spectator of this edifying and talented exhibition, the reflection could not fail to present itself, that in spite of centuries of relentless persecution, and of social and intellectual privation, the same capacities and elements of genius still exist in the character of the nation as at the period when piety and learning, retreating before the advance of northern barbarism, found a congenial refuge on her shores, and it became the glorious mission of her sons to rekindle the light of science and religion in so many countries of central Europe, that in reference to the literary and evangelising mediæval enterprises of the Irish nation, it is scarcely an exaggeration to apply the classical eulogy—

"Que regio in terris nostri non plena laboris."

Before separating, Mgr. Manning came forward and after a few appropriate and pithy observations, addressing himself to the worthy Rector (Dr. Kirby) on the part of the strangers present, congratulated him on the evidence afforded by the exercises they had just witnessed of the high intellectual training and discipline undergone by the students under his care.

Amongst those present on this interesting occasion, I may mention the names of Lord Campden, Mr. Monsell, M.P., the

O'Connor Don, Mr. Monteith, Mr. Goold, the Hon. Mgr. Stonor, Mgr. Howard, Mr. Sherlock, Mr. Luffnin, Mr. Daly, Dr. O'Dwyer, and the students of the American and German colleges.

Referring in a former letter to the decree of the "Congregation of Rites" as to the phials found in the catacombs, I mentioned the name of the Cavaliere de Rossi, having refused acquiescence in the decision. I now beg to recall that statement, which, though it was made under the impression of reliable authority, I have since found to be incorrect, having under my hand a document in which his opinions are clearly and unequivocally expressed.

It follows, therefore, that he can have no sympathy, as my letter implied, with the scepticism of the German archæologists. In the case of one who has acquired such pre-eminence in the field of Christian archæology, and whose discoveries, the joint result of great physical labour, profound research, and singular intellectual sagacity, have been so uniformly confirmatory of the doctrines and practices of the Church, unorthodox views would not seem likely to exist. I do not, therefore, write as his apologist, for he needed no vindication, but simply to prevent any misconception arising from the overcharged statement referred to.

The celebrated "clairvoyant" Home, has been here for some days, intending to study sculpture and surrender the wand of the necromancer for the burin of the artist. On yesterday he received a summons from Monsieur Matteucci, the chief of the police, and having undergone a series of minute and unpleasant interrogatories regarding his antecedents, and especially in reference to his "book" purporting to record the marvels of his "*séances*" at Paris and London, he received a peremptory order to leave Rome within three days. Though an American by birth he immediately appealed to our consul, Mr. Severn, under whose protection he has placed himself. This latter functionary has, it appears, felt no difficulty in recognising his claims as a naturalised Englishman, and has so far successfully interested himself on his behalf with the authorities, as to have procured for him the right of residence, on the condition, however, that he shall no longer exercise his former calling, or in any way display his marvellous accomplishments as a "medium" during his stay in the city.

A "triduo," or three days' devotion, took place at the church of the "Gesù," on the 3rd, 4th, and 5th, in reparation

of the outrage lately offered to the Divinity of our Redeemer by the impious work of Renan. Each day vast crowds of all classes attended. The sermons were preached by the famous Jesuit, Father Curci. The fervour of the Faithful was seldom manifested to such a degree. On the morning of the Epiphany the devotion ended with a general Communion, on which occasion thousands approached the Holy Table.

ROME, Jan. 16, 1864.—Since my last letter was posted, the authorities here, influenced no doubt by fresh motives arising from information subsequently acquired, have withdrawn the permission of residence accorded to Mr. Home, who, having received a peremptory order to leave, took his departure for Naples on Monday. This event, unimportant in itself, would hardly merit any special advertence if it were not for the exaggerated details with which its announcement in England is sure to be accompanied, more especially through the flippant paragraphs of one of the jackals of the *Times* who plies his vocation here just now, and whose catering, while it receives a "quid pro quo," resembles, however, that of his zoological congener in being withal an instinctive and natural occupation. Mr. Home, being Scotch, not American by birth, as my letter incorrectly stated, sought the protection of the English Consul, which at first was promptly afforded, but Mr. Severn must have subsequently seen reasons for discontinuing his interference in the case, and he appears to have fully acquiesced in the compulsory removal.

Without going into the antecedents of this *soi-disant* "medium," who for several years has been oscillating between London and Paris, giving his *seances* alternately in both cities, it may be observed that the so-called "medium" who exhibits the phenomena of spirit knocking and table-turning, unlike the ordinary juggler in his feats of prestidigitation, professes to act by supernatural power, or, in other words, by the agency of spirits, the results, moreover, being not unfrequently of an immoral tendency, and in some cases fatal to the peace and happiness of individuals and families. The pretensions of the "medium" may be disposed of by a very simple dilemma; either the agencies he employs are natural or supernatural; if the latter, they must be of an evil character, as we cannot for a moment imagine the co-operation of good spirits in the production of immoral effects, such as we know to have followed from his manipulations; if the former, then the entire affair is a fallacy and an imposture, and should be branded as such. The Roman Government have, therefore, exercised a very wise discretion in

removing this source of demoralisation from this city; whether the greater latitude which society in London and Paris enjoys in this matter is an advantage, may be well questioned. No doubt we are sure to have in one of the forthcoming issues of the *Times* and *Saturday Reviler*, some flowing periods on the retrogressive tendencies of the Government of Pius IX., and designating this salutary measure as worthy of the benighted era of Copernicus or Gallileo.

A further step has been taken in the movement for the erection of the church of St. Thomas of Canterbury, a party of upwards of eighty English Catholic gentlemen having assembled at dinner at the English College on Thursday, with a view of concerting measures and organising plans for carrying out the undertaking. The Rector Canon Neve, who presided, having proposed the health of His Holiness, Monsignor Talbot stood up, and having returned thanks on behalf of the Holy Father, adverted to the national and great Catholic object for which they had assembled, that of restoring on its former site the ancient church which once existed in honour of the illustrious martyr Bishop who so nobly championed for and sealed with his blood the rights and immunities of the English Catholic Church. Lord Campden also addressed some appropriate observations on the same subject, and was followed by Monsignor Manning, who, in his usual lucid and happy style, explained the motives which rendered the accomplishment of their object more especially desirable at the present moment.

Rome has seldom witnessed so severe a winter. The frost, which began on the last day of the year, still continues without intermission, and a piercing north-east wind, most trying to valetudinarians, has prevailed for several days. The thermometer was on this morning at 18 deg.

On yesterday Miss Binns the step-daughter of the Portuguese Ambassador, the Duke de Saldhana, was married to Mr. Walpole. The ceremony was performed by Cardinal Athiere at the church of St. Antonio dei Portuguese in the presence of a large number of mutual friends, amongst them several of the Roman nobility. At the consistory held on Monday, Monsignor Ferrari, the Minister of Finance, was nominated Cardinal "in petto."

The recurrence of the festival of the "Chair of St. Peter" will this year be marked by an event of more than ordinary interest. An address expressive of the sympathy, and devoted attachment of the foreign Catholics at present in Rome is to be

presented to the Holy Father on that occasion. The document, which has been drawn up by Monsieur Mercier de Lacombe, one of the writers of the *Gazette de France*, is said to be one of the happiest productions of that gifted writer's pen, expressing fidelity and unalterable devotion to the Holy See. A meeting was held at Lord Campden's apartments on Thursday to make the necessary arrangements for this interesting occasion. The address is to be read by the Duke Scoti, of Milan.

It is expected that all the Catholic strangers at present in Rome, irrespective of country, will attend at the presentation.

Letters from Rome of the 2nd inst. all state that the Holy Father was cheered with the greatest enthusiasm on going to the Gesù church to be present at the *Te Deum* of thanksgiving on the last day of the year. On his coming out many cries were heard of "Long live the dragoons!" to protest against the massacre of Castel Gandolfo. Nothing disturbed this ceremony, except the arrest by the French of a Pontifical Cacciatore soldier, who was released at the end of an hour. It was a mistake, it seems, but an excess of zeal causes many accidents.

On New Year's Day, General de Montebello, who was admitted to the Pope's presence with the officers of the French army, said:—"Most Holy Father, I come at the head of our corps of officers to express to your Holiness our good wishes for a happy new year, and to renew the assurance of our devotion and veneration." The Holy Father answered to this:—"Monsieur le Général, I thank you for the good wishes you have expressed. I return you mine, and beg of Jesus Christ to give you, Monsieur le Général, and to all the officers you have the honour to command, the spirit of good counsel and the graces you have need of."

M. de Montebello, to avoid a very natural feeling of embarrassment, made known to the staffs of both armies that he could not give them any reception, so that the Pontifical officers have been dispensed from going as usual to present to him their compliments.

A telegram from Marseilles, dated January 12th, says that letters from Rome of the 9th inst., assert that the Pope has remained inflexible with regard to the Kisseleff marriage in an audience granted to the Russian Grand Duchess Marie of Leuchtenberg, sister of the Czar. His Holiness has also refused to order the cessation of mourning in the churches of Poland deprived of their bishops.

ROME, Jan. 23, 1864.—Tuesday being the festival of the Chair of St. Peter, the Holy Father proceeded in State to the Basilica, and having vested in the "Capella della Pieta," was borne in the sedia gestatoria to his throne. In the procession were several cardinals, prelates, patriarchs, the Roman magistracy, and other members of the Papal Court. The High Mass was chanted by Cardinal Riario Sforza, Archbishop of Naples. After the Gospel, a Latin discourse, appropriate to the solemnity, was delivered by a member of the Academia Ecclesiastica. At the conclusion of the function, His Holiness proceeded to the Consistorial Chamber in the Vatican, where there were already assembled a party of more than two hundred gentlemen, composed of Catholic strangers, Americans, English, Irish, French, Germans, Belgians, and, indeed, persons from all countries of the globe, who had come for the purpose of laying at the feet of the Holy Father the expression of their homage, devotion, and sympathy. The sentiments of this large and influential assembly of devoted Catholics were embodied in an admirable address in French, drawn up, as my former letter mentioned, by M. Mercier de Lacombe, to whom was also entrusted the reading of the document.

[A translation of the Address and Reply will be found below.]

In the countenance of the Holy Father, who was seated on his throne, it was not difficult to perceive the feelings of satisfaction and joy with which he was moved by this manifestation of attachment and fidelity, and especially during those passages in which confidence was expressed as to the restoration of the rights and property of the Church during the present Pontificate. At the conclusion of the address, His Holiness expressed in a few moving words the infinite gratification afforded him by this demonstration of Catholic loyalty and attachment to the Holy See, and concluded by giving the entire company the Apostolic Benediction.

The Catholics of Milan have presented a magnificent Episcopal cross in gold to Mgr. Caccia, and with it an address of sympathy for all he has undergone in the cause of the Church.

A "triduo," or three days' devotion, commenced at the Dominican Church of the Minerva on this morning, in reparation of the outrage offered to the Divinity of the Redeemer by the publication of Renan's "Vie du Jesu Christ." The church has been magnificently decorated for the occasion.

The worthy Archbishop of Urbino, Mgr. Angeloni, after fifty days' imprisonment, has been set at liberty, the Tribunal of

Ancona having declared that there were no grounds of accusation against him. This is the third time that the revolutionary party opposed to the Archbishop have been obliged to recognise his innocence of the charges brought against him. The inhabitants of Urbino have evinced their joy on the liberation of their Archbishop by sending contributions of considerable amount to the Peter's Pence fund.

Carnival begins on the 6th. The police regulations have already been published. The wearing of masks in the Corso, is, as usual, interdicted, and though by this measure, which is deemed just now an unavoidable precaution, an amusing and attractive feature will be withdrawn from the amusements, yet a general impression exists that the Carnival will be more than ordinarily brilliant. Though the hotels and apartments were already full, yet there has been a considerable influx of strangers during the past week.

Accounts from Turin record the demise, after a short illness, of the Marchesa Giulia Faletti de Barolo, the friend and protectress, in his declining years, of Silvio Pellico. The journals of Turin, irrespective of their political bias, are unanimous in their eulogistic tributes to the memory of this lady, whose enormous wealth was for years employed in works of benevolence and piety.

The severity of the season would appear to have diminished the activity of the reactionists in Southern Italy, more especially in the "Terra de Lavoro." Well-informed sources, however, state that the inaction is but temporary, and that abundant occupation will be given to the Royal troops in the spring. We learn from Sicily, and especially from Palermo, that an almost universal feeling of discontent prevails.

ADDRESS TO THE POPE.

The following is the text of the address solemnly presented to the Holy Father by three hundred Catholics of all nations, at present in Rome:—

"Holy Father,—

"As Catholics of all the nations represented in the capital of Christendom, we have solicited the honour of laying at the feet of your Holiness the homage of our deepest veneration and most faithful self-devotion. We have already been witnesses at the beginning of the New Year that your Holiness was greeted by the inhabitants of your city of Rome with moving mani-

festations of their love. Be it also allowed to us, your children in the spiritual order of things, to hail with our greetings and our good wishes that Pontifical Royalty, made more sacred still by misfortune, and the necessity of whose existence increases in the very proportion of the criminal machinations which threaten it from abroad.

"May the year which is opening be better than preceding years. May it bring some consolation to your paternal heart ! May it, by the restoration of your authority, satisfy the long expectation of justice and right, which have not on earth a more august impersonification than your Holiness ! Such is our most ardent desire, and the prayer which rises from our souls towards that God whose Vicar you are.

"Having been witnesses of all the great works of a universal character which are being carried out in Rome, we shall go back to our various countries to tell our brethren how just and holy is the duty of coming in aid of the wants of our common Father and of our common country. For Rome, such as the piety of ages has made her, Rome is truly our common country, as you are our common Father. There is no nation, however rebellious or wandering, who is not under obligation to the Holy Roman Church. It is she who keeps entire the deposit of moral truths without which all societies would return to barbarism. It is from her womb, ever torn yet ever prolific, that came forth, and still come forth, the Apostles of all nations.

"We, who come from the most varied climes, from the East or the West, from Europe or America, to meet at the feet of your Holiness, we cannot make a step in Rome without meeting with footsteps of some great ancestor in our faith. Within that magnificent enclosure, which St. Peter crucified contemplated and blessed from the top of the Janiculum, everything, from the prison of St. Paul to the triumphal spot of his martyrdom, from the church of St. Gregory to that of St. Clement, from the missions of St. Alexis to those of the Gesù, everything speaks to us of our native lands ; there did the heroic men, who gave baptism to our nations and bore them to civilization, draw their inspiration and fire their souls with the sacred fire : St. Denis of the French, St. Austin of the English, St. Patrick of the Irish, St. Boniface of the Germans, St. Adalbert of the Poles, St. Cyril of the Russians, St. Anschairus of the Scandinavians.

"We should quote the Popes also ; for, creators and saviours as they are of Italy, they belong at the same time, by

the immensity of their apostleship, to the whole of mankind ! How then, Holy Father, should not our gratitude mingle with our admiration ? At present, perhaps, more than ever under your memorable Pontificate, the Eternal City appears as the universal city ; everything done in Rome is done for the city and the whole world. Those seminaries for all nations founded or kept up by your solicitude, those houses of hospitality, those colleges, œcumenical as it were, that incomparable institution of Propaganda, where we were present but yesterday at one of the grandest of festivals of the great human family ; those crypts restored to the light of day and the veneration of the faithful ; those majestic basilicas found again under ground or restored from their ruins ; those cemeteries of the martyrs honoured with a love which recalls that of Damasus and Pascal ; that museum of the Lateran, added to so many other magnificent displays ; those daring and learned researches in the depths of the catacombs, whence we see come forth, thanks to splendid publications, a new and irrefutable apology for our holy religion ; those pious restorations of an immortal past, which your Holiness carries on with a magnanimous tranquillity through spoliations and persecutions !—in a word, so many works and so many labours, which are the glory of Rome, are Christendom's treasure, and form a part of her most precious patrimony. And we may say, in the name of our brethren, that Christendom will acknowledge so many services and benefits.

“ The St. Peter's Pence, resuscitated in days of crisis by the free charity of the faithful, is, first and foremost, a debt of conscience. Is it not just that all should contribute to what is a profit for all ! Christendom shall not be wanting to her sacred obligation. She knows that in its more and more generous realisation resides, until the restoration of order, one of the last guarantees of the material independence of the Church. She will try to make her offerings equal your misfortune and her love ; and, at the same time, she will continue to send her children around you, in the ranks of that Pontifical army, issued also in full life from the spontaneous impulse of children who see their Father attacked, and from the Royal inspiration of your heart, which, in spite of perils from without, would not allow the often-necessary but ever rigorous burden of conscription to weigh on your subjects. This army of volunteers of all countries, so small in numbers, but great from the recollection of Castel Fidardo which rests on it, is greater still from its spirit of sacrifice, from all

those qualities which are the noblest form of heroism, and truly worthy of watching with the soldiers of France around the chair of St. Peter and of Pius IX. !

"It is with such feelings, Holy Father, of veneration for your person, of admiration for your courage and virtues, of absolute devotion to your cause, of unshakeable and calm trust in the triumph promised by Providence to your rights, that, prostrate at your feet, we implore from your Holiness its paternal blessing on ourselves, our families, our countries."

The Pope responded to this address by one of those impressive allocutions of which that august Pontiff knows the secret, and which was transcribed by some of its hearers with all possible fidelity, as follows :—

"The words, so full of tenderness, which you have made me hear, my dear sons, and which give to my poor heart new strength to maintain to the end right, justice, and truth—those words are but the echo of what the Church, the Pope, and Religion have given to hear to the world. They are the echo of that voice of justice and truth which the Apostles and their successors have raised in all ages, at all times, and especially in the time in which we live.

"The Apostle St. Peter, as St. Lawrence has said, by coming to Rome showed a greater and more courageous faith than when he walked on the sea ; the greater from his entering into a city which was then but a forest of wild and irritable beasts. But little by little, on listening to the voice of the Apostle of Jesus Christ, those wild beasts became good and obedient lambs. During the very first hour, St. Peter sent into Umbria St. Briceus, and into Romagna St. Apollinaris.

"The inhabitants of those countries lived at that time in barbarism and paganism. I know not whether it was in God's designs to give these provinces to the Church as a patrimony, but I know that the Church possesses them at present, that they are entrusted to the Pope ; and what I know particularly is that I shall never consent to abandon them, or to any shameful compromise.

"I conclude, my dear sons, by granting you my Apostolic blessing ; but I wish to say, however, that if I desire to keep those provinces, it is not to be a King. Many people pretend that the Pope wishes to be a King. No ! I keep them because such is my duty, because it is a necessity in the order of the Church, that she should preserve what Providence has given her.

"My ambition as a Pope is to be the worthy successor of the Apostles, to maintain in all kingdoms the spirit of faith and

love, to teach to nations obedience, and to Princes love and respect for right and justice. This is the reason why it is necessary for the Pope to keep his own kingdom! And what are the kingdoms of the earth? Wretchedness! wretchedness! But no one has a right to touch what is mine; no one. And to the end I will make that voice of justice and truth be heard.

"Let us listen, then, to the voice of the Apostles of Jesus Christ, my very dear sons; and may God bless you all, in society, ever, and make you live in a Christian manner, and as happily as is possible in this vale of tears."

Viscount Campden, Lord Stafford, Captain Jerningham, Captain Chisholm, Robert Monteith, Esq., of Carstairs; John de Selby, Esq.; — George — Weguelin, Esq.; Right Rev. Mgr. Weld, Lord Stourton, Messrs. Plowden and Cholmondley, The Very Rev. Canon Oakeley, The Right Hon. W. Monsell, M.P.; The O'Connor Don, M.P.; The Hon. E. Preston, A. Sherlock, Esq.; P. Loughnan, Esq.; Watts Russell, Esq.; Stephen Ram, Esq., of Ramsfort, and Son; — Palmer, Esq.; — Rankin, Esq.; M. E. Corbally, Esq., M.P.; — Southouse, Esq.; — Rhodes, Esq.; Sir Pyers Mostyn, Bart.; — Daly, Esq.; Lord Walpole, J. O'Brien, Esq.; — Bishop, Esq.; Captain Esmond, M.P.; Dr. O'Dwyer, C. Gould, Esq.; and Messrs. Holan, Dunlop, Maher, Lamb, Power, &c.

On the 9th, the Holy Father gave an audience to General Rufo King, who presented to him letters from President Lincoln, accrediting him as President Minister of the United States near the Holy See. On the same day, General Rufo King was received by Cardinal Antonelli.

The Holy Father presided on the 12th, at the General Congregation of Cardinals and Consultors of the Sacred Congregation of Rites commissioned to examine the miracles submitted to the Holy See to the effect of obtaining the Beatification of the Venerable Father Canisius. The following is the text of the statement of the cause, drawn up by the Cardinal *Relator* in concert with the Postulators:—

LAUSANEN. Beatificationis et Canonizationis Ven. Servi Dei PETRI CANISII sacerdotis professi Societatis Jesu. Factum Concordatum.

1. Strēnuus Catholicæ veritatis propugnator Petrus Canisius, sacerdos professu se Societate Jesu, doctrina non minus insignis, quam præclaris virtutibus, rebusque gestis adversus hæreses sæculo XVI. in Germania grassantes illustrem nominis sui memoriam posteritati reliquit. Siquidem in præconio divini

verbi exercendo, in edendis scriptis, in minitriis et legationibus obeundis, in exhibenda opera egregia Tridentinis Patribus ita se Ecclesiæ Pastoribus, et Christianis Principibus probavit, ut præsidium Domus Dei validissimum haberetur. Post multos exactos labores et merito eximia, mense Decembri anno MDXCVII, die sacra Thomæ Apostolo, in osculo Domini conquievit.

2. Cum porro de virtutibus heroicis hujusce Ven. Servi Dei coram Sacra Rituum Congregatione, omnibus antea rite peractis, fuisset disceptatum, sa : me : Pontifex Gregorius XVI. die V. Kalendas Februarias anno MDCCCXLIV. dominica nimirum quarta post Epiphanium Domini, in ædibus Vaticanis, *constare de virtutibus Ven. Servi Dei in gradu heroico* solemniter decrevit.

3. Hinc data est opera, ut altera de miraculis quæstio expediretur, quæ a Deo Optimo Maximo patrata adserebantur, eodem Ven. Servo Suo deprecatore adhibito. Proinde XIII. Kalendas Julias anni MDCCCLX. in ædibus meis, quod Rmus. Cardinalis Vincentius Macchi Relator infirmitate detineretur, antipreparatoria comitia sunt habita, primumque ea controversia ad trutinam revocata.

4. Verum cum postea laudatus Cardinalis Ponens diem obisset supremum, Sanctitas tua me illi sufficere dignata est, rescripto edito XII. Kalendas Augusti anno MDCCCLXI. cum omnibus facultatibus necessariis, et opportunis, in statu tamen et terminis quibus tum temporis causa reperitur.

5. Insequenti autem anno MDCCCLXII. die XVII. Kalendas Januarias Sacra Rituum Congregatio preparatoria super memoratis miraculis legitime coacta, et habita est in Palatio Apostolico Vaticano.

6. Hoc rebus feliciter progressis nil aliud est reliquum, nisi ut eadem de prodigiis quæstio coram Sanctitate Tua instituitur. Quapropter sequens propono dubium jam antea cum Fidei Promotore concordatum :

An et de quibus miraculis constet in casu et ad effectum de quo agitur.

C. CARD. PATRIZZI, RELATOR.

Another cause still more important, on account of the present circumstances and the prophecies connected with it is that of Blessed Josaphat, a Polish Bishop martyred for the faith by the Russians, and whose canonization is asked for from various parts, from the Sacred Congregation of Rites. Several persons hope that this canonization may take place during the course of the year.

The *Unita Cattolica* of the 24th inst., publishes the Latin text of an address of fidelity, sent by the Neapolitan Episcopate to Pius IX. This document is signed by sixty-six archbishops and bishops, by two mitred abbots and ten vicars capitular.

The *Giornale di Roma* announces that the St. Peter's Pence has produced 35,483,580 francs (£1,419,343 4s.), of which 3,222,780 francs (£128,911 4s.) have been received since the month of August, 1863.

Nobody doubts that there is a perfect accord between the chiefs of the Piedmontese party and of that called *action*. The Government chastises a few unlucky wights, arrests a few, and sequesters some of their journals; but these are but pretences to deceive those who wish to be deceived and to enable the officials to exculpate themselves. For Piedmont the expedition of Sicily, which succeeded so well, is its model for that of Venetia.

While Mazzini is accused of having armed the four Paris conspirators, people are convinced here that the whole thing was organised with the participation of the Turin Government, for the late Republican Visconti Vennozza, Minghetti, Perruzzi, &c., had the greatest interest in endeavouring to influence the Emperor of the French by terror.

Another revolutionary meeting has been held at Forli, where two thousand persons sat down to a banquet, at which a great amount of speeches were delivered. Great talkers are not always great fighters.

The Pontifical police has lately arrested and expelled a Piedmontist agent of the name of Farini, a relation of the Minister who lost his reason in the service of the Revolution.

The Castel Gandolfo affair proceeds with great difficulty, as General de Montebello cannot agree with Mgr. de Merode. The facts of the whole case are so completely against the French officer Boquet (who it seems is not a Jew after all, as at first supposed), that injustice and the most arbitrary conduct could alone save him from being condemned.

The news from Sicily announces that the people are so enraged against the Piedmontese that a general insurrection is sure to break out there in favour of the Bourbons, as soon as the Turin Government is taken up with any warfare.

Several arrests of thieves made in Rome have brought to light that the revolutionary conspirators had determined to employ them to disturb the city during the Carnival.

Marshal Saldhana has given a great ball, which was attended by the Roman and foreign nobility and gentry.

While the Minister of War in France orders all fortified towns to remain open day and night, General de Montebello keeps the gates of Rome closed at night. On the 13th of January, two English gentlemen, Mr. Carlton Greene and one of his friends, who arrived from Viterbo on horseback at 11, p.m., were compelled to stay all night outside the gate of the Popolo, in a temperature of 6 degrees below zero, because the French officer on guard refused to allow the gate to be opened, it being locked at ten. The British Consul, who complained of this to the French town commander, was told that even the Governor of Rome, Mgr. Matteucci, could not have the gate opened without General de Montebello's leave.

The mother of the Zouave Guerin has arrived in Rome.

A telegram, dated from Rome Jan. 30th, states that the French have arrested in Rome the Neapolitan insurgent chief Viola, at the request of, and from information furnished by the Piedmontese authorities.

His Holiness has ordered the purchase for the Vatican Museum of several objects of antiquity found at Vicarello, among which are three Etruscan vases of massive gold, a good many silver vases and bronze objects. The first series of objects discovered at Vicarello by the Jesuit Fathers, who have a country house there, are now at the Kircher Museum in the Roman College. Vicarello, on the Lake of Brasciano, was celebrated for ages for its mineral waters, and most of the vases discovered there were votive offerings from the persons cured by their benefit.

The Academia dei Quiriti, has given diplomas of corresponding members to the Right Rev. Dr. Hankinson, Bishop of Port Louis, Mauritius; to the Most Rev. Dr. Gonin, Archbishop of Port-of-Spain, Trinidad, and to the Very Rev. Canon Neve, President of the English College in Rome. The Academia has held a daily meeting at 3, p.m., since the 1st of January, at the Altieri Palace. In its recent meetings, the Rev. Father Fauli of the Carmelite Order, treated of the historical question of the Countess Matilda, and St. Gregory VII., and Signor Pischelda of the Acts of St. Anacletus, Pope and Martyr. The first part of a life of St. Gregory VII., by Mgr. Cerri, corresponding member of Turin, was also read at the meetings.

Mgr. Bedini, late Papal Delegate in North America, and Bishop of Terracina, has left, by his will, the greater part of his

fortune to the Roman Seminary, of which he was Rector for fourteen years. His legacy will be sufficient for the maintenance of ten or twelve students.

Mgr. Guglielmo Arnaldi, Bishop of Treveri, died on the 7th of January. He had been preconised to that See by His Holiness Gregory XVI. in the Secret Consistory of July 22nd, 1842. He was a native of his own diocese, having been born on January 4th, 1798.

On Monday last there was the annual *Academia Poliglotta*, of the students of the Propaganda, and I allude to it only to observe that the youths who carried off the palm were two negroes, rejoicing in the names of William Samba and John Provost. Their delivery and action were wonderful and called forth thunders of applause even in a church.

The Pope recently gave audience to Captain Grant, the discoverer of the sources of the Nile, and appeared to be much interested in the maps submitted to him by that intrepid explorer, and his accounts of those tropical regions.

On Sunday, the feast of the Holy Name of Jesus, the Pope repaired to St. Peter's there to confer Episcopal Consecration on His Eminence Cardinal Philip Marie Guidi, of the Order of St. Dominic, preconised Archbishop of Bologna, on the twenty-first of last December.

MONSIGNOR MANNING.—A recent letter from the *Times'* Roman Correspondent has the following in reference to Mgr. Manning's Epiphany Sermon, to the English-speaking residents of Rome, at the church of Sant' Andrea del Valle :—" His very appearance, which is that of an ascetic, interests you at first sight and disposes you to listen to him as to one who speaks with authority. Straight and unbending as a line he too assumes all that he appears to be. He does not ask you to believe him, but tells you what you are to believe, and imposes on you a faith. . . . The entire discourse was a splendid specimen of unimpassioned eloquence. Assuming his principles, there was the closest concatenation throughout. Link by link, each thought was connected with the other, and the unwary mind, forgetful of the premisses assumed, stood a fair chance of being carried away."

The Court Journal gives the following account of a fashionable event at Rome, which was announced in our columns at the time :—

"The recent event at Rome, at all events in the higher social circles, has been the marriage of Miss A. Houghton

Trafford Binns, daughter of the Duchess de Saldhana, with Mr. Frederic Goulbourn Walpole. The wedding took place in the church of St. Antonio, who is the national protector of Portugal, and long before the time appointed, the church, except the reserved places, and the streets in the neighbourhood were filled with crowds of curious spectators. About eleven o'clock the wedding party arrived in four carriages, the first being occupied by the Maestro di Camera, and the Chamberlain of the Duke: the second by the Secretary of the Embassy, his wife and two attachés; the third by the Duke and the Bridegroom; and the fourth drawn by four horses, by the Duchess and the bride. The witnesses of the marriage were Cardinals di Pietro and Antonelli, and the Austrian and French Ambassadors. Her Royal Highness the Princess of Portugal, should have been the *commere* of the bride had she not been unmarried, but she was represented by her chamberlain, and from respect to the Princess, no other lady was requested to fulfil this important function. A brilliant company occupied seats in the space before the altar. A *messe chantée* with some admirable voices, was performed by Cardinal Altieri, who, as soon as the marriage vows were given, made a short address to the bride and bridegroom in very fluent French, full of excellent advice. As soon as the ceremony was over the party retired from the church in the same order in which they arrived, except that the Duke and Duchess occupied the third, and the married couple the fourth carriage, followed by all the guests. It was a very gay and exciting scene, and the Swiss guards in the church, and the mounted soldiers stationed in the streets to maintain order, made the whole a very imposing spectacle. The Portuguese Embassy was decorated in grand gala for the occasion, the national flag floating in the front, and ever-green plants lining either side of the marble staircase, which was happily carpeted, for the cold was bitter. There were present the Cardinals Altieri di Pietro, and Antonelli; the Monsignori Borromeo, Pacca, Berardi, Franchi, Hohenlohe, de Merode, and Talbot; the Senator of Rome and his wife, the Austrian Ambassador, the French Ambassador, and the Countess Sartiges; the Ministers of Guatemala, Belgium, and Holland, with their wives; the Ministers of Spain, Prussia, and Bavaria, and the Chargé d'Affaires of Brazil, with Mdme. de Figueirado; the *soi-disant* Ministers of Tuscany and Naples, who may better be styled Ministers *in partibus*; and General Count and the Countess Montebello. Among the unofficial company were the Princes and Princesses Colonna, Orsini, Borghese, Rospigliosi, Massimo,

and Arsoli, the Princess Viano, and Prince Doria, the Duke and Duchess of Salviati, Lord and Lady Stafford, Lord and Lady Campden, Lady Louisa and Mr. Tennyson, Sir John and Lady Harrington, the Hon Henry Walpole, Viscount Pollington, Mrs. Monck, Mr. and Mrs. Mostyn, Mr. and Mrs. Elliot Rankin, Mrs. Regolini, Count Penamacoi, the Chamberlain of Her Royal Highness the Princess of Portugal; and Mademoiselle de Costa, and together with several others. The marriage has excited great interest in Rome, as the warm-hearted Duke is a great favourite and does everything with what the Italians call a *mano splendida*."

The same journal contained, in the evening edition of the 16th inst., a very important article on the Sclavonians. It expresses a wish that the schismatics of that race should return to the unity of the faith as soon as possible, and hopes for the conversion of Russia. This article is likely to displease much the Moscovite Embassy and will give rise on its part to remonstrances and recriminations. Reliable authorities inform us that the relations between the Holy See and the Cabinet of St. Petersburg, are very distant at present and that the number of the friends of Poland increases in Rome.

The Chamber of Accusation of the Tribunal of Ancona has declared that there is no reason to prosecute the Archbishop of Urbino. He was set at liberty on the 12th inst., after fifty-five days of imprisonment.

The Camerale Press of Rome has recently published the census of the population of the Eternal City during 1863. The total of the population amounted to 201,161 inhabitants, being 4,083 more than 1862. The members of the secular clergy in Rome, last year, amounted to 1,894, and those of the Religious Orders to 2,569. The Nuns were 2,031 in number. The ecclesiastical seminaries and colleges, to the number of 25, contained 1,027 students. Among them are the Roman Seminary, with 94 students; the Pio Seminary, with 76; the Vatican Seminary, with 41; the French, with 58; the South American, with 45; and the North American, with 53. The Propaganda College contains 128 students; the German, 59; the English and the Pio-English together, 49; the Scotch, 15; the Irish, 50; the Belgian, 6; the Greco-Ruthenian, 22; the Lombard, 11.

The Religious Orders and congregations of men are 56 in number, among whom are 344 Jesuits, 24 Oratorians, 65 Lazarists, 90 Passionists, 39 Redemptorists, 54 Brothers of the Christian Schools, 15 Rosminians, 22 members of the Society of

Missions, 29 Brothers of Mercy, 47 Benedictines, 37 Cistercians, 19 Carthusians, 137 Dominicans, 206 Observant Franciscans, 126 Reformed Franciscans, 44 Observant Franciscans of the Alcantarine Reform, 84 Conventual Franciscans, 193 Capuchin Franciscans, 20 Franciscans of the Third Order, 85 Augustinians and 42 Discalced Augustinians, 41 Carmelites and 82 Discalced Carmelites. The members of other Orders existing in Rome are 39 Canons Regular of St. John Lateran, 17 Theatine Regular Clerics, 31 Barnabite Regular Clerics, 33 Somaschi Regular Clerics, 21 Minor Regular Clerics, 52 Regular Clerics Ministers of the Sick of St. Camillus, 23 Regular Clerics of the Mother of God, 42 Regular Clerics of the Pious Schools, 12 members of the Congregation of St. Jerome, 44 members of the Congregation of the Christian Doctrine, 7 members of the Congregation of Pious Labourers, 17 members of the Congregation of the Precious Blood, 12 members of the Congregation of the Sacred Hearts (French Seminary), 21 members of the Congregation of the Cross, 22 Priests of the Congregation of the Resurrection (Poles), 1 Camaldoli Hermit, 1 Basilian Monk (Greek), 17 Camaldoli Monks, 2 Camaldoli Monks of Montecorona, 9 Vallombrosian Monks, 11 Olivetine Monks, 20 Sylvestrine Monks, 1 Greco-Ruthenian Monk, 16 Antonine Monks (Armenians), 1 Mechitarist Monk (Armenian), 52 Servite Friars, 6 Mercedarii Friars, 11 Trinitarian Friars, 53 Discalced Trinitarian Friars, 40 Minim Friars, 20 Friars of St. Jerome, 31 Friars of Penance, 44 Friars Hospitallers of St. John of God.

The statistics of the last year give 279 births for every 10,000 inhabitants, and 3.7 for every marriage. The marriages are 7.42 for every 1,000 inhabitants. The deaths amount to 301 for every 1,000 inhabitants.

On Monday, January the 18th, the Pope received a deputation of three hundred Catholics of all countries, who have presented to him an address of fidelity and devotion to the Holy See, while protesting against the sacrilegious usurpation of his dominions and of the church property.

Pius IX. declared in his answer that he wanted to leave the patrimony of the church intact to his successors; that he consequently would not accept of any arrangement or treaty contrary to that intention, and that he trusted not in the force of arms, but in Providence, the protector of justice.

The Minister of Arms has made a report on the Castel Gandolfo massacre, and has forwarded copies of it to the French Ambassador and other members of the Diplomatic Corps;

whereupon General Montebello, who is already very much annoyed at the miserable part he has been made to play, has applied to the Pontifical Government to be allowed to begin a new inquiry in conjunction with it, which implies that Pontifical and French officers will go over again the whole of the proceedings together.

Meanwhile the inquiry instituted already by the Pontifical authorities has set clear the following facts :—

On the 25th of December, 1863, thirty-four dragoons of the squadron of Pontifical cavalry in garrison at Castel Gandolfo, went to Albano in small groups to enjoy themselves. About 5 o'clock in the afternoon, after a day which had passed without any kind of disturbance, ten of these men were passing through the public square of Albano, when a man called Emilio Cóni, and nick-named Bicchierino (dram), a bad fellow who had been imprisoned over and over again, insulted them, saying, among other things, that he was going to vomit on them. The dragoon Zamarano replied with a blow with the flat side of his sabre, which wounded Bicchierino by chance on the forefinger of his left hand as he was raising his arm to parry the blow. Several men of sinister appearance having gathered round the dragoons, the latter, fearing an attack drew their swords and made their way through the crowd without striking anybody, and soon reached the town gate. Shortly after, Lieutenant Lucidi, of the Pontifical gendarmes, who had heard of the quarrel between Bicchierino and the dragoons, came up to the gate, and seeing the dragoons at a distance going towards Castel Gandolfo, he waited at the gate, and advised Brigadier Jean, of the French gendarmes, not to take any notice of them.

The dragoons were fourteen in number. They were seen all at once to return towards Albano, with their swords drawn. They thought themselves pursued by the rabble of the town; but, on meeting Lieutenant Lucidi, they obeyed without hesitation his order to sheath their swords, and to turn round to return to their quarters. At the very moment when they were starting, the dragoon, Sepio, called out that a Pontifical gendarme had disarmed him, while he stood near the town wall of Albano. The dragoons then declared that they would not leave without having recovered Sepio's sword, but Lieutenant Lucidi managed to calm their excitement and to induce them to leave once more. It has been since ascertained that Sepio was disarmed not by a Pontifical gendarme, but by a French gendarme, under the orders of Brigadier Jean. This gendarme was seen

going through Albano holding a sword which was not his own, and the sword was found on the 26th, in the evening, near the church of the town.

The fourteen dragoons were already far away, when a picket of twelve soldiers of the 59th, from the French garrison of Albano, came up. Without listening to the observations of the Governor of Albano, of Lieutenant Lucidi, and of the Sergeant Mangelli, Brigadier Jean insisted on placing himself at the head of the picket, and on leading it in pursuit of the dragoons. Up to that point the French had not been in any way concerned in anything that had happened. In a short time Brigadier Jean returned and gave out that he had overtaken the dragoons. In reality the French had charged the Pontifical soldiers, who were walking in a scattered order, and wounded Secchi and Zamarano without any provocation on the part of the latter, and had retired when the dragoons, on hearing the cries of the wounded drew their swords to defend themselves. Secchi had received a bayonet wound from a soldier, who owns that he had only tried to trip him up. As for Zamarano medical men have still to determine the nature of the weapon with which he was wounded. Meanwhile Captain Boquet, commanding the French garrison of Albano, and who is said to be a Jew, came up to the town gate with all the soldiers he had been able to gather together. Without any inquiry of any kind, he ordered all the dragoons who had not left Albano, to be kept in custody in the cafes and wine shops, where they happened to be, and he even had one of them arrested by a sergeant-major, in spite of the protest of Lieutenant Lucidi. He then lead off his column in pursuit of the dragoons at a running pace, with arms loaded and bayonets fixed.

The dragoons, who were quietly retiring towards Castel Gandolfo, after the attack of Brigadier Jean's picket, were very much surprised at this second pursuit, and hastened on. It seems, however, that one, two, or even three stones were thrown in the direction of the detachment, by one of them from the top of a platform which overlooks the road near Castel Gandolfo. The detachment was ordered by its chief to fire. The French then continued to advance, with bayonets crossed towards the gate of Castel Gandolfo. Six or seven dragoons stood at the entrance of the town, considering themselves safe there; but they soon saw the detachment charge them. Captain Boquet fired his revolver at them and commanded a general firing and a bayonet charge to carry the gate. Bullets were fired in all

directions and struck unoffending persons, such as the gendarme Ramponi, of the select company of the Pontifical Palace, who was going his rounds, and the dragoon Gallina, who had never left the town the whole day, and who was crossing the square at that moment. Ramponi died on the spot; and Gallina during the course of the day. Eight other dragoons were struck by bullets or bayonets, namely, Zamarano, who died on the following day, having received four wounds from a very sharp weapon, which cannot be either a sabre or a bayonet; Lucarini, shot in the loins; d'Angeli, shot in the arm, which has been amputated; Secchi, struck with a bayonet; Lucidi, shot in the hand, and having had a finger amputated; Sacchi, wounded in the arm; Giaco, having seven bayonet wounds; Gasessoni, wounded by a bayonet or sword in the head. On the side of the French nobody was wounded.

Whereupon, the detachment entered into Castel-Gandolfo, pursuing and disarming the dragoons, and drew up in a line opposite the guard-house.

The Pontifical Brigadier, Discepoli, was forbidden to assist in any way the gendarme Ramponi. The Parish Priest, Marazzi, who asked in French to the sentinels placed around the victims, for leave to give the last sacraments to the dying gendarme, was brutally answered: "Je me foue de toi et de ton Pape!" and aimed at him. This has grieved the Holy Father particularly. Finally, after attempting to send a French gendarme into the guard-house to make a search, and having intimated to the Pontifical Captain de Saintenac his prohibition for any Pontifical soldier to come to Albano, Captain Boquet and his men returned to Albano, carrying away the swords of the dragoons whom they had disarmed. On arriving at Albano, he went to the Dovistinia, where seven dragoons were kept under the custody of two French sentinels, and said to them, while he flourished his revolver: "Go now, there are already four dragoons at Castel Gandolfo who are asleep for eternity." The serjeant-major did not show himself less brutal than his superior, and caused one of the dragoons, who did not leave fast enough, to be arrested. The dragoon was kept for two days on bread and water, in the military prison.

All this considered, there results the following conclusions.

1st. The Pontifical dragoons who were at Albano on the 25th of December, had no quarrel with the French, and the dispute between the dragoons Zamarano and Bicchierino was an isolated incident, in which the French were in no way concerned, and

which they were in no way bound to avenge; particularly as it had originated entirely from the misconduct of that wretched man. 2. The dragoons had left Albano of their own accord, and had nothing to do with the French till they were overtaken by the picket of Brigadier Jean, who turns out to have been Zamarano's murderer, as it is stated that he then thrust his straight sword several times in his loins. 3rd. The French twice pursued the dragoons without any plausible reason, and fired when, the dragoons being already returned to Castel Gandolfo, the detachment had accomplished its mission, which was, according to Captain Boquet, to take back the dragoons to their quarters. 4. The dragoons not having any firearms, as has been duly ascertained, were not able even to provoke the second volley.

It seems that Captain Boquet was so little at rest afterwards in his conscience that he summoned the Governor of Albano to submit to him, before sending it, his report addressed to the Director of the Pontifical police. The Governor not only refused, very properly, to do so, but even made mention of this violent attempt at the end of his report.

The Roman correspondent of the *Monde*, writing on the 6th inst., says that the whole affair was purposely got up; Bicchierino and two or three of his companions, gaol birds like him, being in the pay of the Piedmontist secret organization. A dragoon of the name of Trogoff had been warned the day before, by one of the inhabitants, not to go to Albano, as a quarrel would be got up with his comrades. The spirit shown by the French on that occasion savours much of that so often displayed by their general.

ROME, Jan. 27, 1864.—The National Roman Committee, so-called, has published a warning to the Romans on account of the Carnival festivals. It contains the same declamations, the same prohibitions as those of the preceding years. It bears the date of Rome, but has been printed at Rieti, as if the Committee really meets in Rome. It has no printing press there. This magniloquent and exhilarating document is as follows:—

“Romans!—While the supreme moments of our redemption are at hand; while we have to prepare for the last attempt at recovery, the Priest, ever hypocritical, ever mocking, invites us to the Carnival orgies. He adds to insults mockery, and in his affrightened conscience he redoubles his efforts to make a display of us to Europe as a degenerate people, stupidly joyful under the double yoke of the Clergy and the foreigner.

"Romans!—You will answer to such an insult with your wonted contempt. The race, the rejoicings this year also, may be a solace for Legitimists, Bourbonists, sbirri, women of the town, and the refuse of all nations here gathered and in the pay of the Priest; not for you, who have sworn to be free Italians, and endure with heroic constancy the torments of the worst of all Governments, affronting persecutions, imprisonment, and exile.

"You, emulating the Venetians, your brethren and companions in misfortune, have, by addresses, protests, offerings, and other demonstrations, already given many a time to the civilized nations, solemn and spontaneous proofs of your aspirations and patriotism.

"At present, far removed from diversions unworthy of you, renew your vigour evermore in the proud calm of the strong and in the fraternal union which doubles strength; renew your vigour in that indomitable patience which overcomes destiny and death. Remember that the valorous ones also who conquered under Fabius Maximus, defeated the enemies of the country, not by fighting but by biding their time. This is a hard trial for your ardour! But think that unreflecting impulses, youthful impatience, might rivet our chains instead of breaking them, damage the Italian cause, and delay the inevitable accomplishment of our destiny. The Roman people, collected and tranquil in its generous solitude, without in any way caring for the brutal orgies of the slave, should wait in readiness for its approaching hour; and let it expect it from its King, from its Parliament, from the nation. Thus Rome, honoured and secure will reach the end of her sufferings and become worthily the Capital of Italy. Long live the King! Long live Italy!

"THE NATIONAL ROMAN COMMITTEE.

"Rome, January 25th, 1875."

Such is the stilted composition with which agitation and grievance-mongers, in the pay of Victor Emmanuel's Government, endeavour to intoxicate imaginative youths and women who do not pay sufficient attention to the fulfilment of their own duty to God and man, and may be therefore all the more ready to find fault with their spiritual and temporal rulers, and even with God's Church herself. Fortunately the number of such is not very great in Rome; but it is decidedly more noisy than the thousands of good Christian subjects of the Holy Father.

Two members of the aforesaid committee went, as representatives of Rome, to the general meeting of revolutionists held

at Florence on the 12th, 13th, and 14th of January. An agent of Victor Emmanuel's Government was there present also. The Pontifical police has managed to arrest the two so-called Roman deputies, and has thus obtained the minutes of the three meetings, in which were discussed foreign affairs, home affairs, and miscellaneous affairs. The whole is made up of headlong speeches and senseless projects. The home affairs include the continuation of volunteer recruiting, at the expense of the State; the formation of agitation sub-committees throughout Italy; plans of attack against Venetia, in which Garibaldi's volunteers are to act by sea, while the Piedmontese are to pretend to oppose an attack on their part on the Mincio and the Po; measures to be taken at Genoa and Leghorn for embarking these volunteers, &c. Under the heading of foreign affairs, were discussed the conduct to be adopted with regard to France; the subventions to be made to foreign journals; the pressure to be exerted on the correspondents of these journals in Italy; sending agents and spies, &c. The questions of the brigandage, taxation, and elections made up the miscellaneous affairs.

The Italian revolutionists know perfectly well of the last communications made by the French Government to the Austrian, and the intentions of the latter. They endeavour naturally to regulate their conduct and plans accordingly. Thus, knowing that Napoleon III. wishes to avail himself of the pretext offered by the position of things in the kingdom of Naples to occupy some point in Southern Italy, with the consent of Austria, they conclude that the Emperor Francis Joseph will profit by this example to attempt to cross the Po, and to come to pacify the Romagna, Parma, and Modena, as well as Tuscany. Hence there are so many reinforcements sent on the line of the Po, to a much greater extent than on that of the Mincio, as it is felt that in conformity with the Zurich treaty, the Austrians will not touch Lombardy.

ROME, February 6, 1864.—We are at present in the midst of the Carnival, and the Corso each day presents the usual scenes of merriment and fantastic buffoonery in which our countrypeople especially signalise themselves, to the great amusement, and I may add profit, of the Romans, some families of my acquaintance having paid eighty, and in one instance, one hundred scudi (30 guineas) for a balcony during the week. Your readers are, however, already familiar, from previous and oft repeated descriptions, with the peculiar features of that ludicrous and grotesque pageant, which, as usual, will end abruptly on Tuesday. The

impression produced on a visitor to Rome in the contrast presented by a week of *abandon* and freedom from ordinary conventionalities, suddenly succeeded by a period of self-denial and ascetic observances, such as mark the arrival of Lent, is amusingly referred to in one of, if I mistake not, Dr. Johnson's "Persian Letters," in which he describes a Circassian as writing to his friends from Rome at this season in the last century, and expressing his idea in these words:—"For the last week the people here have all gone crazy, and have been doing all kinds of folly, but this morning (Ash Wednesday) the Priests put some dust on their foreheads which suddenly brought them back to reason."

As counteractives to the effect of a week of general relaxation (which, by the way, has a prescriptive right of centuries, and which is now so thoroughly incorporated with the municipal privileges as to preclude all idea of its suppression) the Church, with a provident vigilance and for the spiritual interests of her children, has instituted retreats and religious exercises in several churches and monasteries, and to which many of all classes resort during this period of exceptional and extravagant hilarity.

The "Roman National Committee," who regard the success of these annual festivities as an exponent of the popularity of the Government, have endeavoured, by various contrivances, in former years, to interfere with and spoil the celebration. The means employed on the present occasion is the circulation of a manifesto or address to the Romans, denunciatory of priests and priestly rule, appealing to them to keep aloof from Carnival orgies (*orgie carnavalesche*), in which this precious document asserts that none but degraded citizens, the refuse of foreign society, and Bourbonists will take part, telling them to bide their time, and, like Fabius Maximus, gain their end by patience and delay, and concluding with the sanguine assurance that Victor Emmanuel will ere long be enthroned in Rome as in the Metropolis of the Italian Empire. This appeal of the "Italianissimi" has been very feebly, if at all responded to, as the Corso was never more crowded than during the first day of the Carnival. Since then the unfavourable state of the weather impeded out-of-door enjoyments, but it is generally believed that the concluding days, Monday and Tuesday next, will, from the preparations made, be unusually brilliant. The festival of the Purification, or, as it is called "Candlemas Day," was celebrated at St. Peter's with the usual solemnity on Tuesday. The Pope having descended to the Basilica at 10, a.m., and having robed in the

Chapel of the Pieta, was carried in procession to his throne, where he went through the ceremony of blessing the candles, after which he distributed them to the Cardinals, Bishops, and members of the Chapter and the Court, and those of the various diplomatic bodies, besides several of the superior officers of the Pontifical and French armies. His own taper, covered with very delicate miniatures, and adorned with a handle of cloth of gold, which he often offers to some Sovereign or great personage, he sent on this occasion by the hand of a Prelate of the Household, to Madame Guerin, mother of the Zouave Guerin. A procession was then formed, which, having made the round of the nave (His Holiness having been borne in "*Sedia Gestatoria*") returned to the great altar, where the High Mass was sung by Cardinal Bizzarri, to whom was delegated by the Pope the office of Pontifical on this occasion. The Infanta of Portugal, with many distinguished strangers were present, and a crowd of English, French, and other foreign ladies occupied the tribunes.

We learn from Modena that during the celebration of a "triduo," in atonement for the blasphemies of Renan's book, and during the Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament on the Altar, some wretched miscreant horrified the congregation by shouting out "*Vive Renan!*" The name of this miserable individual is not given, but we are informed that a couple of nights after, having been on duty as sentinel of the National Guard, at the Palatial Treasury, he was found frozen to death, the body having been carried to a warm chamber, and every possible means used in vain to restore vitality. This, unhappily, is but one of the many instances of audacious impiety in revolutionised Italy. May we hope that the striking and speedy judgment with which it was visited will operate as a salutary lesson? English travellers of reliable veracity, who have just come from Naples, assure me that the prisons are still full to repletion, and that the distrust in the Neapolitan gaol officials, owing to the recent escape of several prisoners is such, that many have been sent northwards, having been replaced by Tuscans and Piedmontese. Republican demonstrations occur almost daily in the streets, and the Mazzinian and Garibaldian parties become every day more uncontrollable, while reaction increases in the country districts, and the so-called Brigands not unfrequently show themselves in the neighbourhood of the city. The excursions of tourists are in consequence unsafe beyond the limits of Castellamare and La Casa, and the visit to the famous temples of Pæstum, beyond Salerno, is rarely attempted.

The festival of the illustrious Martyr, St. Agatha, was celebrated yesterday at the interesting old church which bears her name, and which at present belongs to the Irish College. The Rector and students, with a large number of ecclesiastics and laity, attended. After the High Mass, an impressive discourse, admirably adapted to the occasion, was delivered by the Rev. Dr. McCorrie, an experienced missionary, and distinguished controversialist in Scotland, where his public discourses and lectures have had a wide circulation.

Monsignor Manning has engaged to preach during the Sundays of Lent in the Church of the Madonna del Monte Christo, in the Piazza del Popolo.

ROME, Feb. 13, 1864.—Notwithstanding the unusual coldness of the weather, the Corso was crowded during the last days of the Carnival, by which a fitting response was given to the revolutionary circular appealing to the citizens to take no part in these popular amusements. Many of the foreigners, and several of our countrypeople who had seen the Carnival in former years, and had no intention to be again spectators of its amusing frivolities, on hearing of the circular, re-appeared in the balconies, and were conspicuous participants in the general gaiety. Several also had their carriages in the Corso, each with a fair *approvisionnement* of confetti, of which they made ample use in saluting their friends and acquaintances. A novel, and to the Romans, most amusing feature in the last day's festivities, was that of a Highland gentleman, Captain Chisholm, attired in kilt, and wearing a Tartan distinctive of his clan, seated aloft on the front of his carriage, and mingling the wild notes of his pibroch with the other sounds of fantastic revelry around him. He was followed up and down the Corso, and heartily cheered by a crowd of Romans, for whom his chanter seemed to have an especial attraction,

"Like that of Alister M'Alister

His chanter set them all astir."

The concluding scene of the "Moccoletti" was never more strikingly exhibited, an interrupted line of brilliant illumination extending along the entire length of the Corso, which as night advanced gradually lapsed into darkness, thus terminating the out-of door enjoyments of the Carnival, which then entered into its final phase, that of feasting and in-door enjoyment prolonged until midnight.

Next morning the streets presented an unexpected and very unusual aspect, being covered with snow, a heavy fall having occurred during the night, and as bitter a piercing north-east wind prevailed, the impression on newly arrived strangers, having had no previous experience of our climate, must have been very unfavourable indeed. This very exceptional weather continued till to-day, when there has been a temperature which mark the early Italian spring. The Roman Lenten arrangements are pretty much as in former years, and the usual amount of indulgence as to fasting and abstinence allowed by the Church. On Ash Wednesday a "Capella Papale" was held in the Sistine Chapel, at which the Holy Father blessed the ashes, and administered it to the Cardinals and other dignitaries present, having first received it from the hands of the Grand Penitentiary, Cardinal Cagiano.

Distinguished preachers have been appointed to deliver the usual Lenten instructions in the different parochial churches—at that of the Jesuits, Father Pasquale Taschetti, of the same Society; at St. Carlo, in the Corso, Father Onoratus Casale, of the Order of Minors Observant; at St. Louis le Francois, Father Louis Soimé, of the Society of Jesus; at the German Church, St. Maria del Anima, Father Pierre Toussaint, of the Order of the Redeemer; at the Church of the Minerva, Father Giacinto Anforsi, of the Order of Preachers; at St. Peter's, Father Philip Balzofiore, of the Order of St. Augustine; at the Lateran Basilica, the Abbé Mauro, of Perugia; and St. Maria Maggiore, Père-Nicola Antonelli, of the Order of St. Augustine. Mgr. Manning resumes his discourse on to-morrow in the Church of the Madonna in the Piazza del Popolo.

The authors of the robbery committed some days ago at the office of the central railway administration, "Piazza Pilotto," have been discovered and arrested. The sums abstracted amounted to 35,000 scudi, equal to £7,000. The robbery has been traced to an *employé* in the office, and the discovery is said to have been made in the following way:—Marks of blood having been found on the floor in the neighbourhood of the safe or cash box, it at once occurred to the police that whoever was engaged in breaking the lock must have received some injury. All the clerks and messengers of the establishment were accordingly subjected to an examination, when a recent wound was found on the fingers of one, of which he could not give a satisfactory explanation, and on being further closely pressed, he ultimately admitted his guilt, revealing at the same time his accomplices.

The greater part of the amount stolen has been recovered. The receipts of all the Roman railways are daily deposited at this office and every week transferred to the "Banco Romano." It appears that the robbery was committed on the evening previous to the intended removal of the money, a circumstance of itself sufficient to attach suspicion to those who knew the arrangements of the office.

Amongst other dastardly attempts lately made by the revolutionary party here to create confusion and to alarm the inhabitants, about eight o'clock last night a petard of considerable size was thrown by some miscreant on the pavement immediately outside the shop of the German bookseller Spitover, in the Piazza di Spagna. The explosion resembled the discharge of a heavy piece of ordnance and was heard through a great part of Rome. Fortunately no one happened to have been passing at the time, and no injury to life or limb occurred; but the windows of the book-shop, composed of heavy plate glass, were broken. Your correspondent happened to have been at the time in a house in the neighbourhood, and was witness to the consternation and momentary panic occasioned by the loudness of the report. The police and French patrol were instantly on the spot, but no clue has yet, I believe, been found as to the perpetrator of this nefarious outrage.

Of Catholic strangers lately arrived I may mention, Viscount and the Hon. Miss Southwell, Mr. and the Misses Digby, Mr. C. Coppinger, Dublin; Revs. J. Harold, Lee, and Byrne, Madame Louisa Ryan, Lady William Harvey, and the Hon. G. and Misses Baring, Mr. J. and Mrs. Esmond, and Mr. and Miss Magan.

The following letter, which is of last week, contains some points of interest:—

The *Giornale de Roma* contains the official act, regarding the concession of the railway from Rome to the Tuscan frontier at Orbitello. The representatives of the company to whom the concession has been made are the Counts Villermont and Du Pré, who are engaged to have the undertaking completed within two years. The accomplishment of this undertaking will be looked forward to with much interest by English travellers, as Rome has got no railway outlet on the north, and the journey to or from England is unavoidably made by *diligence*, as far as the nearest Tuscan line, or by the alternative of a voyage to Marseilles, which is often tedious and always expensive.

Carnival began to-day, under the most promising auspices, the weather though still cold, having been clear and bracing,

there was an unusual number of carriages in the Corso, each with its merry occupants, most of them strangers, and many English. The balconies were also well filled. Everyone appeared intent on promoting amusement, and everything passed off well.

There is little to record from Naples, beyond the unmistakable indications of reviving reaction.

A rencontre took place last week near Angoi, in the Basilicata, between the Piedmontese and the so-called brigands. On which occasion twenty-one of the former were made prisoners, to whom the reactionists behaved with remarkable humanity. After simply depriving them of their arms and ammunition, they allowed them to return to their quarters without any further infliction—an example of forbearance which it is to be hoped will operate on La Marmora and his subalterns in their future dealings with insurrectionists.

I referred in a former letter to the excavations in progress under the Church of St. Clement in this city, and gave a passing notice of a few of the numerous and interesting discoveries which had up to that period rewarded the enterprise of the Prior Dr. Mullooly, the author of this expensive and laborious undertaking. The works which have been carried on without interruption have recently led to some further results important to art, and at the same time illustrative of some passages of early Church history. I may in particular direct attention to two frescoes on the left side of the great nave of the subterranean church. One of them represents the translation of the body of St. Cyril, the apostle of the Slavonians, a work of which, when yet only partially discovered a short time since, the Cavaliere de Rossi, with his unrivalled antiquarian sagacity, was able to identify the subject. At present it is completely revealed to view, and fully bears out the opinion expressed by that distinguished archaeologist. We are informed in his biography that St. Cyril having brought the relics of the Pope and Martyr St. Clement from Cherson to Rome, and having had them deposited in the church bearing his name, died here soon after and was interred in the old Basilica of St. Peter. His brother, St. Methodius, who came to Rome, wished to convey his remains to his native city Cherson, but being opposed by the faithful, who were unwilling to part with the relics, St. Methodius consented to leave them on condition they were transferred to the Church of St. Clement and reposed by the side of that illustrious martyr. A translation accordingly

took place, which forms the subject of the painting. The body of the saint is represented on a bier borne on the shoulders of four young men, attired in funeral robes ornamented with gems and crosses. The procession is headed by four boys from whose swinging censurs proceed clouds of incense. The Pontiff St. Nicholas appears in his sacerdotal robes, and with him a deacon bearing the Symbol of Redemption. Near the Supreme Pastor are Bishops, one of whom from the expression of sorrow on his countenance is supposed to be St. Methodius. In the rear of the procession are a numerous body of clergy and people, in the midst of whom are seen two columns or standards surmounted with the Greek Cross. The cortege is represented as entering a temple illumined with lamps, and on the altar of which appears a bishop, who with extended arms salutes the procession with the words *pax domini sit semper vobiscum*. It is unnecessary to advert to the value of this very ancient painting, even if regarded as a mere illustration of the unchanging character of our Church ceremonies.

To the left of the translation of Cyril, and completely hidden by an accumulation of *debris*, was found another admirably preserved fresco. In the upper corner of this picture and on the left, appears the city of Cherson* (the name being written horizontally underneath, "Kersona.") The foreground is occupied by an expanse of sea, in which fish of various kinds are seen, and at the bottom of which appears a temple, which, according to the ancient tradition, was constructed by angelic agency on the spot where the martyrdom of St. Clement was accomplished, his body having been submerged with an anchor. The curtain or veil of the altar is drawn aside after the Greek fashion, by which consequently a view of the interior is afforded. Lamps and wax lights are seen to burn within the sanctuary, in which appears suspended, moreover, the instrument of the Saint's martyrdom. A great crowd of people is represented flocking to venerate the remains of the Saint on his anniversary, when, according to the same tradition, the waves divided from the shore, so as to permit access to the submarine temple. On one side appears the widow with her boy coming to do homage to, and supplicate his saintly protector. The same woman is again represented in front of the altar in the act of finding after a year

* This locality, which is frequently mentioned in the annals of early Church History, has, after the lapse of ages, again acquired celebrity in Western Europe from having been the theatre of the more important events of the late Crimean war.

of anguish her son, as if awaking from slumber, whom, on the previous anniversary she had forgotten, and left behind in the oratory, and of whom after so many months' immersion, she could only have hoped to have found but the skeleton. In a vertical direction over her head, were the words "*mulier vidua*," and under the child, "*puer*." An epigraph underneath, as in similar paintings, explains the subject, so as to preclude all misinterpretation, "*Integer ecce jacet repetitque previa mater*."

It would not imply any very culpable scepticism or want of orthodoxy to question the entire truth and accuracy of this extraordinary legend; and it would be a matter of ourious, though after such a lapse of time, of scarcely hopeful research, to trace the succession of phases, which it must have undergone before assuming the exact form and proportions in which it has come down to us. A convert member of one of our universities, and whose eruditions more especially in oriental sacred archæology, would fully justify the designation of "savant," having a short time since resided at "Cherson," with a view to antiquarian researches, assured me of the following facts, bearing obviously on the tradition at issue:—From Inkermann to Cherson extends a long valley, which, as it approaches the shore, becomes a deep ravine, the sides of which are formed of rock, and rise to a height of some hundred feet. In one of these, and at a great altitude, exists an oratory excavated, according to a local tradition, by angelic hands, and in which the remains of St. Clement, after being recovered from the sea, reposed, and from which they were afterwards removed by St. Cyril. Independently of the local impressions there are abundant evidences afforded to the most superficial observer, my informant states, that the sea has much receded from its ancient limits, and even at its much reduced level the approaches to the oratory are by no means easy. In former ages when the sea entrenched further on the land, the rock chapel, though never submerged, must have been nearer the surface of the water, and of much more difficult access. It can be imagined, therefore, that in a long interval occurring between the visits of pilgrims, who, doubtless, in many instances, came from long distances to venerate the shrine of St. Clement on the anniversary of his martyrdom, a considerable recession of the waters had occurred, increased at the moment possibly by the particular direction of the wind, or other physical causes, the oratory having been, thereby, rendered more easy of access. Under such circumstances, we can imagine a pilgrim returning to his distant home, with the impression that the sea had sub-

sided, in order to facilitate his approach to the shrine of the saint; hence we may infer the widely diffused idea as to the annual subsidence of the sea.

It is further not improbable to suppose that, on one of these annual pilgrimages, a parent may have lost her child, as occurred to the Blessed Virgin when returning from Jerusalem, and that on the recurrence of the festival on the following year, she found her son, thus laying a foundation for, and originating the legend of the child forgotten in the submarine temple, and found after a year on the same spot, preserved by miraculous interposition. Certain it is according to the account of my informant, that in the locality itself there is no belief in the ancient regular annual secession of the sea, nor in the tradition of the submarine temple.

The students of the Irish College presented Mgr. Dupanloup, Bishop of Orleans, the other day with an address of thanks for his great services in behalf of the collection for the distress in Partry, and his unfailing sympathy with the cause of Irish Catholicity. The address was accompanied by a beautifully-bound Breviary, presented by the students. His Lordship expressed his extreme pleasure and gratitude at this touching remembrance of his services by the students of the National Irish College in Rome, and assured the givers of his constant interest in the Church, which has given such glorious proofs of his unfaltering attachment to truth, and its loyalty through good and ill to the Holy See. Captain D'Arcy, of the Battalion of St. Patrick, who led into action the only Irish Company that had to share in the glory of Castel Fidardo, has been decorated by the Queen of Spain with the Order of the Immaculate Conception. An honour as entirely unsolicited as it was bravely won, was Her Catholic Majesty's spontaneous tribute to the faith and courage of Catholic Ireland.

ROME, Feb. 20, 1864.—Rome, and not Santiago, according to the sapient opinion of the *Saturday Revier*, should have been the theatre of appalling the catastrophe which has lately shocked the feelings and roused the sympathies of the Christian world, and instead of the devout inhabitants and pious ladies of the Chilian capital, the Pope and Cardinals, and all who had a hand in the definition of the Immaculate Conception as a dogma, should have been the victims. The insensate and fanatical diatribe, by which this journal has disgraced its columns on this occasion, has just attracted attention here only to produce an unmingled feeling of disgust.

Originating as the calamity did in a combination of secondary physical agencies, such as not unfrequently baffle all human calculation and foresight, it was very properly designated in your "leader" as one of those disastrous events which should be referred to the mysterious and inscrutable dispensations of Providence. It was reserved for the Reviewer, however, and the *Times*, with their infidel correspondents in South America, to recognise in it a signal mark of Divine vengeance for the Mariolatry which, according to them, enters so largely into the religious functions of that country. It would be a loss of time, and would moreover be uninteresting to our readers, to follow the bigoted writer through the heavy periods in which, for the purpose of blasphemous comparisons, he ranges through the superstitions of the old and new worlds—from the sanguinary rites of the Mexican and Scandinavian mythology to African fetichism and the bloody sacrifices of King Dahomey. It may be well, however, to inform him that the dogma of the Immaculate Conception is "no new development of Catholic doctrine," as he flippantly asserts, but a more formal definition of a belief which was held from the origin of Christianity, and with this observation I beg to take leave for the present of the *Saturday Reviewer*.

Of forthcoming local events I may mention in the course of next week the Holy Father is to consecrate the new altar in the crypt of St. Mary Major. Owing to the length of the ceremony (three hours) it was the wish of his friends that he should delegate the office to a member of the Cardinalitial or Episcopal body, but the devotion of His Holiness to that Basilica, where it is supposed his remains are destined to repose, is such that he has expressed a decided wish to perform the ceremony himself. Indeed, to judge by his appearance when he is seen in public, his health was never more robust. On Wednesday His Holiness, when returning from his afternoon drive, descended from his carriage in the Piazza del Popolo, and having walked up the slopes of Monte Pincio, accompanied by his Camerieri, and preceded by the Guardie Nobili, made the round of the gardens and re-entered his carriage at the Trinità dei Monti. He was loudly cheered during his progress, and the cries of "Viva Pio Nono, Re Pontefice!" were incessantly raised. The Pope seemed much moved by this warm manifestation of loyalty, in which many foreigners, as well as Romans, took part.

We learn from Bologna that Cialdini has returned to that city and is busily occupied in military preparations. Several

pieces of cannon have been conveyed thither from Ferrara, and the general impression there, as well as at Turin, is that war with Austria is imminent.

Since the end of the Carnival we have lost many of our winter visitors; some having proceeded northwards in Tuscany and others to Naples, intending to return for the Holy Week. In the meantime the gloom and monotony of the season is not a little relieved by "musical conversazioni," and, both day and evening concerts. Of the latter, one was given on yesterday by the members of the Academy of "Quirites," at the Palazzo Altieri. On this occasion nearly all the artists were amateurs, and the execution, both vocal and instrumental, especially of some of Auber's and Verdi's pieces, was much admired. Lizst continues to reside here, and goes much into society, but seldom plays, and then only for a few friends.

Sermons occur each day in the parochial churches. Those of Father Taschetti of the "Gesù" attract great numbers.

The demise, after a protracted illness, of the Princess Santa Croce, (*née* Scully), took place here on Wednesday. The event, though for some time expected, will prove an occasion of deep sorrow to her Roman and English friends here, to whom, during a residence of more than a quarter of a century, she had endeared herself by her amiability and other virtues. Her obsequies took place to-day at the church of St. Carlo in Catinari, at which there was a numerous attendance.—R.I.P.

Mgr. Dupanloup, the Bishop of Orleans, who has been passing the winter here, has engaged to deliver a series of discourses next week in the Jesuits' church of the "Cara Vita." Owing to his state of health he has not appeared in the pulpit since his arrival in Rome. The church in which he is to preach is of rather limited dimensions, and will not suffice for the number who will be anxious to hear him, but in selecting it regard has been had to the delicate state of his health, which at present would not permit his Lordship to use the effort necessary to fill one of the larger churches of the city. The Bishop of Dromore, the Right Rev Dr. Leahy, has arrived and has taken up his residence at the Irish Dominican Convent of St. Clemente, his Lordship being a member of that Order.

ROME, Feb. 27th, 1864.—In my record of Roman events this week, I regret to have to inform you that a case of double murder and robbery occurred here on last Saturday evening. The circumstances under which the atrocity was committed were of singular audacity, as it was perpetrated in an open street, and

at the hour of 7, p.m. The victims were two young men in the employ of a money-changer, whose shop is situated in the Corso, immediately adjoining the Palazzo Chigi. It appears that they were in the habit of conveying each evening to his private residence the money which remained after the transactions of the day, and on Saturday as usual had closed the shop and having, as was their custom, placed the amount in a cab, proceeded along the Corso towards the Via delle Belle Arti, a small street leading to the residence of their employer. Immediately on entering this street, the horse was stopped by two men, while two others opened the door of the cab, and having attacked and stabbed the clerks in several places, got possession of the money, 8,000 scudi, equal to £1,600 with which they instantly made their escape. The wounds which the young men received were in both cases mortal; one having died in an hour after and the other the following morning.

The same cab having been used for the conveyance of the money to and from the shop for some time previously, suspicion naturally attached itself to the driver as an accomplice, the more so, as one of the murdered men stated as a dying declaration, that, notwithstanding their frequent remonstrances, he, the driver, went slower than usual. The man was in consequence arrested, but up to this time has made no revelations.

Since the preceding lines were written, I have been informed that the murderers have been discovered, and arrested. They are two brothers, and I regret to add, Romans, whose disreputable antecedents had rendered them already well-known to the police. On visiting their house a couple of mornings after the murder, the gendarmes found them both in bed. They pretended to be asleep, but were soon roused by the police. On the face of one were found deep finger marks and scratches, doubtless occasioned by the resistance of the murdered men. A shirt was also found in the bedroom with faint marks which have since been ascertained to be stains of blood imperfectly washed. Incontestable evidence, however, of their guilt was furnished to the police by the discovery, in the same room, of a shawl belonging to one of the victims. The men were instantly arrested and transferred to prison.

One of them served in the corps of Garibaldi, and was present at the invasion of Sicily and Naples. Their father, who, it is said, bears an unblemished character, has been for some years employed in the stables at the Vatican, and probably owing to this circumstance the son was enabled to come to Rome.

For some time, however, they had been objects of suspicion to the police, as they were both known to have been in communication with the revolutionary party. Indeed, it is now said, that the object of the robbery was to recruit the funds of the conspirators, which had latterly become rather exhausted.

Such are the facts of this tragical outrage, which, like the Santiago catastrophe, will be sure to furnish the anti-Catholic English journals, with an occasion of severe and exaggerated commentary and invective against the local government. It is unfortunately but too true that the mild administration of Pius IX. is abused, and that in Rome, as in all large cities, a certain amount of crime and rascality exists. Reproaches, however, on the subject of an isolated case of murder occurring here, would emanate with a very bad grace from any of the journals of your own metropolis, the police reports of which are almost incessantly filled with fiendish assassinations and the worst forms of human depravity.

The Bishop of Orleans has been preaching during the evenings of this week, to very large audiences at the church of the "Gesù," not at that of the Cara Vita, where up to the last moment, it was supposed the sermons would have been delivered. Mgr. Dupanloup entered the pulpit at half-past four o'clock each day, but for an hour previously the church was already full. The congregation was composed of all classes, but mainly of French and English, both very numerous here just now. In the series of moral subjects treated each day by the eloquent preacher, perhaps that of Wednesday made the greatest impression, viz., "The Spirit of the World." His sentences never long, often epigrammatic, are occasionally relieved by striking and most suggestive interrogatives, and not unfrequently by the most apposite and pithy quotations from Scripture and the Fathers. In the physical attributes of oratory, Mgr. Dupanloup has few superiors, possessing a remarkable flexibility and resonance of voice, and a clear and energetic enunciation, qualities which, joined to a certain earnestness and suavity of manner, infallibly enlist the sympathies and attention of his audience. In a passing notice like the present, I cannot give even an outline of the discourses he has just ended, nor is such needed, as it is to be hoped they will reach the public in a printed form.

The Princess Caraffa of Naples, who was attached to the Court, and followed the fortunes of the ex-King and Queen, died here this week after a short illness. Her obsequies, at which

their Majesties attended, took place this morning in the church of St. Lorenzo in Lucina.

ROME, March 4th, 1864.—On Thursday an Office and Requiem Mass were celebrated at the American College for the repose of the soul of the late Archbishop of New York. The panegyric in which the early Missionary labours and Apostolic career of the illustrious defunct were strikingly sketched, was preached by the President, the Very Rev. Dr. M'Cluskey. The impressive function was attended by the students from the Propaganda, those of the Irish and Scotch colleges, the Community from St. Isidore's, and by a large number of Laity, both Americans and Europeans. Though the health of his Grace was far from reassuring on the occasion of his last visit to Rome two years since, yet few of his numerous friends and admirers were prepared for the irreparable bereavement which religion in the States was so soon destined to undergo in the loss of the Archbishop. In addition to his influence which, from his sacred character, he possessed over his Catholic countrymen, the political and social views and opinions of Dr. Hughes, exercised no small sway over a large section of Americans of all religious denominations, a fact which in many instances led to the most salutary results, during the progress of the present fratricidal war in that country; but among the many noble traits which distinguished the character of this great man, and by which he will be best remembered, was his undying love of fatherland, for whose wrongs and sufferings he never failed to show a deep and active sympathy, and in the catalogue of illustrious Irishmen, whom early exile and long absence, joined to honour and pre-eminence in the country of their adoption, failed to estrange from the land of their birth, will be counted John, Archbishop of New York.—R.I.P.

Before commencing his discourse on Sunday last, Monsignor Manning, having announced the sad news of the death of Bishop Gillis, requested the prayers of the congregation for the eternal repose of his soul. To several present on the occasion the intelligence was unexpected, and by all it was received with a profound feeling of sorrow. It is understood that a solemn Requiem Mass will be celebrated for the lamented Bishop at the church of the Scotch College on Monday. A very long period has elapsed since the friends of religion in Great Britain have had to mourn the loss of so distinguished an ornament of the Hierarchy as was the accomplished Vicar-Apostolic of the Eastern district of Scotland, whose character and virtues, were so

universally known and appreciated, that with English Catholics in every clime, his name was for many years as a familiar household word. With a quiet air of unaffected and unrefined urbanity, the suavity and *distingué* character of his address and manner gave a stranger the impression of his Lordship having moved in the atmosphere of Courts, instead of having spent his life in encountering the difficulties and exigencies of a struggling Vicariate. Amongst his mental endowments it was no ordinary treat to enjoy the sparkling flow of his brilliant conversational power, especially if a controverted topic happened to fall under discussion, when he reasoned with all the clearness and cogency of an accomplished dialectician.

As a pulpit orator, however, he will be best remembered, and as such, he may be said to have scarcely had a rival since the death of the late Bishop Baines, to whom not only in sacred eloquence, but in general character, he presented many points of resemblance. The objection not unfrequently and sometimes not unjustly made to obituary sketches, of reflecting too strongly the partiality of friendship can hardly apply on this occasion, as the honoured subject of this posthumous and very imperfect eulogy became personally known to the writer at a comparatively late period of Episcopal career, though the incidents and impressions of that privileged intercourse are held by your Correspondent in cherished and abiding remembrance.—R.I.P.

For the last day or so, rumour has been circulating here as to an order having arrived for the withdrawal of 4,000 of the French troops. It is further stated that General Montebello has remonstrated against the reduction of the garrison, alleging as a reason the menacing and unsettled aspect of affairs in Northern Italy. I regret to have to report that serious riots have during this week occurred between the French and Pontifical troops. On one of these occasions two of the former are said to have been killed, and several of both armies wounded. A battalion of Papal troops has been sent to country quarters at Anagni, and replaced by a regiment of Chasseurs from that city. The Holy Father is well, though doubtless annoyed by these military quarrels. He performed his devotions as usual at St. Peter's on yesterday.

Whatever may be the duration of Piedmontese rule in Naples it has already produced an amount of evil which it will require an incalculable lapse of years to repair. Amongst other facts indicative of the increasing demoralization in that city the

Local journals inform us that the statuettes of the "Madonna," for which here, as in other Catholic cities, niches are apportioned over the doors of particular houses, with tapers or oil lamps burning in front, have been lately insulted and broken, and in one district a municipal order has been issued directing their immediate removal. This tyrannical and impious ordinance, by which the private rights of householders have been so wantonly invaded, has led to a declamation on the part of the more respectable inhabitants, by whom this mode of manifesting their devotion to the Blessed Virgin has been always practised as an immemorial and cherished tradition. Whether this anti-Catholic and Vandal Iconoclast measure, so utterly opposed to the religious feelings of the Neapolitans, will be carried out, remains to be seen; if so, it has its parallel only in the anti-religious frenzy of the first French revolution, which decreed the removal of the prefix of Saint before the names of streets in Paris. Thus, instead of St. Honore, St. Genevieve, St. Jacques, &c., for a time they were called Rue Honore, Genevieve, Jacques.* We are also informed by the *Monitore*, a Neapolitan journal, whose testimony on such a subject is the more to be relied on from its political leaning, that a dastardly attempt was made on last Friday to assassinate a young Priest on coming out of the Cathedral, where he had just been preaching. He was accosted by a wretched youth, who, on pretence of some confidential communication, led him back to the church, and conducted him to a side entrance, where the assassins were in waiting. They instantly attacked him with daggers, striking him in the neck, side, and abdomen. Fortunately, the clothes which he wore were so thick, as to render the murderous attempt abortive, and though his dress was pierced, he escaped with slight flesh wounds. The motive of this fiendish assault is supposed to be purely anti-religious, as the clergyman, though distinguished for his zeal as a preacher, never introduced political allusions into his sermons.

ROME, March 12, 1864.—The military riots of which my last letter informed you have led to an "order of the day" from General Montebello, addressed to the French soldiers, expressing in very decided terms his condemnation of such as

* Connected with this mad and atheistic epoch of French history, an anecdote is recorded of a "Revolutionaire," who wishing to find the Rue St. Barbe, addressed himself to a passer by, inquiring for Rue Barbe, when the latter, supposing that his interrogator wanted medicine, directed him to the nearest pharmacien.

were the aggressors on those occasions, telling them that they as well as the Pontifical troops were here for a common object, namely, that of protecting the Government and the person of the Holy Father; that quarrels between the respective armies would only promote the ends of the enemies of the Emperor and of the Pope; cautioning them against allowing themselves to be tampered with by any of the revolutionary party; and concluding with an assurance that any recurrence of these feuds would be visited with the most exemplary punishment. The address was read at all the barracks, and is said to have been well received by the soldiers, those passages in which allusion is made to their duties to the Emperor and the Holy Father having been loudly cheered.

It is obviously in the interest of the revolutionists to promote discord between the two armies just now, and the disputes which have already occurred are, I can learn, traceable to the meddling and malicious industry of disaffected and ill-designing strangers.

Notwithstanding his proverbial equanimity, those disagreements and collisions between the two armies have, with other annoyances, naturally produced their effect on the Holy Father, about whose health, for some days past, unfavourable reports were in circulation. On Friday and Saturday last His Holiness had symptoms of fever, and by the advice of his physicians he remained in bed for a couple of days. Since Monday, however, he has been much better, and for the last two days has partially resumed his audiences. The account of this morning was, I am happy to add, so decidedly reassuring as to remove all further anxiety about the health of His Holiness. His Holiness said Mass in his private oratory yesterday and to-day.

Amongst other gratuitously false statements, the Roman Correspondent of the *Times* asserts that all who took part in the presentation of the address at the Vatican on the anniversary of the Chair of St. Peter, were pledged to be large contributors to the Peter's Pence Fund, and that Monsignor Nardi (the distinguished Judge of the Rota), through whom these donations are generally made, refused the sum of £5 from a gentleman of the correspondent's acquaintance, saying, at the same time, at least 1000 francs (£40) would be expected. I am in a position to inform you that this statement is utterly devoid of truth; and to disprove it, and to show how far from being *exigant* in the affair of collecting Monsignor Nardi is, a gentleman informed me some days ago that he had extreme difficulty

in prevailing on the Monsignor to accept his subscription, the former delicately alleging as a reason that my informant, having a large family, the amount of his contribution was out of proportion to his means. Forbearing to notice the disrespectful epithet which the correspondent applies to the distinguished Judge of the Rota, I would suggest to him that in future, before incorporating in his "Roman gossip" any of the transactions of the Vatican, he should obtain his information from more accurate and reliable sources.

I regret to have to state that the perpetrators of the atrocious murder and robbery in the Corso are as yet undiscovered, the individuals of whose arrest a former letter acquainted you having been altogether unconnected with the crime, though in other respects of very disreputable character. After several days' detention, during which they were subjected to a searching investigation in consequence of some rather suspicious circumstances, they have been again set at liberty. The driver of the cab is still in prison, but as yet has made no disclosure, though there is reason to suppose that he knows the guilty parties.

The dearness of calicoes, and of all articles of cotton texture, in Rome, more especially since the American war, has led the Government to adopt measures for the encouragement of the native cultivation of that plant. With a view to induce farmers and landed proprietors to make a beginning, a premium of 25 scudi (£5) is offered per rubio (an acre-and-a-half), for every rubio up to 25 rubii set apart for its cultivation, the Government, moreover, undertaking to provide seed, which is to be of the best quality. The experiments in cotton planting made in past years were not successful, but their failure is said to have been owing to the badness of the seed and other causes which will be remedied on the present occasion. In the opinions of persons competent to judge, the climate and soil of the Papal States offer all the conditions necessary for the production of this useful article. Notwithstanding the unsettled state of Roman politics just now, the Government is far from unmindful of the commercial interests of the people, and of this I shall be able to furnish you with some convincing proofs in a future letter.

At an audience accorded some days ago to the Rev. J. Stewart M'Corrie, that gentleman profited of the occasion to present the Holy Father with copies of his sermons, controversial letters, and other works, including that "On the

Temporal Power of the Pope." His Holiness received these tokens of devotedness with his accustomed benignity of manner, and marked his appreciation of the important services rendered by this distinguished Missioner and controversialist to the cause of religion and the Holy See, by conferring on him the degree of D.D., at the same time presenting him with a valuable ring distinctive of the dignity. The Hon. and Rev. Monsignor Stonor has returned to Rome. The Bishop of Nottingham has also arrived, and is staying at the English College.

ROME, April 1, 1864.—The bursting of the Sheffield reservoir, and the fearful rush of its waters, may be assumed as no inapt illustration of the impetuous and headlong exit from here of some 50,000 strangers whose expansive and migratory tendencies had been for some weeks kept in check by the Lenten ceremonies and Pascal celebrations. Indeed, the railway station in the early part of the week exhibited the same scenes of confusion and *empressement* which only occur at London Bridge on the occasion of some extraordinary attraction at the Crystal Palace. Apart from the interests of religion, what blindness, even in a temporal point of view, would it not imply on the part of the Romans to ignore the benefits of the expenditure resulting from such a concourse, and to seek to substitute for the attractive influences of the Papal Court the barren pageant of mere secular royalty? To the sneers and insane suggestions of the revolutionary abettors without, the Roman landlord and shopkeeper—a class remarkable for shrewdness and common sense—on surveying their filled coffers at the end of the season, can well reply in the words of Horace's *Miser*, "*Populus me sibilat, at ego me ipsum plaudo, quando nummos in arca depositas contemplar.*" To artists especially this has been a most productive season, and amongst the most liberal patrons in the departments of sculpture and painting have been our transatlantic cousins, notwithstanding the unhappy position of their country; but war, which to the masses brings ruin and misery, has to some been a source of wealth and aggrandisement. Signor Benzoni, whose studio I visited some days since, told me that an American army contractor had made purchases from him to the amount of 10,000 scudi, the subjects being mostly mythological, some however having been sacred. Signor Benzoni further told me that the same gentleman had given him an order for an admirable group at present in process of modelling, illustrative of the tragic episode in the catastrophe of Pompeii, so touchingly described by Bulwer, in his "Last Days" of that

doomed city, viz., the fate of Diomed, his wife, and infant child. The noble Roman is represented as seeking safety from the overwhelming shower of ashes in the cellars of his villa, and while terror and dismay are visible in his fine countenance, there is a striking expression of sympathy for the partners of his fearful doom, whom he vainly endeavours to shelter with outstretched arms.

The annoyance occasioned by the constant intrusion of non-Catholic English into the churches during the functions, coming with "Murray" in hand to "lionise," inspecting all parts of the interior, and with characteristic *sang-froid*, making observations, irrespectively of the distraction caused to those engaged at their devotions, was brought before their eyes in a palpable and rather amusing form by a young Italian in their own church outside the gates of Rome a few Sundays ago. The congregation had just assembled in the large room, the atmosphere redolent of eau-de-Cologne and the fragrance of the most *recherche* flowers, each worshipper comfortably seated, and exhibiting in his or her fashionable toilette a due regard for the conventionalities of the Lord's Day, such silence and recollection, moreover, prevailing, as Virgil ascribes to Dido and her guests awaiting the narrative of Æneas. (Conticuere omnes, intentique ora tenibant.) At this solemn moment the individual to whom I allude entered, and with the infallible guide in hand proceeded, in the absence of pictures or other mural decoration, to satisfy his curiosity as to the qualities of the whitewash and plastering on the walls, affecting to make occasional references to his guide book, and apparently ignoring the presence of the indignant and astonished assemblage, some of whom, had they yielded to their impulses, would, as they have since declared, have summarily ejected the audacious intruder. He, however, made the circuit of the room unmolested, having stopped on his way at the Communion table, of which he made a minute examination, turning occasionally towards the congregation, whom he regarded with a singular expression of self-possession and *aplomb*, and having satisfied himself that the parson's sermon that morning must have been more than ordinarily good, if it inculcated more forcibly than his own pantomimic lecture the Evangelical precept of "doing to others as you would be done by," he quietly took his departure.

May we hope that this practical reproof, though administered in a form so nearly allied to the ludicrous, will be attended with salutary results.

The Archduke Maximilian is expected here on the 16th inst. His Imperial Highness has just addressed a letter to Pius IX., respecting the question of Mexico, begging His Holiness to use his authority over the Primate Archbishop Bastide, so as to influence his Grace not to present the restoration of the sequestered Church property in that country, adding that on his arrival there, one of the first imperial measures will be that of arranging a Concordat with the Holy See, by which all difficulties with the Church will be satisfactorily adjusted. The Holy Father has replied through Cardinal Antonelli. His Eminence expressed surprise on the part of His Holiness that the Archduke should thus interfere in the ecclesiastical affairs of Mexico, before he had assumed the imperial diadem, and above all, should ask the Holy Father to arrest the Primate in the performance of an imperative duty—viz., that of enforcing the restitution of the spoliated Church property.

In a row which occurred at Civita Vecchia between two Pontifical sailors belonging to the frigate, the "Immaculate Conception," and some French infantry, one of the latter was mortally stabbed and died next day. The sailors have been arrested.

Blondin is here, and is to exhibit on Monday in the grounds of the Pretorian Camp.

The contemptible anti-Catholic "animus" and vulgar sneers at this Government reflected in the platitudes of the *Times'* Roman correspondent, would seem to increase with each successive number, and though the authorities here are proverbial for their forbearance, yet there are limits to toleration and if the writer can only hold his position as caterer, for the "Colossus of Printing House-square" by inditing mendacious and offensive articles, he will inevitably have to follow in the wake of his notorious predecessor, Gallenga, who, for provocation scarcely more intolerable, was compelled to make a rather abrupt exit from Rome. It is a gratuitous libel on the nation to assert that any section of French Catholics here expressed disgust at our Church ceremonies, more especially that of the Blessing of the Palms, which every Catholic reveres as an ancient and solemn traditionary commemoration of the triumphant entry of Our Saviour into Jerusalem. It may indeed have happened that in the "Correspondent's" circle some individual of questionable faith and worse morals might have uttered such anti-Catholic sentiments harmonising so well with his own, but of such a Catholic—if such he can be called—it can be well said that

"Noscitur a sociis." That the "Correspondent" was once admitted to an audience, and even permitted to kiss the Pope's hand—an incident to which he makes rather ostentatious allusion—may be quite possible, as the Holy Father concedes this privilege occasionally to his enemies as well as friends.

To give your readers a specimen of the elegant and respectful phraseology he uses in reference to the functions of the Holy Week, he says—"On yesterday, 'Spy Wednesday,' the work began;" and in a subsequent passage he displays his ignorance of our Liturgy by saying "On Good Friday, of course, there was no Mass." If this gentleman should happen to have any High Church Anglican friends in his circle (of which I am rather disposed to doubt) I would suggest to him to receive a few hints on our Rubrics before he writes his next article on Catholic church ceremonies.

Monsignor Manning left yesterday for England. His Lenten discourses have led to several conversions.

The health of the Pope continues to improve. Each day His Holiness gives numerous audiences. It is expected that the celebration of Tuesday next, the anniversary of his return from Gaeta, will be very demonstrative. Great preparations are being made. The appearance of His Holiness at the Minerva, on Monday last, was the occasion of such a manifestation of loyalty and devotion as Rome has seldom witnessed.

ROME, April 16, 1864.—The 12th of April is the anniversary of two great events in the Pontificate of Pius IX. : namely, the return of His Holiness to his capital after the revolution, and the wonderful preservation of his life on the occasion of the falling in of the hall at St. Agnes outside the walls.

While the insensate anti-Catholic animus of certain classes in England explains the otherwise unintelligible and extravagant reception just now given in that country to the arch-enemy of the Pope, and to the idol of revolution, it may furnish a consoling contrast to your readers to hear of the popularity and triumphs of Pius IX.—triumphs the more solid and inestimable as resulting from the devotion of the people to the cause of justice, order, and religion, of which he is *par excellence* the representative. It is not unfrequently, and, after all, not unjustly, alleged, in mitigation of the evils of life, that they are often mixed with compensations; and the general disappointment occasioned by the absence of the Pope from the functions of the Holy Week, joined to the postponement, owing to the weather, of the Paschal celebrations, were more than redeemed by the ex-

traordinary splendour of the festivities of Tuesday. From an early hour in the morning the preparations for the illumination began all over the city, and, from the prodigious display of lamps along the streets, the costliness and taste shown in the decorations, as they gradually developed themselves in the shape of appropriate emblems, devices, and transparencies in front of the churches, palaces, and monuments, it became evident that a demonstration of no ordinary scale was contemplated, and as the day advanced, and the arrangements approached completion, few could suppress their surprise and admiration, which reached their climax as the shades of evening deepened, only to be replaced by the dazzling effulgence of countless artificial lights.

Commencing with the Corso, which was illuminated in its entire length with spiral crowns of gas, the view at one extremity was terminated by the obelisk in the "Piazza del Popolo," encircled with torches, while at the opposite end the eye rested on the cross over the "Ara cœli," also radiant with lights. On entering the "Piazza del Popolo" its entire circuit was found to be lighted with torches, which brought into relief the balustrades, and substructions of Monte Pincio, those being also illuminated. Passing to the Pantheon, the quadrangle in front exhibited a wide circle enclosed and illuminated by torches, the supporters of which were twined with myrtle, and connected by tastefully arranged festoons of the same evergreen, while the vestibule of the imperishable heathen temple was lighted by a radiant colossal cross, symbolising the dispersion of the darkness of Paganism by the light of Christianity. In front was a beautifully executed transparency, representing the nations of the earth convulsed by revolution, and appealing to the Pope to restore peace, who shows them that the only means of safety, lies in the unity of the Catholic religion, and in the practice of justice. The entire expense of these decorations was borne by the inhabitants of the Rione of St. Eustachio. At the approaches to the square of the Minerva were raised four arches wreathed with evergreens and flowers, and brilliantly illuminated, while the façades of the quadrangle were covered with countless lights artistically arranged, the front of the church and of the "Accademia Ecclesiastica," presenting transparencies. With a view to show their devotion to Pius IX., the students of the Sapienza undertook the decoration and lighting of the Piazza Novona, the immense area of which represented a theatre, its circuit lined with candelabra, surmounted with illuminated globes, while the brilliancy of the spectacle was in-

creased by an almost incessant display of Bengal lights round Bernini's celebrated fountain in the centre, the lateral fountains being festooned with flowers, so as to resemble a garden. The Forum, Piazza Trajana, Fontana di Trevi, are described as being similarly attractive, and the district of the Transtevere is said not to have been inferior to central Rome in the beauty and costliness of its illuminations. Your correspondent, however, did not extend his survey beyond the river. It may with confidence be stated that on no former occasion was there such evidence afforded of the popularity of the present Pontiff. All Rome seemed to be out of doors, and the most perfect order prevailed. To add to the effect, the weather was most propitious, the harsh winds of the preceding week having changed into a refreshing and gentle breeze, while the moon looked down on the festive scene from a firmament of unspotted azure. The demonstration, however, I regret to add, was not allowed to pass without a dastardly attempt at mischief on the part of some revolutionary miscreant, a shell having been thrown from a window leading to the square of the Minerva, and wounding some four or five persons. The hour at which this outrage was committed was about 10, when the streets were crowded, and the wonder is that the mischief caused was not greater. Since the preceding lines were written some further particulars of the outrage have reached me, which may interest your readers. The author of the crime has been arrested. He is a convict, who having passed some years in the galleys, was liberated on a ticket of leave. It would appear that the wretched man was a mere instrument employed to perpetrate the atrocious deed, as on his person was found a receipt for 25 scudi, the sum which he received for his guilty services, and the document bore the signature of a lawyer, Manasse, who is known to be the agent of the revolutionary committee at Turin. The bomb exploded while being projected, lacerating severely one of the convict's legs, which has since been amputated in the hospital. The premature explosion is thus explained by the wretched man. He states that at his last interview with Manasse he refused to project the shell unless the receipt was handed back to him, and being obstinate in his refusal, Manasse returned him the receipt, at the same time taking back the shell, and so shortening the fuse as to secure its immediate explosion on being lighted, and thus proving fatal to the culprit, whose injuries are of such a nature as to leave little hope of his recovery. The shell, which has been examined by some artillery officers, is recognised as of

Turinese manufacture. Amongst the innocent parties wounded is a French soldier who was passing at the moment. I should further add that Manasse has been also arrested, and in his possession have been found letters inculpating absent parties, amongst them Mazzini.

It is impossible to review the history of the Benedictine Order without joining in the traditional respect with which they are regarded, even by Protestants, not only as the propagators of Christianity in various countries of Europe during the early ages of the church, but as the chief conservators of the classical and scientific knowledge of their day; and were there one country more than another in which their annals should be held in hallowed remembrance, it should be England, which owes its conversion to St. Austin, and whose chief university can boast of having amongst its founders another learned and holy member of the Order, Alcuin. Like other religious bodies, however, in that country since the Reformation, they have been traduced by the historian and the novelist, nor has the brush of the painter or the burin of the engraver been wanting in recent times to popularise the calumnies in the production of imaginary scenes of luxury and indulgence within the walls of their monasteries. The Benedictines, like other Orders in England, underwent their ordeal of persecution, and many suffered martyrdom. Happily a remnant always survived to preserve Catholicity at the worst periods. In latter years the Order has increased in numbers, and, as most of your readers know, possesses a novitiate and three colleges, and besides supplying numerous priests, and giving to the hierarchy two members distinguished for their erudition and zeal, supplements the Missions of Australia and Mauritius, both of which have learned and pious Benedictine bishops. These remarks, which, it is hoped, your readers will not deem irrelevant, are meant as preliminary to the account of the profession of an English Benedictine, which took place on last Sunday, at the church of St. Paul, outside Rome, in presence of a number of English Catholics and other strangers.

The Basilica, as most of your readers know, is under the charge of a community of Benedictine Monks, with a Mitred Abbot at their head, living in the adjoining monastery. The recipient of the habit was Don Jerome Joseph Vaughan, fourth son of Colonel Vaughan, of Courtfield, Monmouthshire, and nephew to the Bishop of Plymouth, having already a brother in

the Order,* and another a distinguished secular Priest.† The ceremony began with the Mass, which was chanted at the altar of the abais in presence of the Mitred Abbot, the monks who form the Chapter being seated in their stalls at either side. For the execution of the music, which was in the ancient style used by the monks, the great organ was used, assisted by the choir of the church. At the Offertory the young novice went first into the Sanctuary, and read his vows. Having then received the Abbot's blessing, he proceeded to the shrine of the Apostle Paul, and on the altar signed the document of sacrifice. He then went round to the different prelates and monks, holding his vows erect, and shewed the signature to each, that they may be future witnesses of the solemn act. Returning then into the middle of the choir, he sang in a loud tone, and with arms extended, three times, a versicle; each time the verse was sung in a higher tone and responded to by the choir. Proceeding then to the altar, he took the solemn vow to serve the English Mission wherever his superiors choose to send him, a part of the ceremony which dates from the Reformation, when martyrdom was almost certain to crown the Ministry in England. Having appended his name, the signature was attested by the Very Rev. Dr. Smyth, Procurator of the English Benedictines in Rome, and also by Dr. Hippelius.

The novice then descended to the lowest step of the altar, on which he knelt, while the Abbot preached an eloquent and impressive discourse, in which he sketched the life of St. Austin, and particularly dwelt on the wonderful circumstances of the conversion of England, having taken for his text the words, "*Laudemus viros gloriosos et patres nostros in sua generatione.*" At the conclusion of the sermon the "*Veni Creator*" having been intoned, the newly professed having put on the ancient hood worn by the Benedictines in England, and hallowed by the memories of an Austin, a Boniface, and a Cuthbert, proceeded to the Epistle side of the altar, and having knelt on a cushion, received from the venerable prelates of the Order present, (many of them refugees from their monasteries in the so-called kingdom of Italy, and who had suffered in various ways for their fidelity to Pius IX.,) the Kiss of Peace, and a welcome into the Benedictine Order. The Mass having been then resumed, the newly professed prostrated himself on a pall on the steps of the

* Now Archbishop of Sidney.

† The present Bishop of Salford.

altar, while another was held over him to signify henceforward his death and total renunciation of the world. It was an interesting feature in the latter part of this impressive ceremony, that his assistants were his two brother Levites, also being destined for the priesthood. While thus prostrate, and covered with the emblem of death, the funeral tones of the great bell were heard from the tower of the Basilica. The attitude was continued till the "*Domine non sum dignus*," when the Deacon approached, and in a loud voice cried out "*Exurge a mortuis*." The newly professed forthwith arose and received the Holy Communion. The joy bells then pealed forth, and the new Benedictine resumed his place in the choir. Thus ended this interesting ceremony, after which the newly professed received the felicitations of his friends, several of whom were afterwards entertained by him at dinner in the refectory of the monastery.

Arrangements are being made here for the celebration of the Tercentenary anniversary of Shakespeare's birth. What shape the commemoration will assume has not yet been fixed, though it is not improbable that the countrymen and admirers of the immortal dramatist, will decide on a dinner. A meeting was held on the subject to-day at the apartments of the English Consul, Mr. Severn.

The Holy Father went as usual to the church of Saint Agnes, outside the walls on Tuesday, to make his annual thanksgiving for his miraculous escape at that church some years ago. His arrival took place in the afternoon at six, but for some hours previously a large concourse of all classes had assembled. The progress of the Holy Father along the entire route was marked by the most striking demonstrations of loyalty and devotion, the Via Papale having presented an uninterrupted line of banners and other emblems of respect, and on his arrival at the church it would be difficult to convey an idea of the display of enthusiasm which awaited His Holiness. On descending from his carriage the Holy Father proceeded to the church, where he remained some time in prayer before the Blessed Sacrament, after which, accompanied by Monsignori Talbot and Hohenlohe, His Holiness entered the convent, where he continued for some time with the community, whom he admitted to the usual homage of the "*Baccio Piedi*" and soon after returned to Rome, the same scene having been repeated on his departure. In returning to the Vatican, it having been then seven o'clock, His Holiness had an opportunity of observing some of the illuminations which had already begun. The Holy Father improves daily in strength and appearance.

ROME, April 30, 1864.—Sunday last having been the festival of St. Fidelis of Sigmaringen, the protomartyr of the Propaganda. His Holiness accompanied by Monsignori Pacca and Borromeo, left the Vatican at 10, a.m., and proceeded in state to the college in the Piazza di Spagna to venerate the relics of the saint, and at the same time to solemnize the visit by the publication of two decrees relative to the future canonization of two heroines of virtue, the Blessed Maria Francesca, and the venerable servant of God Sister Margarita Alacoque. On arriving at the Propaganda, His Holiness was received by Cardinal Barnabo, the Prefect, and Cardinals Mattei, Altieri, Patrizi, di Pietro, de Reisach, Bedini, Sacconi, Panebianco, Pitra, Antonelli, Caterina, Mertel, all of whom compose the Sacred Congregation of the Propaganda. The Holy Father having entered the church, which was beautifully decorated for the occasion, proceeded to the altar of the Blessed Sacrament, where he prayed for some time, and then took his place on the throne, their Eminences having seated themselves at either side. The various dignitaries and advocates concerned in the cause took their position according to rank, while the Postulator, Monsignor Clementi Maria Buratti; the leading advocate of the defence, Don Francesco Morsilli; and the Abbé Savarese, the Procurator, knelt in front of the Pope. By order of His Holiness the Secretary of the Congregation of Rites then proceeded to read the decrees by which the Pope sanctioned the further steps in the canonization of the Blessed Maria Francesca, of the Order of Minors Discalciate St. Peter of Alcantara.

After the publication of this decree, the Postulator, the the Defensor, and the Procurators in the cause of the Beatification and Canonization of the Venerable Servant of God, "Maria Margarita Alacoque," a professed nun of the Order of the Visitation also knelt before the Pontifical throne, when His Holiness ordered the Secretary of Rites to proceed with the lecture of the decree sanctioning further proceedings in this cause. The reading of the decree having been finished, the supplicants in each process returned thanks to the Holy Father for having permitted the publication of the document. This ended the interesting ceremony, after which His Holiness commenced a short but impressive discourse, in which he adverted to the present state of religion in the world, the incredulity of the age, and the persecution which the Church has to undergo from the temporal Powers, more especially in Russia, where a schismatical Emperor employs every unscrupulous means to uproot the Faith

and ruin the fold of Christ. He implored his hearers to address their prayers to those holy servants of God, who, in every age, had glorified Him by shedding their blood for their faith, as did St. Fidelis, and those chosen souls whose sanctity had that day been attested, that they may invoke the aid of the Most High to sustain the Church in her present conflict with the powers of darkness. The Holy Father in alluding to the persecution of the Church in Poland, spoke with much warmth, more especially when he described the Imperial persecutor of the Church as having one day to appear at the bar of divine justice to answer for his sacrileges and cruelties. At the conclusion His Holiness administered the Apostolic Benediction, and having admitted several of the Ecclesiastics and laity present to pay the accustomed homage, soon after returned to the Vatican. Amongst others present were the Archduke Victor Louis, of Austria, and the Infanta of Portugal; Lord Campden, Commendatore, and Mdme. Monteith, of Carstairs, Mr. Delabarre Bodenham, with several other English Catholics.

The tercenterary Shakesperian commemoration, which was to have taken place at the Villa Albani outside Rome, has been abandoned from causes over which the committee had no control. Amongst others the difficulty of finding a president for the occasion, Mr. Odo Russell and others, who were applied to, having declined that honour.

By an order of the Piedmontese Government the Bishop of Jesi, Cardinal Morichini, was arrested in his palace on the morning of the 23rd, and the same day transferred to a prison at Ancona. At 8, a.m. a captain of Carbineers, accompanied by a "Judge of Instruction," a delegate, and actuary, entered his residence without any previous notice, and proceeded to make a scrutiny of His Eminence's papers. The investigation was fruitless as to any result compromising to the Cardinal Bishop, who declined to answer the questions addressed to His Eminence on the subjects of Confession, Absolution, and the decrees of the Penitentiary &c. In the evening he left in his own carriage, accompanied by his Master of Ceremonies and Secretary, with the Captain of Carbineers seated in front with the coachman. In passing through the square of the town he was met by the clergy and people who, in silence and sorrow, knelt for the last time to to receive the benediction of their pastor. At 2, a.m., on the following morning His Eminence arrived at Ancona, and was immediately conducted to the prison of St. Pelagia, where he was left with a single domestic, and though it was Sunday, with-

out permission to celebrate, or to hear Mass. In the evening the Master of Ceremonies, Don Sante Crocicchiani, was allowed to visit His Eminence, and has since become the voluntary partner of his imprisonment. Up to the present moment His Eminence has undergone no examination, and is altogether unconscious of having given any cause for this summary and wanton arrest and incarceration, except by the faithful discharge of his episcopal duties. Such is a specimen of the liberty which the Church enjoys under Piedmontese rule. No wonder that Lord Palmerston, Mr. Gladstone, Lord Shaftesbury, and the other aristocratic bigots, should merge their political differences in fêting the brainless guerilla adventurer who contributed to bring about this state of things.

The Bishop of Dromore, the Right Rev Dr. Leahy, with his Secretary, the Rev. Dr. O'Neil, left yesterday for Florence *en route* for Ireland.

ROME, May 9, 1864.—The Holy Father was somewhat indisposed in the early part of the week, with slight symptoms of fever. His medical adviser, with his usual precaution, counselled repose and abstinence from all sources of excitement. His Holiness did not, in consequence, administer the Benediction from the loggia of St. John Lateran on Thursday. For the last two days there has been a marked improvement in the health of the Holy Father, and this morning the report has been decidedly favourable. His illness, however, though inconsiderable, occasioned the postponement of his intended visit to Castel Gandolfo and Porto d'Anzio, to both which places it is now hoped His Holiness will proceed in a few days. It is understood that no Consistory will be held before September. The situation of Camerlengo, or representative of the Roman Clergy at the "Vicariat," having been for some time vacant, a Roman Priest was elected this week to that office. Monsignor Nardi has just published an interesting *brochure, in memoriam* of the visit of the Emperor and Empress of Mexico to Rome. The peculiar felicity of expression and justness of thought which invariably mark whatever has hitherto emanated from the pen of the distinguished Judge of the Rota, is apparent in his portraiture of the Imperial couple, as well as in his sketches of other individuals of whom he makes mention, amongst them, the Count Guaritz de Estrada, the President of the Mexican deputation. Amongst other incidents which gave an impression of the piety and genuine Catholic bearing of their Majesties during their short sojourn in Rome, it did not escape observation that on the

occasion of the grand banquet at the Palazzo Mariscotti, on the day after their arrival, when grace was said by Cardinal Antonelli, both the Emperor and the Empress comported themselves during the ceremony with a quiet air of unostentatious gravity, and made the sign of the Cross in such an open manner as to convey a reproach to some Catholics who, when in mixed company, not unfrequently content themselves with making that profession of their faith in a half disguised form, and within very circumscribed limits—a “*circulus diaboli*,” as I have heard it satirically designated.

The Archduke Louis Victor left Rome to-day for Vienna. On Thursday the Austrian Ambassador, the Count de Bach, entertained a distinguished party at dinner in honour of his Imperial guest. The Archduke left few of the monuments of the city unvisited during his limited stay. His predilection in the department of the arts seems to be for sculpture, of which, it is said, he has made extensive purchases.

Public attention is just now occupied here with a case of audacious robbery which occurred on Wednesday in the neighbourhood of Porto d'Anzio, on the coast, about twenty miles from Rome.

Two Romans, Signori Ricci and Frezzolini, who had proceeded thither for the sake of quail shooting, of which the present is the season, were on Wednesday walking through the woods in that neighbourhood, when they suddenly came on a party of four men, all of whom were armed. The Romans were abruptly called on to surrender as prisoners, and seeing the hopelessness of resistance, gave themselves up. Their money and watches were instantly taken from them, and as the chain and other ornaments which Monsieur Frezzolini carried gave the robbers the idea of his being a person of means, he was detained, while Ricci was dismissed with an injunction to return on the following day with redemption money for his friend, which was fixed at 4,000 scudi (£800). On returning to Porto d'Anzio he called on Prince Borghese and his brother, Prince Salviati, who just now are staying at their villas on the coast, and informed them of the outrage asking at the same time their aid to enable him and his companion to be released.

The Princes had not in their possession the amount demanded by the robbers, but advanced a sum of 400 scudi. Ricci instantly returned to the spot, and having met the brigands, offered them the money, which he assured them was all he could possibly procure, and that if they were not satisfied, they could carry their

threats into execution. The terms were accepted and he and his friend having been immediately released, both returned to Porto d'Anzio. Since then several parties of gendarmes from Rome have been scouring the woods in pursuit of the robbers, but as yet no trace of them has been found. A general impression exists that the authors of this outrage have come from beyond the Neapolitan frontier, especially as in latter years no cases of brigandage have occurred within the Papal States. The insecurity of residence at Porto d'Anzio which this incident would imply, will, it is feared, spoil the season at that charming locality, which during the months of May and June is much resorted to by the Romans.

The painful measure of expatriation was, I regret to say, enforced here this week in the case of four Romans who were convicted of having been in correspondence with the National Committee, at Turin. One of them, an avocat, availed himself of every influence to avoid proscription, and the Government were willing to pardon him and allow his remaining in Rome, on the condition of his formal renunciation of his revolutionary connections, and giving a solemn pledge of future fidelity to the Holy See. He, however, refused to enter into any such engagement, and has in consequence undergone the sentence of banishment. Another of the parties is said to have been in the employ of Prince Piombino, who has himself been for the last three years an exile, residing at Turin.

ROME, May 28, 1864.—The hopes expressed in my last letter, as to the uninterrupted progress of the Pope's convalescence, have, I rejoice to say, been fully confirmed. His Holiness took an airing on Monday, for the first time since his illness; since then, he has had carriage exercise every day, and, notwithstanding the unfavourable state of the weather, appeared in the grand procession on Thursday, on which occasion it was gratifying to perceive that, with the exception of a slight paleness, his countenance scarcely bore any traces of recent indisposition. The parties to whom a vacancy just now in the Papal See would be a "desideratum" have been availing themselves of the opportunity afforded by a slight relapse of the Holy Father to circulate the most exaggerated rumours regarding his illness. A gentleman who has just arrived here from Egypt assures me that before embarking at Alexandria, he was distinctly informed of the Pope's death. The enemies of the temporal power of the Holy See would, however, gain little advantage by that event, as it is well known that

measures have been for some time taken to meet the contingency of the Pope's demise, and to secure the election of another uncompromising champion of the rights of the Church. In connection with this absorbing subject, I may mention that a despatch was same days since addressed from Turin to the Emperor of France, informing him that the last moments of Pius IX. had arrived, and, as there was reason to apprehend scenes of tumult and anarchy at Rome on the death of the Pope, inquiring whether his Majesty had made arrangements to obviate such an emergency, if not, that the Government of Victor Emmanuel would be happy to do so. The Emperor replied that accounts from Rome received at Paris by no means accorded with the terms of the despatch, that the Pope's life was in danger; moreover, that the protection hitherto afforded by France to the person and Government of Pius IX. should be extended to his successor, and that measures were already taken to secure perfect liberty of election for the Conclave, whenever a vacancy should occur in the Apostolic Chair. I may add, that the Turinese despatch, with the Emperor's reply, were sent, by the Emperor's orders, to the Papal Nuncio at Paris, with a view to have them transmitted to Rome, for the satisfaction of the Papal Court, and to remove all causes of disquietude as to future contingencies. It is gratifying to find that the Emperor at length sees the error of a vacillating policy, and has resolved to identify himself more immediately with the interests of the Holy See.

The functions of Thursday (Corpus Christi) were celebrated with their usual impressiveness and solemnity. High Mass was sung in the Sistine Chapel by the Dean of the College, Cardinal Mattei, at which the King and Dowager Queen of Naples, with the Infanta of Portugal, attended. All the members of the Diplomatic body, the Roman Senators and Magistracy, with a large number of distinguished strangers, attended. A little after nine the Holy Father made his appearance, and having ascended the "Sedia Gestatoria," the procession, composed of the Cardinals, Prelates, members of the Court, Chapters, and various Ecclesiastical bodies, regular and secular, the colleges and seminaries, proceeded to descend by the "Scala Regia." As it entered the piazza, and defiled under Bernini's celebrated colonnade, the effect was truly magnificent.

The rear of the procession was formed by the generals and staff of both Pontifical and French armies, all mounted and in brilliant uniform. The cynosure, however, to which all eyes

were directed was the Holy Father, seated in the "Sedia Gestatoria," bearing the Blessed Sacrament before him, his countenance beaming with joy and expressing at the same time the most profound recollection. After the procession entered St. Peter's the Pope proceeded to the Altar of the Confessional, and the *Tantum ergo* having been sung by the Papal Choir, the Holy Father gave the Benediction, which terminated the morning ceremonies.

On Tuesday a deputation from the Catholics of Piedmont waited on His Holiness to present their contributions to the Peter's Pence Fund. The votive offerings were appended to a ribbon, some three or four metres long, and consisted of jewellery, rings, bracelets, and personal ornaments of the most costly description. The presentation was accompanied with an address in which the truly Catholic feelings and devotion to the Holy See of the donors were recorded in the warmest and most emphatic terms. The Holy Father graciously received these valuable tributes of the piety and zeal of the Catholics of Piedmont, and dismissed the deputation after having imparted to them the Apostolic benediction.

The aggressions of the Piedmontese military on the Papal territory still continue. Some days ago a party of soldiers seized a Roman peasant at Valla Terra, near Ceprano, and carried him over the frontier. As to his fate since then no tidings have been yet obtained, but on hearing of this infraction of the right of territory, and of the unwarrantable seizure, General Montebello addressed an energetic reclamation to the Government at Turin, at the same time demanding the immediate restitution of the Pontifical subject.

As a further instance of the disposition of the Piedmontese officials to embarrass and annoy the Roman Government, some forty convicts found in the prison of Ancona, at the period of the usurpation of that city four years ago, and whose incarceration had continued since then, were abruptly liberated some days ago, and conducted under an escort into the Pontifical States. The French Commandant at Civita Castellana, the town nearest the frontier over which the convicts passed, on hearing of the occurrence, had the entire party again arrested, and conducted to the prisons of that fortress, where they still remain. It is said that a similar measure of pardon is to be accorded to a hundred more convicts undergoing imprisonment at Ancona, in virtue of sentences passed on them while that town was under Papal jurisdiction. Such are the unprincipled means which

Piedmont just now employs to evince the impotency of her rage, and her "animus" towards this Government. The success of the Roman Loan has exceeded all calculation. The rapidity with which the shares were bought up was such, that after some days, none remained in the market either at Brussels, Paris, or Rome, numerous applications were necessarily refused. As the object of the loan was nothing else than the payment of the interest on the debt due by the usurped portions of the Papal territory, and for which Pius IX. has disinterestedly held himself responsible, notwithstanding the abstraction of the revenues, so this ready response of the commercial world to the appeal of the Holy Father shows fully the confidence entertained by the monied interests in the ultimate restoration of those countries so unjustly dissevered from the Holy See.

Father Dalgairns, of the Oratory, leaves to-morrow for England. The Honourable and Rev. Monsignor Stonor also leaves here for Florence, *en route* for France, which he proposes visiting with the object of raising funds for the projected church in honour of St. Thomas of Canterbury.

ROME, June 5, 1864.—Though the dominant feeling arising from a survey of events in Italy during the last five years must be one of sorrow and humiliation, yet certain amusing recollections occasionally mingle with, and relieve, as it were, the sad retrospect. Amongst others whom the revolutionary mania of 1859 exercised its most potent influence in Rome was the class of young journeymen shoemakers, nearly all of whom, with only one *end* in view, exchanged their *last* for the rifle, and scampered off to Lombardy, attaching themselves in most instances to the band of Garibaldian adventurers. Their departure was not unfrequently marked by a heartless disregard of the closest domestic ties, many having left behind their young wives, children, and aged parents altogether unprovided for. So general, moreover, was the exodus of the followers of St. Crispin at that period, that serious misgivings began to be entertained as to the future condition of the *soles* of the community, and as the Romans seldom miss an occasion of punning when the opportunity presents itself, the "calembourg" of the day was that the shoemakers had all gone off to repair the boot of Italy,* facetiously alluding, as all tyros in geography will know, to the well-known resemblance suggested by the elongated and angular shape of the Italian peninsula. Well, the work of national

* Sono andati ad accomodare lo stivale d'Italia.

cobbling, in which some of the great heads of Italy have taken part, aided by the sympathy and active support of England, has been going on ever since—and with what result ?

Discarding the simile of the boot, we may state that throughout the coerced amalgamation of States yclept the Kingdom of Italy, a universal feeling of discontent prevails, which is only controlled by the arm of a tyrannical and conscript soldiery. Reaction every day becomes more powerful, outrages on life and property multiply, taxes increase beyond all proportions, and are yet insufficient to meet the expenditure, a national debt of fearful amount already contracted and so rapidly accumulating as to threaten to eventuate at no distant period in national bankruptcy, the Minister Minghetti having admitted, at the last financial discussion in the Chamber, that the daily expenditure exceeded the income by the enormous sum of half-a-million of francs. The exigencies of the Government are for the moment being met by a loan contracted for terms which at the day of reckoning are sure to prove ruinous to the nation. These evils, however great in the eye of the political economists, are of a social and secular order, but who can portray the moral deterioration which Italy has undergone by the late usurpations ? Who will undertake to catalogue the long list of crimes against religion and justice, the sacrileges, the outrages on the rights of the Church, the wholesale spoliation of monastic property, the countless indignities offered to ecclesiastics of every grade, from the Cardinal Archbishop to the village Curate ? the encouragement held out to apostacy and tergiversation ?

Such are the inevitable consequences of a *regime* with a sceptered libertine at its head, and an "entourage" of infidel ministers. Travellers will tell you that whatever latent iniquity existed in the cities of Italy at former periods, there was an external decorum observed. At present, however, the mask is thrown off, and vice exhibits itself without disguise. Vile and prurient publications are exhibited in the shops, and obscene prints and photographs invite attention in the windows. Thus an organised system of public corruption is fostered by the Government for its own purposes, and which has already produced the most pernicious results. It is, moreover, a feature in the lamentable condition of Italy just now that education, which should be the means of elevating a nation, is made the instrument for degrading it.

At Naples the laws of "meum and tuum" are no longer respected, robberies being the rule and not the exception. So-

much is this the case that few persons latterly visit that city without becoming victims of the systematic dishonesty and knavery existing there. While writing these lines I have in my mind at least a dozen cases, related to me by Englishmen from whom articles of value were stolen during recent visits to that city. The last was that of a gentleman just returned to Rome, who tells me that when leaving Naples, a couple of days since, he had his portmanteau put into a cab at the Hotel de Russie, and started for the railway. On arriving at the station the portmanteau was missing, nor could it be found. In the cause of this audacious robbery the cabman must evidently have been an accomplice.

The prisons of Naples, it is well known, are now more crowded than was ever known at any period of Bourbon rule, the untried and condemned huddled together in the same dungeons, and both subjected to the same coercion and privations. Of the former class many have been confined for months without knowing why, their arrest having been made on mere suspicion, and often for motives of private revenge; with scarcely a ray of light and hardly any pure air through their closely latticed windows, and supplied with such food as is barely sufficient to support vitality.

An appeal has been made on behalf of some of the inmates, fifty of whom are priests, by a writer in the *Campano del Popolo*, a Neapolitan journal, this week, their condition being represented as wretched beyond conception, and far exceeding anything related by Silvio Pellico of the prisons of Spielberg.

The preceding is but a very meagre sketch of the evils which afflict this country under its present rulers, who make war on everything good and virtuous, and under whose libertine and unholy sway (as a worthy Roman observed to me some days ago, "*Satanas e scatenato*,") it would seem as if Satan was unchained.

Crowds went from Rome on the octave of Corpus Christi to Gensano to witness the beautiful festival of the "*Infiolata*," which was renewed this season after an interval of 19 years. The great feature of the occasion is that the streets over which the procession of the Blessed Sacrament passes are literally a carpet of flowers, the petals of which are detached and so formed as to represent any variety of patterns and appropriate devices. Midst the countless contributions from the kingdom of Flora used for this purpose, the deep crimson of the wild poppy appeared to predominate. Poles like those of the telegraph were planted

along the streets, connected with graceful festoons of evergreens, which formed, as it were, the fences of the floral pavement. To add to the interest of the occasion, the peasantry in every variety of picturesque costume, flocked from Albano, Aricia, Rocca di Papa and the more distant localities. The procession at which numerous confraternities took part, began at 6, p.m. The Blessed Sacrament was borne by one of the priests under a lofty Baldachino. Immediately in front were a number of young girls attired in white, with wings to represent angels, who strewed flowers in the path. In the van of the procession were a considerable number of troops with an excellent band, and the various confraternities of young men, each bearing a distinctive banner with the effigy of some saint. On arriving at an altar improvised for the occasion at the extremity of the town, and near the borders of the Lake of Nemi, the procession halted, and the "*Tantum ergo*" having been sung, the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was given to the immense assemblage, which soon after quietly dispersed.

The energy and judgment of the railway officials were favourably tested on this occasion, for notwithstanding the numbers (36 carriages being in some of the trains) the departures and returns were accomplished with perfect punctuality and without a single accident.

Cardinals Villecourt and Pitra have left for Marseilles in order to be present at the consecration of the new church of Notre Dame de la Garde in that city.

At an audience afforded some days ago to Dr. Castano, the chief physician to the French army in Rome, the Holy Father took occasion to ask the doctor's opinion as to the present state of his constitution, expressing, at the same time, a hope that the doctor would not hesitate to state his impressions should they be unfavourable. Dr. Castano instantly assented assuring the Holy Father at the same time that, being an old soldier, he would declare his opinion with perfect frankness. Having then received from the Pope the history of his recent illness, and having carefully examined all the symptoms, the doctor stated his decided opinion to be that His Holiness might yet count on at least a dozen years.

With Cardinal Wiseman's brilliant antecedents, one can hardly imagine any addition to the "prestige" already attaching to his name as an erudite and accomplished writer. The Pastoral Letter, however, of His Eminence, which has just appeared, would seem to mark a new phase in the development of his mental

powers, which, instead of weakening, would appear to augment with years. Like fame and the avalanche, "*vires acquirit eundo*." How admirable his description of the wretched condition of the Anglican Church, having surrendered, as it has, all its dogmas to rationalism! and what a home-thrust he has given to the Episcopacy in his cutting allusion to the reception given by several members of that body to the profane eulogist of the Goddess of Reason! This singularly able document, which has already been translated and copied into several journals, has been universally admired for the transcendent abilities of the writer.

ROME, June 11, 1864.—The Pope's health may now be said to be perfectly re-established. Notwithstanding the very unfavourable state of the weather for the last week, His Holiness has never omitted his daily drives, which on some occasions are not limited to mere passive exercises, as he has again more than once become a pedestrian. On Thursday his Holiness descended from his carriage at the Colosseum and walked to the Church of St. John Lateran. In the beginning of July the Holy Father leaves Rome for his chateau at Castel Gandolfo, and remains for two months in the country.

The next Consistory is to be held in the beginning of September, on which occasion the hat is to be conferred on the Cardinal-elect, the Archbishop of Rouen, and Monsignor Baxilli, the present Nuncio at Madrid, with Monsignor Ferrari, will, it is understood, be raised to the purple.

In my last letter I mentioned the departure of two Cardinals, Villescourt and Pitra, for Marseilles. The former was, by the Pope's special appointment, to have been "celebrant" at the grand function at the opening of the church of Notre Dame de la Garde. I learn, however, that, in consequence of instructions issued by the "Ministre de Culte," acting, no doubt, under higher orders, the Cardinal-Bishop of Besançon was substituted in his place. Why in a matter of sacred ceremonial the Imperial should thus override the Pontifical will, so distinctly expressed, no reason can be assigned, further than that Cardinal Villescourt, though a Frenchman, was raised to the purple by the "*motu proprio*" of Pius IX., and depends for the support of his dignity on the stipend allowed to Roman Cardinals, whereas the Cardinal-Bishop of Besançon received the hat at the solicitation of the Emperor, and has the usual state allowance from France of 30,000 francs, given to Cardinals of that nation.

Sunday last having been the anniversary of the famous "Statute" was as usual made the occasion of revolutionary

demonstrations, happily not of a nature dangerous to the public, consisting of blue lights and bombs of harmless explosive materials, placed in some of the principal streets and squares, and clandestinely ignited. So long as the discontent of the *Italianissimi* finds vent in such forms, it can hardly provoke any other feeling than that of pity or contempt. Printed addresses of an inflammatory character were also posted in various parts of the city, and dropped in the principal thoroughfares, with a view to have them circulated amongst the Romans. The latter, however, with very few exceptions, have long begun to regard all revolutionary projects as Utopian and delusive. The Roman authorities were notwithstanding much on the alert, and amongst other incidents of the evening, the police arrested three French sergeants in the act of igniting blue lights. The arrest was vigorously resisted, and the three Frenchmen would probably have escaped had it not been for the timely arrival of a military patrol of their own countrymen who assisted the Roman police, and conducted the parties to prison. In this act of the three French sergeants we may doubtless recognise the agency of Piedmontese gold, which is liberally employed, as is well known, in producing disaffection in Rome. Accounts from Naples, even in the Government papers, attest the increase of reaction and so-called brigandage in the country districts. A *rencontre* between the Royal troops and a party of reactionists took place a few days since near Molfi, in the Basilicata, in which twelve soldiers were killed and six made prisoners, amongst them the officer in command of the detachment. The *Campana del Popolo* and the *Italia*, in recording this fact, mentions that when the news of this and similar disasters become known at Naples, considerable consternation was manifested, and large reinforcements were immediately dispatched. In addition to losses in the field, it is said that the mortality amongst the troops is much increased by disease produced by climate, joined to the harassing duties they are called on to perform. The *Giornale di Napoli* of the 8th says:—"This morning there arrived here from Salerno thirty women and six men, civilians, some of the former quite young girls, the greater number mothers, with children at their breasts. Amongst the party was an old man of 70. All were sent as prisoners to Naples by the prefect Bardasono on the sole charge of affording asylums to reactionists. At their departure from Salerno, the women raised cries of anguish and sorrow, which were responded to by the wailing of their families, who expressed in no measured

terms their abhorrence of the present state of things. Under such circumstances comment is unnecessary. The Government which has recourse to such extremes must be weak indeed and tottering."

The weather here for the last week has been of a very exceptional character. The temperature fell rapidly on Wednesday, and to such a degree as to necessitate the use of winter-clothing, while the entire of Thursday was marked by almost tropical showers of rain. A cold north-wind still continues, though the clouds and rain have vanished, and the delicious azure sky has again appeared. The prospects of the vineyards and corn continued unimpaired. A further extension of the railway from Sienna to the Roman frontier has taken place, so as to abridge the time in the *diligence* from 14 to 4 hours. Travellers can therefore make the journey from Rome to Florence by Civita Vecchia henceforward in 15 instead of 26 hours.

CIVITA VECCHIA, June 15, 1864.—The memorable passage in the "Tour to the Hebrides" in which Johnson records his opinion of the unimpressed visitor to Iona, cannot be said to be wholly inapplicable to the individual who, after a residence long or short in Rome, could afford to leave that city without experiencing some emotion. Your Correspondent, at least, does not profess to belong to that apathetic class, having none of the "frigid philosophy" so eloquently denounced by the great lexicographer. When, therefore, the train whirled me this morning through the green expanse of undulating Campagna, though only for a limited absence during the hot months, I could not but feel, like Goldsmith's traveller, that the chain though lengthening, was still unsevered, which bound my affections to the Eternal City. It was matter of favourable augury for my summer tour than to the evening before my departure, while walking through Rome, I fell in with the Pontifical cortege, and received the Holy Father's blessing. His countenance on that occasion expressed its usual benignity and cheerfulness, and he had evidently recovered his former vigour, having, as I was informed only a few moments previously, re-entered his carriage after having made a couple of rounds of Monte Pincio on foot.

The Pope's family are remarkable for their longevity. Pius IX. has two brothers both older than himself, the eldest being subject to the same affection of the leg which occasionally annoys the Holy Father, though in other respects perfectly well, notwithstanding his advanced age. The revolutionary "quid-

nunes" will therefore most probably have to wait some years for a vacancy in the Papal Chair.

Notwithstanding the marked increase of temperature within the last few days, several English families still remain in Rome, and purpose waiting till after the Festival of SS. Peter and Paul. Of those who had left, many had engaged apartments for next winter, which, there is reason to expect, will be more than usually crowded. Though several new houses have been built within the last two years, and many have been raised by the addition of one and two stories, yet the accommodation for strangers has been latterly altogether insufficient. The Government are therefore seriously occupying themselves with plans for the extension of the city beyond its present limits, most probably in the direction of the Porta Pia, which appears to be regarded as the quarter most eligible for its salubrity and the magnificence of the prospects it commands. The "Villagiatura" of many of the Roman families had already begun, several having gone to Albano, Frascati, and especially to Tivoli, for the benefit of the sulphur baths, the "establishment" so long a "desideratum," and which was begun by the expressed wishes of Pius IX. a year ago, having been now completed. Amongst the many subjects, however, which will cause the present Pontificate to be best remembered, and commend it to the gratitude of posterity, will be the number of artistic restorations and embellishments therein carried out. In accordance with the Holy Father's desire, and that of Cardinal Antonelli, the decoration of the new Loggia Pia* was commenced so long ago as 1859. To the painter Mantuvani was entrusted the direction of the decorations, of which he himself made coloured sketches. To Professor Canzani was given a commission to furnish all the compartments with subjects taken from the Gospel, all which, being of his own selection, are now entirely completed. The execution and selection of the figures in stucco was given to the distinguished sculptor Signore Gallé, of the Academy of St. Luke. This new Loggia will be completed by the end of 1865.

The Holy Father gave further orders to the same artist, Signore Mantuvani, as soon as the restorations of the Loggie of Zucchari (and which will bear the name of Loggie Pie) were completed, to commence the repairs of the Loggie on the first

* Called now in contradistinction to the famous loggie designed by Raphael, from subjects of the Old Testament, and executed by his disciples, on the same level, and on the opposite side of the same court.

floor looking to the East, which had been already decorated in 1520 by the famous Giovanni da Udine, by a commission from Leo X. Mantuvani began this restoration in 1862, and it has already so far progressed that it may be said to be finished, with the exception of the lower part, from the condition of which an idea can be formed of the dilapidated state in which these stupendous decorations existed. Mantuvani has not failed to exhibit the most consummate diligence and skill in the restoration of this glorious work of art, which was so nearly destroyed, reproducing with the utmost fidelity the minutest lineaments of the ancient painting, and restoring the original tints in the precise localities, as far as from the few traces left he was able to recognise them.

The Pope and Cardinal Antonelli have been so far satisfied with the execution of this great work of art as to order Mantuvani to continue the restoration of the remaining Loggie on the same floor, and looking to the South, decorated by the school of Zucchari. Two years will at least be necessary for the execution of this restoration.

The foundation stone of the new building for the Scotch College was laid on Tuesday last. Monsignori Talbot, Howard, and several distinguished Roman ecclesiastics, with nearly all the English laity at present in Rome, attended on the occasion. The excellent Rector, the Very Rev. Dr. Grant, entertained a select party at dinner in celebration of the event of Thursday.

ROME, Oct. 15, 1864.—With the advance of autumn, Rome appears to have gradually recovered from the lethargic influence of the summer heat, and as winter approaches, to awake to renewed life and activity. The streets, which a few weeks since were silent and deserted, unless during the morning and evenings, now echo with the voices of a busy and cheerful population, though several Roman families are still in villagiatura. Shops, which for months had been closed, have been re-opened, exhibiting in their windows such an amount and variety of objects, especially in the departments of "bijouterie," cameos, mosaics, and the other specialities of this city, as to show that the proprietors calculate on a more than ordinarily prosperous season. As yet scarcely any of the winter residents have arrived, the strange faces which are seen in the streets being those parties who have come for a limited period, and vanish again like birds of passage, and of this profitless class of visitors the Romans have latterly had a goodly number. The train which brought me from Civita Vecchia, some days ago, conveyed at the same

time a formidable party of seventy British excursionists of both sexes, most of them from London, but several from Edinburgh. According to the programme of their tour, their stay in Rome was to be limited to three days, when after such a partial and superficial survey of that city and its monuments as could possibly be accomplished within that period, they purposed starting for Naples with the intention of *doing* that city and its glorious environs in an equally short time. By a "ruse" which you and your readers will, I hope, pardon, I became an unsuspected auditor of the remarks in which the party communicated their first impressions of men and things in the Papal States. By accident I found, after entering the railway carriage, that my next neighbour amongst this large party of my fellow-countrymen, was a Roman, and as we immediately commenced a conversation in Italian, I have no doubt that I too was regarded as a foreigner. They expressed their thoughts very unreservedly, and I may add unsparingly, on everything. Many of the observations made would have been in no small degree amusing from the misconception of things evinced, if they were not in several cases offensive to Catholic ears. Thus one of the ladies called the attention of her friends to two Christian Brothers whom she saw on the platform at the station, expressing her conviction that they were some of the dirty lazy Friars, whom she understood swarmed in the Pope's States. Though strongly tempted on this and other subsequent occasions to come out in Anglo-Saxon, with a view to correct mistakes, I nevertheless preserved my *incognito* during the journey.

The autumnal rains having fallen unusually early, the weather here just now is truly enchanting. The vintage, which this year is most abundant and of excellent quality, has fairly begun within the last week. None but those who have spent an October in Italy can have an idea of the attractions of this season. With the landscape all around presenting such an aspect of abundance, a bland and moderately warm temperature, and a canopy of unclouded azure overhead, nature intimates as it were the value of existence and gives to the consciousness of a light and unburthened vitality an unutterable charm. Enjoyment is the rule and not the exception, as in less favoured countries: a disinterested observer while witnessing the simple peasantry here so cheerfully engaged over their vintage labours, cannot but smile at the misplaced sympathies of some of our fellow-countrymen who, with the permission and support of an infidel Government, and forgetful of the wretched peasantry at

home, are now carrying on an extensive and costly propagandism in the Italian peninsula under the pretext of ameliorating the condition of the people.

The terms expected for apartments here just now do not exceed those of former years, and indeed when compared with those of other places of winter resort, as for instance, at Cannes and Nice (where your Correspondent has lately been staying), may be regarded as reasonable. In the latter charming "locale," I may add, that the expected visits of more than one Royal personage during the forthcoming season has raised apartments to exorbitant and fabulous prices.

The recent famous Convention continues to occupy attention here, and is variously interpreted according to the bias and politico-religious leanings of individuals, some few whose judgment is altogether swayed by their feelings and sympathies, viewing it as the "beginning of the end," or rather as the penultimate act of a revolutionary drama whose *finale* was meant to be the destruction of the Pope's Temporal Power. The vast majority, however, while distrusting the Emperor's policy in reference to the Holy See, recognise in the treaty a definitive settlement of the question of Rome and the Temporal Power, basing their opinion on the clause which stipulates the transfer of the capital to Florence. The Pope is said to have received the notification with his accustomed equanimity, and to have undiminished confidence in the development of events. "Within the next two years a good deal of water will have flowed through the bed of the Tiber," observed the Holy Father with a smile, alluding to the possible contingencies of that period. As to the embodiment of a Papal army, the treachery of Castelfidardo and the memorable despatch of the Emperor to Cialdini, "*Frappez fort e vite*," cannot fail to inspire His Holiness with mistrust in all Imperial suggestions, however seemingly friendly. "*Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes*" would not be an unsuitable response to all proposals emanating from the Tuileries. The collision of national with the municipal interests of Turin, which has already occasioned the abrupt dismissal of one Ministry, is likely to be equally fatal to their successors, and to lead to such complications as will render the presence of the French in Rome doubly necessary. That the Emperor is not sincere in his proposal to withdraw the troops is evident to any one who has lately visited Civita Vecchia, and examined the extensive and costly military defences, which evidently indicate a prolonged occupation. Despatches from Turin record further

encounters between the gendarmes and citizens. One occurred on the 10th, in which several on both sides were killed. It will be interesting to see how La Marmora and his colleagues will meet the apparently insuperable difficulties of the conjuncture, when Parliament assembles on the 24th.

The advocates of Italian unity have also very little to reassure them in the accounts which arrive from the other extremity of the kingdom, where, according to the statement of an English gentleman, a resident of Naples, 20,000 Piedmontese and Lombardian gendarmes are required to keep down insurrection. This gentleman, who is by no means extreme in his views, assures me that the name of Victor Emmanuel has become a bye-word of execration, and the proletaire guest of Sutherland House is now the idol of the day at Naples.

Accounts from Ceprano mention that two French gendarmes on Monday last, having arrested two "brigands" within the Papal frontier, were conducting them to prison, when on passing by a wood they were suddenly attacked by another party of "reactionnaires," thirteen in number, who rescued the prisoners and summarily shot the French.

Some of your readers may be interested to know that the traffic on the railway from Leghorn to Civita Vecchia, interrupted for the last month by the damage sustained during the recent floods, has been again restored. The journey to Rome can now be made from Leghorn in twelve hours, six of which are passed in the *diligence*. The Bishop of Charleston is still in Rome. The official regulations for the forthcoming "Semestre" at the Roman University have been published, under the Prefect Cardinal Altieri. They are in substance the same as in former years.

The Holy Father is well, taking his daily drives and walks as usual. On Monday, having made the circuit of Monte Pincio on foot, he descended the long and steep stair of the Trinita di Monti and entered his carriage in the Piazza di Spagna. His Holiness has not yet given his answer to the notification of the Convention. It is understood that the subject is still under consideration.

ROME, Oct. 30, 1864.—It may be well questioned whether in this so-called age of progress, the vaunted extension of knowledge is not at the expense of depth and accuracy. In the past generation few men affected to be Crichtons, but if their acquirements were more limited, they were proportionally more solid and exact, the proverb "*cave hominem unius libri*," now

either despised or forgotten, having then been amongst the guiding principles of education. The consequences of the present system are reflected in the writings and speeches of not a few of our public men, in which false principles are enunciated, and in which is occasionally exhibited an unpardonable ignorance of the ordinary facts of history. It is true that half a century ago, the Prime Minister, Lord Castlereagh, not unfrequently relieved the dulness of Parliamentary debate by the solecisms which occasionally marked his high-flown oratory. His Lordship, however, if he had occasion to quote history, would hardly have made the blunder of Sir Robert Peel, who a short time since, convulsed the House with laughter, by making Richelieu the Minister of Henry the Fourth, and who reiterated the anachronism, notwithstanding the repeated correction of his friends. It is, however, in the flippant pages of newspaper writers, that errors and mis-statements at variance with facts and history most abound, and a glaring instance of outraged chronology on the part of the Turinese Correspondent of the *Times* has been amusingly shown up, and satirically commented on, in a recent number of the *Saturday Review*, to which it may be well to direct the attention of your readers.

Writing on the all-absorbing Italian question, the "Correspondent," predicates of the temporal power of the Pope that it was founded on French bayonets ten centuries ago by Charlemagne, and in a subsequent paragraph he introduces Clement the Seventh as contemporary with that Emperor, thereby identifying him with Charles V. of Germany. How a writer of ordinary intelligence could thus confound two great landmarks on the field of history, separated by a period of over seven hundred years, seems inconceivable. His predecessor Galenga, with all his political shortcomings, would hardly have committed such a historical blunder. Besides the lapse of time which separated the two epochs, the policy of the respective Emperors was very different in reference to the Holy See, of which one was the protector and benefactor, while Charles V. made war on the Pope; and under his General, the Constable of Bourbon, the sacking of Rome was perpetrated with more than Vandal atrocity. Before writing his next article on Italian politics, I would suggest to the Correspondent to make himself better acquainted with the history of the Popes by reading Dr. Miley's work, or that of the Protestant Ranke.

The Commission of Artists and Archæologists, appointed to examine and estimate the value of the newly discovered bronze

statue, assembled on Thursday. Amongst them I may mention the names of Tenesani, Visconti, de Rossi, Podesta, and Minardi. Their judgment was unanimously confirmatory of the opinion already expressed by other "savans" on this magnificent work of art, namely, that it represents Hercules, independently of the arguments furnished by the "locale" (the site of the theatre of Pompey). In support of this view, the cast of the feature and "pose" of the statue leave no doubt to the artistic eye of its identity. It is believed to be of Grecian mould, and is considered to be in execution superior to the Apollo Belvidere. It is therefore the finest work of art hitherto discovered in Rome. Its "minimum" value has been fixed by the committee at 35,000 crowns, the "maximum" at 50,000. I have just been informed that a committee of Roman nobles have met and agreed to purchase the statue at the latter price, with a view to presenting it to His Holiness.

The inhumation of this statue is supposed to have taken place as a means of saving it at the period of Attila's invasion.

The Pope paid a visit to the Basilica of St. Lorenzo, outside the walls, on Thursday, in order to inspect the restorations for some time in progress in that church. On His Holiness's arrival, after proceeding to the sanctuary, and spending some time in devotion before the Blessed Sacrament, he made the round of the Basilica, and examined in detail the different improvements, especially the arabesques and emblematic devices of the new windows, with all of which the Holy Father expressed himself much pleased. The decorations executed by the painter Mantovani were particularly adverted to in terms of eulogy by His Holiness, after which he proceeded to the front of the church to view the monument just erected to the illustrious patron and martyr, St. Lawrence. It consists of a monolith or solid piece of red granite, thirty-five feet high, surmounted with a statue of the saint. The Holy Father then took his departure, having admitted the community of Father Capucius, to whose keeping the Basilica is consigned, to the usual homage of the "Caccio dei piedi." The Pope, on returning to town, proceeded to the Sapienza, where he was received by Cardinals Altieri and Reisach, who, accompanied by the President and professors, conducted him to the museums and halls of natural philosophy and geology, all of which have lately undergone considerable additions. The attention of the Holy Father was directed to several of the objects of nature and art lately introduced, especially in the Hall of Philosophy, which in all the apparatus

for illustration, can compete with any of our British Universities. By a recent order of His Holiness, the proceedings in the criminal courts, which were hitherto private, are henceforward to be open to the public, the decree to that effect having been signed by the Pope in answer to a petition addressed to him by the citizens.

The trial of the murderer of Allardt, the French artist, which event occurred in May last, has just ended, sentence of capital punishment having been passed on the wretched culprit, who had already been in the galleys.

Numerous arrivals have occurred during the week, and it is pretty certain we shall have a crowded season. The King and Queen of Naples have taken up their residence for the winter at the Palazzo Farnese.

I regret to have to record the death, after a few days' illness, of Mr. Welby, an Englishman and a convert, who had been many years resident in Rome. This unexpected event is a source of deep sorrow to his family and numerous friends, by whom he was much and deservedly esteemed. His obsequies took place on Thursday at the church of St. Andrea delle Fratte.—R.I.P.

ROME, Nov. 19, 1864.—It seems now well understood that the Pope or his Minister will give no reply to the Notification of the Convention, being prepared for all eventualities likely to arise from such a decision. With the friends of religion the policy and wisdom of such a course need no justification. Under present circumstances to notice any proposals coming from Victor Emmanuel, even through the intervention of Louis Napoleon, cannot fail to suggest the analogy of parleying with a footpad after an audacious robbery, the more so, when it is clear that the object in view is, not the restitution of the plundered property, but to establish such relations between the parties, as may facilitate further spoliation. If other facts were needed to justify the dignified silence of the Holy Father, they are forthcoming in the ambiguous terms of the Convention, and in the double-tongued phraseology of the Turinese Ambassador at Paris, whose despatch, while professing to recognise the temporal Sovereignty of the Pope over his now limited territory, and announcing the transfer of the capital to Florence, yet contains expressions clearly indicative of an *arrière pensée*, showing that these arrangements are meant to be merely provisional, that under the terms "national aspirations," "moral means," "rights of the nation," &c. are concealed so many pretexts for future intrigues, and

that after all the question of Rome is only placed for this nonce in temporary abeyance. The terms in Nigra's despatch in which his interpretation of the clauses relating to Rome was expressed, were no doubt demurred to by the Emperor, and his Minister, and somewhat modified at their dictation, but the discussions which have since taken place in the Turinese Chamber, show clearly that the Ambassador's interpretation of the terms of the Convention in relation to Rome and the temporal power, accorded with that of the Ministry and the majority of the deputies.

The experiment of a self-sustaining Pontiff, proposed by the treaty, cannot be viewed otherwise than as an insult to Pius IX., while it shows the hypocritical *role* which Louis Napoleon has been playing in his dealings with the Holy See. If, with twenty thousand French troops joined to the Pontifical army, the unceasing vigilance of the authorities is insufficient to prevent revolutionary emissaries from finding their way into Rome, plying their "moral means" and sowing the seeds of disaffection amongst the more weak-minded of the population, what possible chance could there be for the Government if deprived of foreign protection? and yet this is the proposal put forward by the Emperor and his confrere at Turin, as a criterion, or "*experimentum crucis*," to test the stability of the temporal Sovereignty. It is not unnatural that at a moment when questions of such magnitude are pending, there should be some differences of opinion, and I believe I am correct in stating that in reference to the Convention, more than one member of the Cardinalatial body is for giving a preremptory and decided negative. The Holy Father, however, and his minister think differently, and it must be said that the passive attitude hitherto adopted by Pius IX. in dealing with his enemies, has more than once embarrassed and checkmated them in their aggressive designs on the rights and liberties of the Holy See. The times, however, are full of evil portent, and it may be in the inscrutable designs of Providence that the Church and its chief Pastor, like many of his Sainted predecessors, shall have to pass through an ordeal of persecution; but one thing is certain, that if Pius IX. is deprived of his temporal Sovereignty, he will never consent to compromise the interests of the Church and the dignity of his exalted character by exercising mere spiritual jurisdiction in Rome, *the pensioned Satrap of an excommunicated usurper, however munificently the accessories of such a position may be provided.*

The ceremony of the beatification of the Venerable Father Peter Canisius of the Order of Jesuits, is to take place on to-morrow 'at St. Peter's. No expense has been spared in arranging the decoration for this solemn occasion. The function is to begin at 10, a.m. ; His Holiness will not be present, though he comes in the afternoon to venerate the relics of the Saint, a circumstance which distinguishes this ceremony from a canonisation, at which the Pope is invariably present. The *empressement* of Protestant strangers to obtain tickets for the balconies and reserved places from which good views of the ceremony can be had, is somewhat remarkable. One cannot avoid enquiring if it ever be the destiny of Victor Emmanuel to come to Rome, what attractions he and his court can substitute for the impressive functions of that glorious Basilica, exercising as they do such an influence on all strangers, irrespective of country and creed.

A detachment of the Franco-Belgian Zouaves has gone from Frascati to Palestrina for the protection of the inhabitants of the district, who have been kept in a state of terror from the presence in that neighbourhood of some Neapolitan brigands. Those miscreants, some ten or twelve in number, are supposed to be escaped convicts who have been allowed to cross the Neapolitan frontier, in order to annoy and pillage the peaceful inhabitants of the Pontifical States. Within the last month they have committed several atrocious outrages on property, and assassinated two *campagnoli*, or farmers. A respectable inhabitant of the neighbourhood, a man of considerable property, whose abduction was unsuccessfully attempted by those ruffians in the hope of obtaining large ransom, has taken refuge in Rome. Let us hope that the brave corps of young Belgians, with the laurels of Castelfidardo still fresh on their brow, will soon accomplish their mission of ridding the country of such a scourge, and restoring peace and security to the neighbourhood.

Bad weather has been so general throughout Europe during the last month, that our habitually serene atmosphere could hardly have escaped a visitation. Accordingly for more than a fortnight we have had clouded skies, and days of incessant rain. The Tiber rose to the level of its banks, and at one period threatened an inundation. It has, however, again fallen, and for the present all danger seems passed, though the rain still continues. The weather has no doubt impeded the arrival of strangers. As compared with past years, the number here just now is below the average at this season. The ex-King of

Bavaria arrived early in the week, and has taken up his abode for the winter at the Villa Malta. Yesterday he visited his niece, the Queen of Naples, at her residence, the Palazzo Farnese. His Majesty seems in excellent health, and has a surprisingly hale appearance considering that he is now nearly 80 years of age. As some of your readers may feel interested in knowing the names of some of the strangers, I send you a list of the principal arrivals during the past month. Amongst them I may mention Lord Talbot de Malahide and family; Sir Bernard Burke, Ulster King-at-Arms; Mr. Tighe, Lord Woodstock, Lord and Lady Minto, Sir John and Lady Orde, the Hon. Alick Burke, Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Smyth, Captain Graham Ogle and family, &c. Of English Catholics—Sergeant Bellasis and family, the Hon. E. and Mrs. Mostyn, Mr. and Mrs. Lee, Woodchester; Mr. and Mrs. Ryder and family, Mr. C. Tempest, Miss Blundell, Miss Chadwick, Mr. and the Misses le Mesurier, and Monsignor Howard.

ROME, December 31, 1864.—It is characteristic of the imperishable vitality of the Holy See, that at the periods when, according to mere human calculation, its energies should be either paralysed or exhausted, it should furnish the most striking proofs of unimpaired activity and vigilance of the great interests confided to its keeping. The history of the Church supplies abundant evidence of this truth, and indeed it is attested by many events in the present and late Pontificate. Thus, at a time when the anxieties and solicitude of Gregory XVI., were roused by the revolutionary agencies at work in central Italy, threatening an unhappy consummation, which it was reserved for his illustrious successor to witness, he administered to the then arch-persecutor of the Church in Poland, the Emperor of All the Russias, the memorable reproof of which the particulars have never since transpired, but of which probable conjectures were deduced from the altered and subdued bearing of the autocrat, as he made his exit from the Audience Chamber. Then we know that the preliminary measures for the definition of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception originated during Pius IX.'s exile at Gaeta, and now we have the same Pontiff in his "Encyclical" of the 8th of December, addressed to the Universal Church, condemning, as contrary to faith and morals, eighty of the principles received in modern rationalistic circles, and amongst them certain propositions relating to Freemasonry in France, and the temporal power of the Holy See. It is to be hoped that on this latter subject the unorthodox views so openly expressed

by some *soidisant* Catholics will henceforward give place to opinions more in consonance with the doctrine and teaching of the Church so clearly defined in this recent Encyclical of her illustrious Pontiff.

The close of the year has, as usual, been celebrated (this afternoon) by a solemn *Te Deum* in the Church of the Gesu. The Pope, accompanied by the leading members of the Court, nearly all the Sacred College at present in Rome, including Cardinals Antonelli, Altieri, Patrizi, Panebianco, Ugolini, and Pentini, with the principal families of the Roman nobility, and a countless mass of strangers, attended. By the kindness of the Jesuit Fathers a number of tickets for the private entrance were distributed, but owing to the great concourse, even those who were so provided had to be in the church a couple of hours beforehand in order to secure places. The Piazza in front was filled with a dense mass of people of all classes, assembled to witness the arrival of the Pontifical *cortège*, and to testify their respect for the Pope. His Holiness arrived a little after four, and sceptical indeed must be the individual who, on witnessing the demonstration which there took place, could doubt for a moment of the popularity of Pius IX. The windows and balconies overlooking the Piazza were occupied by individuals of both sexes who waved banners and handkerchiefs in token of their enthusiasm, while the multitude in the square below were equally demonstrative both by voice and gesture, the well-known cry of "Vive Pio Nono re Pontefice!" being again and again repeated amidst the universal acclamation. The Pope seemed sensibly affected as he acknowledged the greetings and graciously gave his benediction. This scene of unrestrained enthusiasm continued until His Holiness disappeared at the private entrance. Immediately after the Holy Father entered the church, the Ambrosian hymn having been intoned by the choir, accompanied by the larger of the three great organs, and the voices of the entire congregation, was executed with thrilling and overpowering effect. This is one of the few occasions on which instrumental music is used in the presence of the Pope. The ceremony ended with a solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, at which the unrivalled tenor of the Papal Choir, Davis, entranced the congregation by an exquisite solo in the "Tantum ergo." Before leaving, the Pope returned to the sacristy, where he spoke for some moments with the Jesuit Fathers, and admitted several of the laity to the usual homage of the "Baccio dei Piedi." His Holiness soon after returned to the Vatican.

ROME, Jan. 21, 1865.—The festival of the "Chair of St. Peter" was celebrated in the Basilica of the Great Apostle on Wednesday. At 10 o'clock his Holiness descended to the chapel of Pieta and having spent some moments in prayer before the Blessed Sacrament, was borne in the "Sedia Gestatoria" to the throne opposite the Great Altar, whence he presided at the solemn function. High Mass was sung by Cardinal Mattei, Dean of the Sacred College, and a Latin discourse was delivered by a member of the "Accademia Ecclesiastica dei Nobili." Nearly all the Cardinals at present in Rome, with the Patriarchs, Prelates, the chief members of the Court, the Senators and Roman Magistracy attended. There was also a large concourse of strangers. The Holy Father was looking extremely well. With the close of the octave of the Epiphany the last of the Christmas solemnities ended on the Sunday, at the Church of St. Andrea della Valle. During the previous eight days crowds flocked to the church to view the beautiful representation of the crib of Bethlehem, and to witness the interesting celebrations according to the various Oriental rites, Armenian, Maronite, Syriac, Coptic, Chaldaic, &c. Each day sermons were preached in the different European languages. On the concluding day the discourse was in English, and was preached by the new Prior of the Dominican community of St. Clementi, Dr. Bourke. Notwithstanding his years the reputation of this young ecclesiastic as a pulpit orator was already established in Ireland, and had even preceded his arrival in this city. It was, therefore, no surprise that soon after he came in the autumn he was invited to conduct the spiritual exercises which inaugurate the academic year at the English and Pio Colleges. Of the manner in which he discharged that duty it is only necessary to say that he left an impression on the community whom he addressed, not only of his pre-eminent endowments as a speaker, but of his thorough acquaintance with Scripture and his profound knowledge of spiritual life.

The subject of the discourse on Sunday last was the Festival of the day, "The Holy Name of Jesus." It was a theme to inspire his fervid eloquence, and cold indeed must be the individual who could remain unmoved as the gifted preacher, when describing the love and sacrifices of our Redeemer, depicted the antagonism between "Justice and Mercy" consequent on the fall of Adam, and the triumph of the latter without prejudice to the former attribute in the stupendous mystery of the Incarnation. As his admirably enunciated periods fell on the ears of his audi-

tory in clear and distinct tones, somewhat racy of the "Green Isle," and enforced by energetic and most appropriate gesture, one could not but feel that Dr. Bourke possessed in no ordinary degree the physical qualifications of an orator. These external endowments can hardly be acquired, and yet they are essential to successful public speaking, so that what Horace says of the poet, may be predicated of the orator, "*Nascitur non fit.*" The peroration of this masterly discourse was perhaps the most impressive when the preacher adverted to the three forms in which the Redeemer is represented on earth; first, in His real presence in the Blessed Sacrament; next, in the person of every Christian whose body is described in the Scripture as the "Temple of the Holy Ghost;" and, lastly, in the person of his Viceregent on earth, the Pope. While treating of this latter manifestation of the Divine presence the preacher took occasion to advert to the outrages offered at the present moment to the Vicar of Christ, and the want of reverence for, and submissive acquiescence in, His ordinances just now evinced even in Catholic society. I wish I could recall in this passing notice some of the beautiful imagery and original thoughts so admirably expressed, and the happy applications of Scripture which rendered his address so attractive. Eloquence, however, like music when heard for the first time, though charming even to rapture, cannot be afterwards remembered in its details. We may hope, however, that this is not the only occasion on which this gifted preacher will be heard before a Roman audience.

ROME, Jan. 27, 1866.—I regret to have to acquaint you that my return to Rome has been, after some months' absence, coincident with a painful event. Your respected correspondent, Mr. G. Wigley, is no more, his death having occurred on Saturday, after a short illness. In the early part of the week his symptoms were indicative of incipient small-pox, and that fearful malady rapidly developed itself in its most malignant form so as to have led his medical attendant to entertain from the beginning an unfavourable prognosis. His last moments were free from suffering. To those, and especially yourself, who knew Mr. Wigley's antecedents, it is unnecessary to say that the circumstances of his death were in every respect such as became a true Christian. When he was made acquainted with the grave character of his malady, he evinced the most perfect resignation to the will of God, and having retained his faculties nearly up to the moment of his dissolution, he surrendered his soul into the hands of his Maker, expressing an humble but con-

fiding hope in a blissful immortality through the merits of his Redeemer. The readers of the *Register* will henceforward miss the usual weekly letter in which, while embodying all the events of interest in the eternal city, Mr. Wigley glanced at, and exposed the intrigues and machinations of the anti-Catholic and revolutionary party in Italy. Mr. Wigley received his education at the Collegiate Seminary of Boulogne-sur-mer, of which then, as now, that illustrious ecclesiastic, Monsignor Haffreigne, was president. An architect by profession, the Gothic Church of the Redemptorist Fathers, on the Esquiline here, of which he furnished the plans and superintended the erection, exists as a monument of Mr. Wigley's artistic ability.

Soon after its completion, in 1854, he went to the East, and having spent a couple of years at Jerusalem and other parts of Palestine, he returned to Europe, since which his name has not unfrequently been mentioned in connection with the annual pilgrimages to the Holy Land, which he much contributed to organise and facilitate. For the last few years journalistic literature seems to have occupied his attention, and at the moment of his death, being an excellent linguist, he was in correspondence with some of the leading Catholic journals of France and Belgium, having been ever the uncompromising champion of the rights and liberties of the Holy See.—R.I.P.

Rome is just now crowded with strangers, and presents the usual aspect of gaiety which generally marks the approach of the Carnival. Of the visitors some will tell you that the motive of their journey was the anticipation that the present was to be the last year of the Papal sovereignty. Without meaning to enter on the discussion of the political questions on which such a momentous issue depends, I may observe that the Holy Father was never more tranquil in mind, or more confiding in the future, as far as the interests of the Church are concerned, and I may add that all impartial persons here interpret the passage in the Emperor's recent address to the Senate, allusive to Rome, as indicating a determination to uphold the temporal Papal sovereignty under all circumstances. Marked as the Imperial career has hitherto been by a policy of ambition, it does not appear at all probable that the Emperor will so soon abandon a protectorate which has given him such an influence in European councils.

It therefore seems to many calm spectators of events not unlikely that Napoleon will evade the stipulations of the Convention, and retain a portion at least of the army in Rome,

on pretexts with which the impatience and menaces of the revolutionary party will be sure to furnish him. The difficulties of the Italian Government seem to augment each day. Having been at Florence for some days after the formation of the new ministry, I had an opportunity of ascertaining the general want of confidence expressed as to any benefit resulting from the change. The ex-professor of political economy, Signor Scialogioia, the new Minister of Finance, will find it much easier to pronounce his theories, to a class of admiring juveniles, than to deal with stubborn matters of fact, and solve the embarrassing problem of an alarmingly deficient exchequer. With all the other necessities of life already so heavily taxed, the nation will hardly submit to pay for *light* and *air*,—items which appear for the first time in the forthcoming budget. The duration of the new Ministry is, therefore, not expected.

To an old traveller in Italy, the sad changes which revolution has accomplished in the country are everywhere painfully obvious. This was particularly apparent along that magnificent coast route leading from Nice to Genoa, the Riviera del Ponente, as it is called, over which, after an interval of many years, I lately travelled. The physical aspect of the glorious scenery, it is true, was still unaltered; the maritime Alps, with their snow-capped summits and deep ravines, were still unchanged; the same lemon and orange groves delighted the eye as they extended, in almost uninterrupted succession, along the route, while the deep blue of the Mediterranean to the South formed a striking feature in the picture. But the crowning charm had vanished; the silver tones of the matin and vesper bell which, in olden times, fell on the ear of the traveller, awaking associations of religion, poetry, and romance, was no longer heard. The sweet monastic retreats, which once crowned these mountain fastnesses, are now, thanks to the vandalism of modern revolution, silent and deserted—

Strange that where nature meant to trace,
As if for gods, a dwelling place,
That man, enamoured of distress,
Should mar it into wilderness.

It may not be out of place to mention that, in passing through Spezia in Christmas-week, I was greatly surprised to find that, among the public entertainments of that festive season, was a series of "*tableaux vivans*," illustrative of the chief events in the life of Our Redeemer, beginning with the scene at Bethlehem. The exhibition took place in a small theatre. The

chief inhabitants of the town, accompanied by their children, to whom they took great pains to explain the representation, were present. The "mise en scene" was excellent, and the figures most appropriate, reminding me of similar entertainments in the Tyrol.

The management of railways in Tuscany is by no means satisfactory. When leaving Florence for Rome, though we were at the station half an hour before the departure of the train, our luggage not having been registered in time, we were compelled to leave it behind, and send back our courier to fetch it, a circumstance both inconvenient and expensive. A large party of Americans was in the same predicament, and complained loudly of the annoyance saying it would hardly have happened in the grand ducal times. It may interest some of your readers to know that the railway is now open from Florence to Orvieto.

Amongst other subjects talked of here just now, is the abrupt dismissal given by the Pope to the Russian "Charge d'Affaires," Meyendorf, on the 1st of January, when he presented himself with the other members of the diplomatic body to offer their felicitations and homage to His Holiness. On that occasion the Holy Father spoke reprehensively of the Emperor's interference with the Episcopal appointments in Poland, and made especial reference to the See of Warsaw, in which instance the excellent Ecclesiastic nominated by the Pope, was set aside by the Emperor, another individual of objectionable antecedents having been substituted in his place. Meyendorf replied that His Holiness had been misinformed as to the facts, and proceeded in an undignified tone, to observe that the Holy Father was often wrong in his estimate of persons, instancing the cases of Passaglia, once the special object of Pontifical favour, and who afterwards became an apostate, and further that of Fausti, once the Secretary of Cardinal Antonelli, and who was subsequently proved to be a traitor; whereupon His Holiness having heard these observations with manifest reluctance addressed Meyendorf in the following words: "For the Emperor, your master, I have every respect as a great Prince and Sovereign, and I am satisfied, that his Majesty never sent you to Rome to insult me. So you will instantly leave my presence." On which, the Charge d'Affaires immediately took his departure. Since then he has been re-called to Russia. I give you these particulars rather minutely, as they have been misrepresented in the English papers, and I give you the authentic version of the interview, having received it from Monsignor Talbot. Gibson, the eminent sculptor, who has

been in a moribund state for several days from an attack of paralysis, died this morning, his death having been prematurely reported in the English papers. As a successful imitator of the classical era of Grecian art, he scarcely had a rival. He bequeathed, a few months ago, £35,000 to the Royal Academy, on the condition of their allocating two rooms to the preservation of the casts of his works, a stipulation which it may be imagined was readily acceded to.

The Archbishop of Sydney is expected at Rome this evening from Naples. The Bishops of Maitland and Bathurst are still here. The foundation stone of the new church of St. Thomas of Canterbury is to be laid by His Holiness on the 6th: great preparations are being made for the occasion. Monsignor Clifford's mission to Rome, as questor for the funds of the Metropolitan Cathedral, has been eminently successful. Several Romans have contributed with a generous liberality.

Seeing that the security of life and property just now in Rome is the subject of conflicting statements, I beg to give you the particulars of an outrage perpetrated here a few nights ago, and which with some of the scribes here who cater for the English press, is sure to furnish matter for gross exaggeration. The distinguished sculptor, Mr. McDonnell, a few evenings since, while ascending one of those open staircases so common in Rome, was attacked by three ruffians, who demanded his purse; seeing his inability to resist he raised an alarm by shouting, when, fortunately, a person in a neighbouring apartment, opened a door, and the ruffians fled, not however without inflicting some slight wounds on the neck, from which Mr. McDonnell is now recovering.

ROME, Feb. 9, 1866.—The great event of the week in Rome, has been the laying of the first stone of the new church of St. Thomas of Canterbury, which took place on Tuesday morning within the precincts of the English college. It having been generally known that the Holy Father intended to mark his cordial approval of the undertaking by performing the ceremony in person; there was a very large attendance, consisting mainly of the *élite* of English Catholic, Roman, and foreign society at present in Rome. Admission was obtained by tickets, and as the accommodation was somewhat circumscribed, only a limited number of them were issued, which, with few exceptions, were most wisely confined to Catholics, as having the best claim to be present on this interesting occasion. The entrance to the college and the spacious halls through which

the Pontifical *cortège* had to pass, were most tastefully ornamented, and a profusion of evergreen leaves, the "*Verdura*," as it is called, strewn before the college gate, indicated that a "*Festa*" of more than ordinary solemnity was about to occur.

The following inscription occurred at the entrance :—"Pie IX. Pontifex Maxime Hierarchici Ordinis Apud Anglos Restitutor, Collegii Pii Auctor, Catholici Nominis in Britanniae Insulis Amplificator, Tibi Collegium N. Plaudit, Te Parentem Vocat, Te Alterum Gregorium Magnum Salutat."

In front of the place where the excavation for the foundation was made, the following epigraph was also inscribed in large characters, having been composed, as was the preceding one, by the Rev. Father Angelini, the Jesuit :—In Honorem Thomæ Episcopi Cantuariensis Martyris Pius IX. Pontifex Maximus Lapidem Auspicalem Novæ Ædis Amplioris Præ Veteri Disjecta Rerum Asperitatibus Sæculo Superiore Solemnibus Ceremoniis Posuit VIII. Id. Febr. MDCCCLXVI. Eo Consilio ut Juris Sacri Vindex Insigne Ad Posteritatis Eruditionem Monumentum Constitueretur.

His Holiness arrived about eleven o'clock, and, after a short delay, proceeded to the open space where the foundations of the new church were traced, when the ceremony immediately commenced, according to the rite of the Roman Pontifical. The Holy Father having sprinkled the holy water along the line of the foundations, the psalm, *Quam dilecta*, was entoned, after which His Holiness blessed the first stone, marking it with the sign of the cross on all sides. The Litany of the Saints was then sung, with the psalm, *Nisi Dominus*, after which various documents, with coins, and plans of the church, which were enclosed and sealed on the previous night with the Apostolic seal, were lowered into the fossa with the first stone. This latter operation having been performed by the Pope by means of a silken cord, the *Miserere* was then chanted, and the Holy Father again sprinkled the foundations, while the choir sang the *Fundamenta Ejus* and the *Letatus sum*. The ceremony concluded with the *Veni Creator Spiritus*, which was most impressively sung, many of the congregation uniting their voices with the choir. The Pope then reascended his throne, and, after a few moments, gave utterance to the following beautiful discourse :—

"England ! that country whose commerce is so celebrated ! England, a country whose manufactures are so praised ! England, whose provinces, like the outstretched members of some gigantic body, cover so great a part of the globe ! England, the queen of the sea ! Oh ! what a much nobler title had she when she

was called the land of Saints ! a title so much superior to those I have enumerated, as spirit is superior to matter, as heaven is superior to earth ! But those saints are not unmindful of their country, and amongst them that illustrious Saint to whom we are going to erect a church to-day. The great St. Thomas, Archbishop of Canterbury—who in sustaining the rights of the Church, and opposing the iniquitous designs and impiety of the great, did not hesitate to sacrifice his liberty and his life. Now, these saints are living in the bosom of God, and St. Thomas, while enjoying the *beatific* vision, has seen that he had a church at Rome, poor and unadorned, a church diminished to the proportions of a small oratory. Seeing that those walls, within which were assembled so many young Levites destined to re-fertilize that land of Saints, were too narrow, he has cried out in the language of the Prophet Isaiah, “*Angustus est mihi locus,*” and his voice has been blessed by God, and that benediction has extended to the hearts of many of the English, who will not leave this good work of piety unfinished : but while recalling the glory of St. Thomas, we must also express our admiration at the wonderful operation of grace in our day on souls in England, who in their marvellous transformation, every day excite the astonishment of the principal Church, the Church of the State—I mean the Protestant Church. This Church can well say with the Prophet, “How happens it, that there are all at once, so many children whom I have not brought forth ? for I am barren, and incapable of multiplying ?” And, in point of fact, what has been the means employed by the State Church to propagate children ? The diffusion of bibles altered, and which everyone can interpret according to his own passions and caprice.”

Here the Holy Father drew a rapid sketch of the religious desolation of England in the last three centuries, and compared it with the events which are just now taking place in another country, Italy—when priests, virgin spouses of Christ, and cenobites were despoiled, exiled, and scattered in England, and could no longer chant the praises of God in their ruined and profaned churches. “It seemed for the time,” said the Holy Father, “as if God had forgotten his children. But no ! Sooner would a mother forget her first-born than God forget his children. Accordingly, behold how churches at this moment multiply in England ! Convents, schools, and hospitals are established, missions are formed and pious foundations are laid in various parts of the country ; while numbers of favoured souls gifted with all the virtues in the natural order are embracing the true faith.

These souls return to unity and bow before authority ; and surely, if we recur not to the authority of the Church, we shall wander more and more into the densest obscurity. The authority of the Church is here, and here it must be sought." Then the Holy Father in a voice still more emphatic, and with an expression of profound emotion, delivered the following eloquent apostrophe, which those who had the happiness of hearing can never forget :—" I hail you, holy Catholic, Apostolic, Roman Church, of which I am the unworthy Vicar ! I am rejoiced to see your children spread over all parts of the habitable globe in spite of hostile powers. Oh ! Holy Church ! that all who do not know thee may take shelter under thy shadow, and that Christ, may unite them under one shepherd and one fold ! " Addressing himself then to those present, the Holy Father proceeded—" You should be as the stones of this sanctuary, spiritual stones destined to form together in faith and charity the Church of Jesus Christ. Consider yourselves happy in forming the stones of the Church militant in order that you may one day become stones of the Church triumphant ; bear patiently your trials and mortifications, those strokes of the hammer of the Divine architect ; may He in His great mercy give to these spiritual stones that shape and polish which fits them for their particular place in the edifice. I confirm these truths, and invoke the benediction of God on your souls, and those of your families, that He may increase in you the power and spirit of Catholic faith, that He may comfort you in life, and that at your last hour He may renew the abundance of His blessings so that you may enter into His presence while pronouncing His Holy Name." The Holy Father then imparted the Apostolic Benediction, and with it the indulgence of thirty years, attaching to this memorable occasion.

I shall not essay the task of describing the effect produced on all present by this truly eloquent address of Pius IX., which was spoken with much energy, and extraordinary unction ; indeed, at several passages, the Holy Father seemed much moved by the sentiments to which he was giving utterance, and it was observed by those who were fortunate enough to be near him, that his eyes were more than once bedewed with tears. After the ceremony had ended, his Holiness proceeded to the College library, where he partook of refreshments, and received the homage of the large and distinguished party there assembled. An appropriate address was read by the rector, the Very Rev. Dr.

Neve, a copy of which I will forward you for your next issue. Amongst those present on this interesting occasion, were the King and Queen of Naples. and the Count and Countess Trani, Prince and Princess Borghese, the Duchess of Sora, Prince Doria ; his Grace the Archbishop of Sydney, the Bishops of Bathurst and Maitland, the Bishop of Nova Scotia, Monsignor Hohenlohe, Monsignori Talbot and Howard, Monsignor Viteleschi, Monsignori Clifford and Stonor, Lords Mexborough and Dunkellin, Hon. Mrs. Stapleton, Hon. Mrs. Montgomery, Lady Redington, Lady Bedingfield, Mr. and Mrs. Errington, Mr. and Mrs. Hornyold, Hon. Mrs. Beaumont, &c., &c., with a very large number of French and Polish families of distinction.

[With this letter ends the Author's correspondence from Rome.]

THE LATE ARCHBISHOP LEAHY.

AMONGST the sad events by which the exceptionally severe spring of 1875, will be memorable in the annals of Ireland, will be the death of the Archbishop of Cashel, whose zealous and able administration of the Archdiocese was thus so prematurely brought to a close. At the time of the lamented occurrence, and while the public sorrow was yet at its height, obituary notices appeared in the leading public journals, and since then, on the occasion of his Grace's month's memory, his panegyric was pronounced by the gifted Dominican pulpit orator, Father Burke. In both cases, however, the sketches though ably drawn, had reference to his Grace's maturer years, and though embodying the chief events of his distinguished career, made no allusion whatever to the history of his early life, which, in the case of most illustrious men, often furnishes the most interesting materials of their biography. Having known Dr. Leahy from boyhood, being now one of the few associates of his youthful days still surviving, I could have supplied a few incidents calculated to add interest to the history of his Grace's brilliant ecclesiastical career. The talents which Dr. Leahy evinced in youth, foreshadowing as they did the distinction which marked his future career, were not only pre-eminent in degree, but were, moreover of that versatile order, which satisfied those friends who best knew him, that had he followed a secular instead of a clerical vocation his success in life would have been equally remarkable.

In proof of this, I may select from a few other cherished episodes of bygone days still lingering in memory the following reminiscence: While Dr. Leahy was yet a youth, private theatricals were got up in his native town, in which he performed one of the *dramatis personæ*. The play selected for the occasion was Goldsmith's celebrated comedy, "She stoops to conquer." * In the distribution of parts, that of "Tony Lumpkin," an essentially humorous role, and one of most difficult impersonation, was assigned to Dr. Leahy. The writer

* A play illustrative of country life among the Squirearchy in England in the days of Queen Anne, and the Georges.

of this memoir, then his Grace's junior by some years, undertook a female character, that of "Miss Neville," his transformation into the form of a blushing nymph having been accomplished by the plastic agency of a dear sister's hand, aided by her wardrobe. The performance took place in a spacious room which, at the same time, served as the Town Hall, and the Quarter Sessions Court. The "mise-en-scene," as theatrical critics say, was excellent, at all events beyond all expectation, considering that the scenery, stage accessories, and entire "get up" was an "improvisation," and had the illustrious author of the *Deserted Village* himself been present, he would not have looked with disfavour at this juvenile interpretation of his immortal comedy. The audience, which consisted of the principal inhabitants, the "bourgeoisie," was numerous, the acting, except in one or two instances where, from defect of memory, the prompter's aid was but too obviously needed, was excellent, and from time to time elicited marks of approbation, but the impersonation of "Tony Lumpkin" was, *par excellence*, the gem of the performance. From the very first Dr. Leahy seemed to have caught up the spirit of attaching humour to the part he had undertaken, and each time that he came on the stage he was received with uproarious applause, his genuine drollery occasionally exciting bursts of convulsive laughter. On the conclusion of the performance he was vociferously called for, and on appearing on the stage, greeted with repeated sounds of cheering. The laurels, however, with which he was crowned on this occasion, and the *prestige* he acquired on this momentary assumption of the buskin, joined to the aptitude which in other respects he displayed for secular pursuits never led his friends to suppose that he ever vacillated in his vocation to the sacred ministry to which his studies and regular habits, his grave though affable demeanour, and above all his exemplary and unostentatious piety ever pointed.

During his collegiate course at Maynooth, marked as it was by distinguished academic honours, he endeared himself to his fellow-students by his amiability and cheerfulness. Such of his Grace's contemporaries, and especially his diocesans, as still survive, cannot but hold in abiding remembrance those hours of *post prandial* recreation, when in the fine afternoons it was the invariable practice of the students to make the entire circuit of the college grounds, Dr. Leahy contributed to the general hilarity of his party or *camarata* by an amusing but never-sarcastic jest, an interesting anecdote, and not unfrequently by

the charms of his fine tenor, in the form of a national melody, or an old Scottish ballad, of which music he was an admirer. These little episodes of college life are the more cherished objects of retrospect to the writer, from the fact that, though destined himself for a secular position in after life, he was at the time referred to an actor in those well remembered scenes, and in reference to them can truly say—*quarum magna pars fui*.

Appointed soon after his ordination to a curacy in the parish of Knocklong, on the extreme southern limit of the archdiocese, he passed nearly two years in this rural mission, where he could have very little in the way of congenial society. The intervals, however, of missionary duty were, as the writer has since learned, devoted to study, and His Grace not unfrequently beguiled his lonely hours by playing on the flute, on which he was no mean performer. Recalled by the late Archbishop Slattery, who fully appreciated his abilities and erudition, Dr. Leahy was then appointed Vice-Rector of the Diocesan College of Thurles, just then opened, and here, as Professor of Theology and Classics, Dr. Leahy remained for several years, and in co-operating with its then rector, the Rev. Dr. O'Connor, was mainly instrumental in establishing that fine college on a solid basis.

In the early part of his residence in that institution, an incident occurred, to which I can hardly avoid adverting, as illustrating the position which Dr. Leahy, though still a young ecclesiastic, held in public estimation. At the period to which I refer, 1833, the late Richard Lalor Sheil represented the county Tipperary in Parliament. His residence being in the neighbourhood of Thurles, the leading members of his constituency wishing to pay him a tribute of respect in recognition of his public services, invited him to a banquet in that town. More than a hundred of the leading Liberals of the county, some of the aristocracy, and a large number of the clergy assembled on the occasion. Amongst the toasts proposed was that of the Archbishop, of whom it was known that he was the intimate friend of the Bishop of Kildare and Leighlin, the illustrious J. K. L., whose life has been written by the gifted author of the "Sham Squire." The attachment between the two bishops, of which Dr. Doyle gave proof by coming to visit Dr. Slattery on more than one occasion, originated some years previously in Carlow College, where both were contemporary professors.

In proposing Dr. Slattery's health, the speaker alluded in emphatic terms to the friendship existing between the two

bishops. For the response to the toast a general call was made on Dr. Leahy, who, though young in the ministry, was already known as an accomplished orator. The reply, uttered with his usually impressive enunciation, was singularly effective, and the writer especially remembers the enthusiastic cheering evoked by his eloquent allusion to the friendship of the two bishops. The passage, as far as the writer can venture to reproduce it after such a lapse of time, was nearly to the following effect :—" It is true that a close and enduring attachment, founded on the solid basis of mutual appreciation and esteem, exists between the two bishops, and as Dr. Slattery shared in the friendship, so did he partake of, and still continue to cherish, the patriotism of the immortal Bishops of Kildare and Leighlin."

Mr. Sheil entertained the highest opinion of Dr. Leahy's abilities, always anticipating for him a distinguished ecclesiastical career.

Mr. Sheil ended his days as British Minister at the Court of Tuscany.

The writer, who was then at Florence, remembers how in a conversation with his Excellency, a few days before his death, in which Dr. Leahy's name happened to be mentioned, Mr. Sheil observed, that when Dr. Leahy's ecclesiastical career culminated, as it was sure to do, in the "Mitre," and "Pallium," he would be another edition of Fenelon or a Francis de Sales.

Father Burke's eloquent sketch of Dr. Leahy's public career, beginning with his appointment as Secretary to the Synod of Thurles, in which capacity he showed such erudition and acquaintance with Canon Law, describing the important aid he subsequently rendered to his illustrious colleague, Dr. Newman, when as Vice-President of the Catholic University, he contributed, by his profound Scriptural expositions, to place that institution on a solid basis, and ending with his Grace's appearance at the Vatican Council, was so complete and exhaustive as to leave nothing to add. I cannot, however, conclude this "In Memoriam" tribute to the illustrious Archbishop, without adverting to the fact that the great monuments of his zeal and energy will be furnished by his native town in the splendid cathedral he erected, in the fine college which he was the great instrument in establishing, and last of all in the restoration of the Ursuline community which, having existed in the town for three quarters of a century, was from unforeseen and uncontrollable causes, falling into ruin, when his Grace became its protector, and by his great exertions and influential

appeals on its behalf, not only saved it from perishing, but so completely re-established it, that with its nearly altogether new and accomplished community, its fine buildings, and spacious enclosure, it forms one of the most flourishing conventual seminaries in the three kingdoms. Surrounded then, as the lamented Archbishop's mortal remains are, by so many external and material evidences of his indomitable energy and zeal, no more appropriate epitaph could be used in reference to his Grace than that of the great architect of St. Paul's,

"*Si monumentum queris circumspecte.*"

When adverting to the histrionic ability displayed by his Grace on occasion of the "amateur" performance I should have added that amongst the amusing scenes of the comedy, was one in which was represented, the bar-room of a country tavern, with Tony Lumkin, and his boon companions sitting round a table, and enjoying their orgies over a pot of ale; amongst the bacchanalian songs sung on the occasion, was one, in which the subjoined "stanza" occurred—

From Scotland when swaddlers come down
A preaching that drinking is sinful,
I'd wager the rascals a crown
They always preach best with a skinful.

It would indeed have implied something bordering on superhuman prescience to have recognised in the vocalist on this occasion, and the chief personage in this drinking scene, the future Archbishop who, in after years, as an apostle of temperance, waged war against drunkenness, and by his effective and energetic measures so completely suppressed the twin vices of inebriety and faction-fighting in his diocese.

The reference I made to his Grace's distinguished academic career at Maynooth may not be inopportunistically supplemented by the following remarks. The class to which Dr. Leahy belonged numbered amongst its members several men who, in after life, acquired renown in their respective spheres, and in point of fact, was considered one of the most talented that ever passed through the college. The force of this observation will be best appreciated by giving the names of a few individuals who sat on the same forms with Dr. Leahy, and when the writer mentions amongst others the names of the late Archbishop of St. Louis in the United States, Dr. Peter Kenrick: the late Bishop of Clonfert, Dr. Derry; the learned Jesuit Father, Dr. O'Reilly, and though last not the least in the phalanx, of the

present erudite and accomplished president of the college, Dr. Russell, the reader will see what formidable antagonists the late Archbishop had to contend with in those "Isthmian Games" of intellectual encounter.

Respecting the timely and invaluable services rendered by His Grace to the Ursuline Convent of Thurles, a subject, by the way, of more interest to the writer from the fact that he once had two sisters in the community, he may mention, that having been originally an offshoot from the house of the same order in Cork, and established in Thurles in 1805 by the late Mrs. Tobin, it enjoyed for half-a-century a prosperous career, having been regarded as one of the chief seminaries for the education of Catholic ladies, having also once numbered in its sisterhood the historiographer of Ireland, the gifted Miss Young, one of a family of saints, and the sister of that extraordinary man, Father Young, whose life has lately issued from the prolific pen of the clever Kenmare Nun, Miss Cusack.

Owing, however, to unforeseen and uncontrollable causes, mainly connected with the effects of the "Famine Year" on the social condition of Ireland, the school fell off, and the resources of the good sisterhood became so reduced, that after a period of suffering and privation, it became a question of replacing the remnant of the old community by nuns of a different order. Negotiations indeed to that effect had so far progressed, that the late Mrs. Ball, of the Loretto Convent, Rathfarnham, arrived at Thurles with an escort of nuns destined to form the "nucleus" of the new community. It was at this period that Dr. Leahy came to their aid, and putting his shoulder to the wheel, not only got the old community out of their difficulties, but, by patronage, active appeals, and influential interference on their behalf induced several ladies of position, accomplishments, and fortune, to join the community, which now enjoys a prosperity it had never known in its best days, being regarded as second to no other similar institution in Ireland.

CATHOLICITY IN NORTH WALES.

RHYL, Sept. 25, 1865.—All human enjoyments are destined to end, and our season, which the fine weather this year contributed to prolong beyond its ordinary limit, is now drawing to a close. Our spacious Marine-parade, on which some days ago valetudinarians and pleasure-seekers of all ages promenaded in countless numbers, to quaff the sea breezes and lay up a stock of health for future requirements, begins to assume its usual quiet aspect. Even the bathing machines, a few days since in general requisition during the hours of high water, now lie for the most part tenantless on the shore. Occasionally a monster train arrives to deluge for the nonce our streets with its living freight, the excursionists (in most instances inlanders), immediately directing their steps to the shore, to open their eyes for the first time on the wonders of Neptune, and, if during low water, to stroll over our magnificent expanse of sands. A few weeks later and even these ephemeral visitors will have vanished.

The Bishop of Shrewsbury arrived here on Wednesday, and having visited our worthy Pastor, the Rev. Father Wynne, S.J., proceeded in the afternoon to the Jesuits' College of St. Beuno, near St. Asaph. The object of his Lordship's visit was to confer Holy Orders on some of the students. On Friday and Saturday nine received Deaconship and Sub-Deaconship, and on Sunday eight were raised to the Order of Priesthood. Two of the latter (Frenchmen) are destined to sow the seeds of the Gospel in distant parts of the globe—one in China, the other in India. The ceremony took place at ten o'clock in the College Chapel, which being small was densely crowded, several friends of the newly-ordained, and some families from Rhyl and the neighbourhood having also attended.

The ceremony, at all times impressive, acquired additional solemnity, from the manner in which it was performed by the Bishop, who is considered one of the first Rubricians amongst the Hierarchy. Before commencing, his Lordship delivered a moving address on the duties and responsibility of the Priesthood. The discourse was most feelingly delivered, and sensibly affected the audience. In the afternoon the Sacrament of Con-

firmation was administered to about twenty of the youths of the neighbourhood.

Faithful to the hospitable traditions of his Order, the Superior, Father Seed, after the morning function, entertained the strangers in the guest-room to a sumptuous and substantial repast, to which the keen air of the Welsh mountains imparted a more than ordinary relish.

I had not long taken my seat at table when I perceived that one of my neighbours was a gentleman who to more than ordinary intelligence united an extreme urbanity and dignity of manner, circumstances which lessened my surprise on its transpiring in the course of conversation that he had been a *ci-devant* Oxford divine, and the parent of one of the newly-ordained priests. His incidental mention of his conversion, interested me the more from the fact that, under Heaven, it was brought about, as he said, by the providential intervention of a priest of my acquaintance whom I had not seen for years, but in whose missionary career I always entertained a deep interest. Pleased to find that I was a friend of the good ecclesiastic to whom he owed so much, Mr. L., as I shall designate him, proceeded to narrate some remarkable events in his life, which made a deep impression on me at the time, and which, notwithstanding the lapse of years, I feel confident, the reader would deem it of sufficient interest to justify their reproduction.

With a view, however, to their proper appreciation, it will be necessary to go back a few years, viz., to that of 1840. In that year the writer happened to have been staying at Oscott College, of which at the time Cardinal Wiseman was president. The college always remarkable for its hospitality, was especially so during his Eminence's administrations, and was seldom without visitors, in most instances, composed of former *alumni* who came back at intervals to revisit their *alma mater* and refresh the recollections of their student days.

Amongst the strangers there arrived one day a young gentleman, of whom through his appearance with his having attained puberty, it could not be said that he had yet developed into fully grown manhood. With singularly refined and unaffected manners, his delicate but expressive features, joined to a slender though well-proportioned figure, implied that his *physique* was not cast in the strongest mould. With the drawback, however, of a constitution apparently not the most robust, his natural endowments both of mind and body, added to aristocracy of birth (for he belonged to an ancient Catholic

family), rendered his case pre-eminently one in which success in a secular career was almost morally certain. During his stay at the college, he and the writer were frequent companions, and in the confidence to which our intercourse soon led he told me, that about a year previously he had commenced life by accepting the appointment of an "Attaché" to the English Embassy in Paris. The reader need not be told that in such a position he was furnished with every opportunity for social enjoyment, and that while the days were passed in the discharge of duties of a not over-burdensome kind, scarcely an evening occurred without a grand ball or some festive assemblage in which the mingled attractions of music, dancing, and feasting, and I may add, of beauty, were employed to satisfy the aspirations of the votaries of fashion. Being, moreover, in constant *rapport* with the *élite* of Parisian society, it may naturally be supposed that at his age, with its capabilities of fruition, life should present itself to him under the aspect of an inexhaustible charm. Yet it was not so. Young Mr. H. was not happy, and feeling that his position midst the brilliant frivolities of Parisian life was not such as to satisfy the longings of an immortal soul, he resolved on relinquishing it. Whether the moral reflections which led to this important step, originated, as not unfrequently happens, in any particular and suggestive incident, such as is recorded in the life of St. Francis Borgia, the writer is not aware, but having formed his resolution, he lost no time in carrying it out, and though a week only had passed since his departure from the embassy, he told the writer he had already decided to study for the priesthood.

Having devoted some days to a course of spiritual exercises he left Oscott, intending to prosecute his studies in a foreign college, a resolution which he immediately carried into effect, his subsequent career being, as the reader can imagine, a subject of some interest to the writer. After completing his studies, and receiving ordination, he entered on the duties of the ministry in England, though from time to time obliged from ill-health to seek temporary repose. In his latter years he acted as Chaplain to the Nuns of the Good Shepherd at Hammersmith to whom he rendered invaluable services.

Having digressed so far in order to advert to a few of the leading features in the history of this good priest, I beg to return to Mr. L., who, in our subsequent conversation at the *déjeuné*, mentioned the following interesting and remarkable incident in the life of his clerical friend. The night before he

left the embassy there was a grand ball at which were assembled all the *élite* of Parisian society. The *fête* was one of the most brilliant of the season, and the dancing wound up as usual with a "Cotillon" in which Mr. H——e, had as partner an English lady one of the *belles* of the season. The future priest was one of the gayest of the company, and having completed his engagement in the dance, took leave of his partner without making the slightest allusion to its being his last appearance in the ranks of the votaries of Terpsicore.

Years passed by, and the Rev. gentleman having entered on his missionary career, was more than once obliged to withdraw from active duty from delicate health. On one of those occasions he came to London, and during his stay, went one day to visit Hampton Court Park; the apartments in the palace of which, as is well-known, being assigned by the Queen to such families of the aristocracy to whom the item of house rent would be a consideration.

Accompanied by a friend the Rev. Mr. H——e, was walking in the grounds of the Palace, when they met an elderly invalid lady known to his friend, whom she immediately addressed and stopped to speak with. Seated as she was in a bath chair, she exchanged glances with the Rev. Mr. H——e, and great was her surprise on recognising her former partner in the "Cotillon" at the embassy. The surprise and the recognition was mutual.

In the interview which followed, references were made to past events, and the lady particularly alluded to that of his abrupt departure from the embassy, a step which at the time, she said, occasioned much surprise and regret to all his friends, adding that it seemed the more strange and incomprehensible to them on its becoming known that his object in thus withdrawing from the gaieties and enjoyments of life, was to become a Roman Catholic priest.

Having listened for some moments to her remarks and comments, he replied that the step which he had taken, and which she so much condemned, was not made from mere impulse, but was the result of long thought and reflection, that it was true that in adopting such a course he had given up the gaieties and conventional pursuits of the fashionable world, but only with a view of benefiting his fellow-man in the more useful calling and in discharge of the duties of the sacred ministry, which, as far as his health permitted, he had endeavoured to perform, and that, though now incapacitated for active work and possibly obliged in his declining years to seek repose, he had

nevertheless the consolation of feeling that his career was not altogether profitless to others; and then retorting on his lady friend he demanded what she, who remained in society frittering away her hours in the pursuit of pleasure, had to sustain her as a poor invalid in the decline of life.

The reader can well imagine on which side the advantage lay in this comparison of the respective careers of the two parties. That of the good priest ended some two years ago, while yet chaplain to the Convent at Hammersmith.

St. Beuno's just now contains about forty inmates, but is capable of accommodating more. It is a noble, massive structure erected about twenty years since by the Jesuit Fathers. Its position is truly grand and imposing. Situated on a hill about three miles above and to the eastward of St. Asaph, (from which it is reached by a gradual ascent), it commands a magnificent prospect over the far-famed Vale of Denbigh. The establishment of St. Beuno's may be said to have formed an epoch in the annals of religion in North Wales, as for three centuries previously the entire seaboard from Mostyn to Bangor, (sixty miles) with the whole of that inland country southward of that line, except Denbigh, was in an utter state of religious destitution. Scarcely, however, had the Jesuit Fathers erected their fine college on this isolated and romantic site, when the missions of St. Asaph and Rhyl were formed, their respective congregations forming at first but a small nucleus, but increasing beyond the expectations of the founders. In the latter locality, so attractive from the salubrity of its climate, its beautiful sands, and its proximity to so many places of interest in North Wales, a tiny building which, till lately served alternately as a school-house and place of worship, has, within the last two years, been supplanted by a much admired and commodious structure in the Oriental or Byzantine style of architecture. The expenses of erection, have been mainly, if not altogether, borne by the community at St. Beuno's, aided by the good pastor who had already forwarded the interests of the Rhyl mission on more than one occasion. Additional attractiveness is imparted to the services in this new church by a fine organ, the funds for the purchase of which also resulted from the same source. The church, which is capable of accommodating from 400 to 500, is, however, still unfinished, and for its completion the Rev. Father has to depend on the generous piety of summer visitors. Being himself a Welshman of one of the oldest families in the principality, and, moreover, an Oxford Convert, he is pre-eminently the "right

man in the right place." It is, therefore, no exaggeration to say that much may be hoped for from his zealous and watchful administration. While adverting to the religious progress of Rhyl, it would be an unpardonable omission not to notice the fact of the establishment within the last two years of a Convent of Dominican Nuns,* an offshoot from that of Stone, in Staffordshire. Their institute embraces the two objects of the education of the poor as well as the wealthier classes. The community have an excellent position in a large and handsome villa on the outskirts of the town. The writer of this passing notice may further add (and he is qualified to express an opinion), that in the case of delicate children requiring the tonic effect of a marine atmosphere no more eligible locality could be chosen, while their moral and intellectual training may be well entrusted to the good Sisterhood. With the public in general, and more especially the more independent classes, Llandudno,† near the Great Ormshead, is a formidable rival of Rhyl, attracting by the romantic character of its scenery and the boldness of its cliffs, and, moreover, furnishing to the lovers of natural science so many subjects for agreeable investigation in the variety of its floral and its interesting geological features. For the Catholic visitor, however, it labours under the disadvantage of having neither priest nor chapel. This want was accidentally supplied for a couple of months in the early part of the present season by the visit of the Ex-Bishop of the Mauritius, Dr. Collier. May we hope that at some future and not distant period some wealthy and pious Catholic will employ a portion of his redundant means in establishing a mission in that most charming of Cambria's lovely sites.

* These good nuns, I regret to say, not having met with the patronage they expected, have since the above was written returned to the parent house at Stone, in Staffordshire.

† Llandudno for the last few years has had a resident priest, the mission being established on a permanent footing, but the tiny church and the accommodation for the priest are still inconveniently small.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A VISIT TO PANTASAPH ON THE FESTIVAL OF ST. FRANCIS.

RHYL, 1865.—When addressing you some days ago, regarding the doings at St. Beuno's, I did not suppose I should so soon have to make a further call on your courtesy. I have now to ask a similar favour on a similar subject; I allude to the functions by which the festival of St. Francis on the 4th of Oct., was celebrated at the Church of the Capuchin Fathers at Pantasaph. Having been invited to form one of a party who had arranged to be present on the occasion I the more readily acceded to the proposal, as among the features in the programme was that of the blessing of three large bells just presented to the church, a ceremony which, notwithstanding my long residence at Rome, I had never witnessed.

Owing to the distance of the monastery, 16 miles, and the time at which the functions were advertised to begin (10 o'clock) we had to set out at an early hour, and as the morning was exceptionally fine, with every appearance of continuing so, we could not at the moment of starting avoid interchanging congratulations at the prospect of a day of more than ordinary enjoyment. For the first few miles our route was across the far-famed vale of Denbigh, passing by a succession of rich pasturages, studded with elms, oaks, and other noble forest trees, whose changing foliage at this season, so suggestive of solemn thought, gave evidence in its deep yellow, and russet tints of the far-advance of autumn.

As we drove along, pretty road-side cottages met the eye at short intervals, each with its nicely arranged garden in front, and its trelliced windows shrouded with roses, and other flowers, thereby indicating the good taste of the occupants. Having passed the picturesque and ancient little town of Rhyddland with its venerable old castle, with which the memories of Edward I. and Prince Llewellyn are so intimately associated, we soon found ourselves at the bottom of the lofty hill of Tallaghgoch in which the valuable lead mines are situated. Some twenty

minutes of slow ascent brought us to the top the view from which was truly magnificent extending to the Great Ormshead on one side, and the Channel on the other, as far as the mouth of the Dee and a portion of Cheshire. Shortly after we had reached the summit, the leader of our party (a famous archæologist) called our attention to an enormous "tumulus" on the left, one of the numerous memorials of the Roman occupation. This large mound was excavated some years ago, and furnished many interesting relics to the private collections of the gentry, in the shape of spears, and other instruments of war, besides personal ornaments of various kinds in gold. The same gentleman pointed out several localities on the route, with which interesting traditions of the Catholic days of Wales were connected.

As we came in sight of the Monastery in its sequestered position, its walls extending along the gentle slope of a hill, by which it is protected on the north, I was led for a moment to fancy myself in Catholic Italy. The delusion, however, was soon dispelled on looking upwards, for, notwithstanding the exceptional clearness of the day the grey tint of the overhanging atmosphere was but a very faint reflex of the deep and unspeckled azure firmament with which similar sanctuaries are canopied in that sunny land. On entering the Church, which, with the Monastery, is in the Gothic style, we perceived the preparations for the approaching ceremony in the shape of three lofty triangles erected in front of the chancel, from the apices of which were suspended the bells destined for consecration. Soon after a procession entered the church, composed of the choir, the Capuchin Fathers, several Priests from the neighbouring missions, and finally the Bishop of Shrewsbury. After a preparatory prayer, his Lordship having been conducted to a throne and assumed his crozier, delivered a discourse explanatory of the ceremony about to take place. Having shown how it was the practice of the Church from the earliest ages to consecrate by a special benediction the various instruments employed in her offices, such as chalices, ciboriums, and bells, his Lordship proceeded to explain the different spiritual ends to which bells are made to minister.

In this passing notice it would be difficult to do more than advert to the general scope of this lucid address, which was listened to with profound attention by all present, and which was spoken with his Lordship's usual clear and impressive enunciation. An antiphon was then entoned by the choir,

accompanied by the organ, after which several psalms appropriate to the occasion having been chanted, the Bishop having incensed the bells, proceeded to perform the ceremony of consecration, the form of which consisted in the imposition of the holy chrism or oil on each in the form of a cross, his Lordship at the same time repeating the formula of Benediction, and assigning to each bell the name of a saint. One having received the name of St. Jacobus (James,) the surname of the Bishop ; another that of St. Francis, after the great founder of the order ; and the third, the largest, bell of the peal, that of St. Rodolph, a Saxon, whose name commencing with the Hapsburg dynasty, can be often traced in the illustrious lineage of the noble donor.* The bells were to have been hoisted to their position in the belfry on the following day, so that ere these lines are in print, the chimes of "Angelus," after a silence of 300 years, will again have been heard over the hills and dales once hollowed by the footsteps of St. Winifred. After the ceremony we were conducted by one of the Fathers over the interior of the Monastery, and had an opportunity of admiring the spacious cloisters, its numerous cells, refectory, and library, and were much impressed with the system and order evidenced in all the arrangements. The adjoining grounds have also assumed a new aspect under the hands of the industrious lay brothers, a fact which is fully appreciated by their dissenting neighbours, the Welsh farmers, notwithstanding their want of sympathy with the spirit and objects of the Order. It is scarcely necessary to add that, since the establishment of the Monastery twelve years ago, conversions have been wrought in the vicinity.

As auxiliaries to the Fathers, a Convent of Sisters of Charity, of the Order of our Lady of Mercy, from Holland, exists at a short distance from the Monastery, under the patronage of the Bishop. Besides devoting themselves to the instruction of the poor, these good Sisters have opened an asylum for orphans. The number at first received was twelve. It has, however, gradually increased, and at present there are thirty-three in the Orphanage. Considering the paucity of their funds, and their limited accommodation, it is difficult to conceive how they have been able to realise such results. It is true that they have been accomplished by no small amount of privation on the part of the Sisterhood, who, with their little *protégés*, occupy a small building apparently insufficient for half the number.

* The Earl of Denbigh.

That they have economised the space, however, no less than the funds at their disposal without prejudice to the children, is evident from the healthy and happy looks of the latter on the occasion of our visit, which was made in company with the Bishop and Sir Pyers Mostyn. The latter gentleman, from his residence in the neighbourhood, having been aware of the difficulties the Nuns had to contend with, expressed himself much surprised at the results which he witnessed. This imperfect notice of these self-sacrificing benefactresses of humanity, will not be written in vain, if it enlist in their behalf the sympathy and support of some individual, either Catholic or Protestant, whom Providence may have blessed with a superfluity of means.

If there be any truth in the adage that, "*qui cito dat, bis dat*," a double merit will surely attach to a donation given to this deserving and struggling institution. It is a remarkable fact that in the school of the asylum there are 130 children of the neighbouring Dissenting Welsh farmers, who while permitting their children to receive instruction there, and be taught the Catholic Catechism, will not permit them to go to Mass, or to be present at any of the divine offices. The conditions of entrance to the asylum are three-fold. 1st. The children must at least be three years old, and have lost one or both parents. 2nd. They must pay a pension of £10 a year, and an entrance of two guineas, to provide a uniform and the clothing required by the house; a quarter's salary will be required in advance. The children will be instructed in religion, in reading, and writing, and arithmetic, in plain sewing and knitting, and will be taught all kinds of household work suited to their future condition in life. Five children are at present received gratis. This number will be increased as the circumstances of the house admit. The Sisters cherish a hope that their present small premises will with the aid of kind friends be ere long replaced by a larger building. Returning to the Monastery, we were conducted by Father Seraphim to the refectory, where the Rev. Fathers afforded us a practical demonstration, in the shape of a sumptuous repast, that religious asceticism is by no means incompatible with a generous hospitality. When we took our departure the shades of evening were gathering over the landscape, and as we turned our backs to the Monastery in its sweet seclusion, I could not avoid reverting in thought to the Catholic days of England; and I felt myself almost unconsciously repeating the lines of an Anglican in whose poetic effusions they have been so happily portrayed:—

Oh ! the good old days of England, ere in her evil day !
From her Holy Faith and ancient Rites her people fell away,
When her gentlemen had hands to give and her yeomen hearts to feel,
And they built up many a bead house, but never a Bastille.

Since the period at which the preceding sketch was drawn, both the institutions to which it refers, have undergone notable improvements. To the Monastery building no addition has been made, having been originally constructed on such a scale as to satisfy any probable requirements of the community for years to come, but on the grounds alterations have been made and features superadded which impart a new aspect to the locality. Thus some years ago a solid wall seven feet in height and half-a-mile in circumference was built, encompassing the grounds and securing at the same time the privacy and seclusion of the community. Then on the summit of the wooded hill has been erected a colossal cross which forms a conspicuous object over a considerable extent of North Wales, being moreover visible to vessels in the Channel between the Great Ormshead and the mouth of the Dee. A portion of the mountain has also been converted into a calvary, or *via crucis*, by means of a succession of zig-zag ascents, on which at each station are small chapels. The erection of these little oratories has been undertaken by individuals, some of whom belong to the congregation while, in several instances, the construction has been at the expense of visitors who though coming from a distance yet wished to mark their gratitude for the spiritual favours obtained on the occasion of their pilgrimage to Pantasaph by these sacred and endearing memorials. Each bears the name of the individual at whose cost it has been erected, the first having that of the exemplary patrons of the locality, viz., the Earl and Countess of Denbigh.

On the summit of the mountain and not far from the Cross, an Oratory has been built, in which Masses are occasionally celebrated. This "Via Crucis," ascending as it does through the fir plantations, which each year are attaining a greater height, and enjoying so commanding a view over an extensive and picturesque tract of North Wales, reminds one in many respects of Notre Dame de Fourvieres, the celebrated Calvary of Lyons. There being nothing comparable to it in England, it naturally forms one of the other great attractions of the Monastery. It was formally opened on the Third of July, on the Sunday succeeding the Festival of the Portiuncula, on which occasion there was a very large attendance, to which Liverpool, Manchester, and other more distant towns contributed

a large proportion. Since then, scarcely a day passes without the arrival of parties coming to perform the pious devotion of the Passion. Just now the good Fathers contemplate superadding another attractive feature to the exterior aspect of the Monastery grounds by the erection of a *scala santa*, a fac-simile of that at Rome, the latter consisting of the identical steps or stairs 28 in number by which our Lord ascended to Pilate's house. The ascent which is made on the knees, a *Pater* and *Ave* being said on each step, forms a favourite devotion with the faithful at Rome, a special indulgence being attached to it. It is intended to erect it in the vicinity of the *via crucis*, and already several individuals wishing to evince their appreciation of this edifying mode of commemorating the Passion of our Lord, have intimated their wish to contribute to the expense of the construction.

In the case of the convent and orphanage to both of which a sketch was also made in the account of his visit, now seven years ago, the writer is happy to add that most important improvements have been wrought; instead of the small and inconvenient cottages in which the sisterhood with their little *protégés* formerly contrived to live, the community now occupy a spacious and imposing building erected some four years ago at a considerable cost, which, besides affording accommodation to the sisterhood, and their young ladies, their *personnaires*, now over 30 in number, refectories and infirmary, dormitories, &c., on the ground floor contains a large room of such size as to admit of its being used as a temporary chapel, and recreation apartments; while in the rear extends a commodious building devoted to the school and the other requirements of the orphanage, in which the number of inmates at present exceeds 100. The grounds of the institution have all undergone a great improvement, especially the pretty garden through which the visitor enters. The Rev. Mother under whose watchful and clever supervision such progress has been made, would seem to possess the energy and zeal of other members of her family, being sister of the celebrated Dutch Jesuit Missioner, Father Smarius, the great evangelist of the Oregon territory. She has recently returned from America, whither she went in the autumn of last year to make a visitation of certain houses of her Order in the United States, and which were founded in that country through her instrumentality.

The services in the Monastery Church are rendered most attractive by the music, both vocal and instrumental.

In the choir are some admirable voices, furnished by both the children of the orphanage, and the young ladies of the school, all under the training of a gifted sister who presides at the organ. It is not to be wondered at that, notwithstanding its sequestered position, the High Mass and Vespers at Pantasaph should attract so many strangers, both Catholic as well as Protestant, and though it be true that in the immediate neighbourhood few conversions have as yet been made, yet owing to the wide reputation which this Cambrian Sanctuary has obtained, not a day passes at all seasons of course, but more especially in summer, without visitants both laics and ecclesiastics from all parts of the three kingdoms, coming to go through their spiritual exercises, and pay the tribute of their devotion to St. Francis

DATES OF THE FOUNDATIONS AT PANTASAPH.

(FURNISHED BY ONE OF THE FATHERS.)

PANTASAPH, 1875.—Church opened October, 1852.

Erected for a Protestant Church but handed over to the Bishop of Shrewsbury on completion. Cardinal Manning preached the sermon for the laying of the foundation stone—then *Archdeacon Manning*.

Capuchins came in 1852 and took charge of the Mission, living in what was to have been the Parsonage till the completion of Monastery in 1866.

OCTOBER, 1866.—Novitiate opened (first in England) at Pantasaph. Twelve priests already the fruit of the Novitiate, and ten now in course of training.

SEPTEMBER, 1873.—England constituted a province, the Very Rev. Father Cherubim being the first provincial. The strict observance now kept, and staff of Fathers to give missions, which is the great work of the Order.

1875.—A part of the Monastery up to this untenantable, with much expense converted into a Novitiate with every accommodation.

1875.—Stations of the Cross on the mountain erected. A source of great attraction, which, with facilities for ladies and gentlemen to make private retreats, renders Pantasaph a desirable residence for such as have an opportunity of seeking a change. Community—eight Fathers, five Lay Brothers, and twelve Novices.

Sisters from Tilbury, in Holland, came September, 1861; began with three children and three sisters in a small cottage.

1869.—Built a large convent and girls' orphanage; community present, 26; orphans, 102; and in the old part have arranged for a boarding school, 23 attending; now building a large day school.

AN INCIDENT IN COTTAGE LIFE.

REVERSING the order of Virgil's famous bucolic, instead of invoking the Muses and singing an *Io Triumphe*, on the dawn of a new era over the triumphs which science divorced from religion, and discarding the Mosaic cosmogony has accomplished in primordial discovery, let me call the attention of the reader to an humbler theme, the *arbusto* and *humiles myristice* of domestic life, in the shape of a bereavement which our little *ménage* has recently undergone in the loss of one of its most useful inmates—I allude to our donkey, which has paid the debt of nature after a few hours illness. Now, though living specimens of this *genus* are common enough, being especially familiar in the biped form to such of my readers as enjoy an extended intercourse with society, it is a singular and curious fact that, whether as in the case of the "feathered tribe" in their moribund state, they seek solitude and seclusion, a dead donkey very rarely falls under observation, as it has in this case happened to the writer for the first time, the reader will then pardon him if he makes a passing allusion to some of the antecedents of his defunct friend.

"Duke," for such was his cognomen, though not a desirable individual to have to do with when there was a question of expedition, rendered nevertheless very important services in the household as load carrier or "Somarello" as he is called in Italy.

He was quiet and submissive, seldom exhibiting the recalcitrant propensities distinctive of his race, except on occasion of over-stimulation or other unfair treatment. The very unmusical vocalization habitual with his congeners, and which often so disagreeably awakes the echoes of a neighbourhood, were only heard at long intervals, and even then unaccompanied with those prolonged nasal cadences by which the *finale* is usually spun out.

Unlike O'Connell's famous quadruped, of which the bardic lines of the Shan Van Voth record—

That O'Connell had an ass
That would let none pass,
But such as go to Mass,

"Duke" had no turn for polemics and though he bore the emblem of redemption on his shoulders would at any time have given up a text of Scripture for a wisp of hay. His remains are now in process of decomposition, but according to modern theories they may again appear in the shape of some future Darwin or Tyndall to champion for materialism, and sustain the "assinine" phase in the progressive development of the human race.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A "GARLAND" OR "CROWN OF HONOUR" WREATHED BY A HOSTILE HAND.

[The following testimony regarding the Catholic clergy in Germany, and proceeding from a Lutheran minister, deserves to be translated into English. It appeared first in the "Deutsche Landeszeitung," from which it has been copied in a great number of other journals, as well in France as in Germany.]

GREGORY VII. knew what he was doing when, with inexorable strictness, he enforced in the Roman Church the celibacy of the clergy, as prescribed by the ancient canons. The Roman Church is essentially militant, and it is in the nature of things that the clergy should fight in the foremost ranks. How far those warriors, attached to life by no ties of wives or children, excelled their married *confrères* in courage and contempt of death is sufficiently known. A glance at the Roman clergy of the present day shows how well Gregory knew the nature of the Church, and what a correct estimate he made of it. The army of the Roman clergy is an army of heroes. They conduct the battle forced on them by the present state of the world with a fire worthy of the ancient Roman legions. The world looks with astonishment at these men, whom no power can move to do anything contrary to the ordinances of their Church. They undergo deprivation of office and of the means of living; they suffer their household goods to be distrained, and allow themselves to be cast into prison. They persevere with unbending pertinacity, and, driven backwards to-day, to-morrow they stand back at their old posts. They are priests, they are warriors, they are men. It is not the least among the prerogatives of the Roman Church that her clergy are men of action, not mere rhetoricians.

Six months have now passed since the disastrous news arrived of a French ship having, in the darkness of the night, been run down in a collision with another vessel, and sank in ten minutes with its crew and passengers. Whilst the waves poured into the vessel, and the wretched inmates, roused from sleep, in wild confusion rushed on deck,—some weeping, others praying, some in a state of silent despair,—a Catholic priest hastened from one group to the other, announcing to the

penitent, in the name of that God at whose tribunal they were so soon to appear, the forgiveness of their sins. What a sublime picture was presented by this priest ! Let your generals be lauded who, in the midst of battle, expose their breasts to the balls of the enemy ; glorify your prime ministers who, without blinking, eye the pistol which the assassin has presented at them : in comparison with this priest they must pass into the shade. When everyone has lost his reason, there he remains unmoved ; when all are trembling before the jaws of death, then he, as it were, grasps Heaven with an assuring hand, and offers life to the dying. And it can be said, that of one hundred of the Roman clergy, ninety-nine resemble him ; while of the Evangelical Church scarcely one similar to him can be found. Yes, we of the Evangelical Church are powerful in words, and those who meet us in a narrower circle might be led to form the highest conception of our courage. Those who have only heard us at the conferences will be appalled with our great activity ; but when there is a question of presenting a bold front, and protecting our colours, of which we had been before so boastful, by the exposure of our bodies— at once our souls sink prostrate on the ground, and our courage falls into ashes. Then our wives and children appeal to us, and interested friends interfere ; and from the issue it would seem as if all our vaunted courage was altogether artificial, and had no support from behind. The Catholic priesthood know that what God has placed in their keeping is a reality. We act as if our business was to deal with words. Our rhetoric in its exuberance seems to have outgrown everything. We are preachers, but we fail to remember that we are also priests. Many noble natures, seeing this contradiction between the idea of the Church and the spiritual calling, and the actual condition of both as it is found among us, are driven into the bosom of the Romish Church ! Nor can we blame them.

T. O'DWYER.

ST. CLARE'S COTTAGE,
PANTASAPH, NORTH WALES,
November 20, 1875.

FINIS.

